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REMINISCENCES

OF

MICHAEL KELLY,

OF THE

KING'S THEATRE,

AND

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE,

INCLUDING

A PERIOD OF NEARLY HALF A CENTURY;

WITH

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES

OF

MANY DISTINGUISHED PERSONS,

POLITICAL, LITERARY, AND MUSICAL.

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.
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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

REMINISCENCES

OF

MICHAEL KELLY.

On January the 1st, 1791, was produced at Drury Lane, the opera of "The Siege of Belgrade." The drama was written by Cobb, the music by Storace. The under-plot of this opera was taken from the Italian piece of "La Cosa Rara," which had been originally taken from a Spanish drama. There was a good deal of beautiful original music in it, by Storace, who, with his great taste and knowledge of effect, had also selected some from Martini. The opera was received with great applause, and was performed the first season sixty nights to overflowing houses. The acting of Mrs. Crouch, in the "Letter Duet," with the Seraskier, was

beyond all praise, and Palmer's bye-play was excellent. One night, during the performance, an accident occurred which gave me great uneasiness: in the battle scene, between Palmer and myself, when fighting with scimetars, he left his head totally unguarded, and received so severe a blow in the forehead, that the blood spouted all over the stage; luckily, the wound was not sufficiently serious to confine him, although he was obliged to wear a black patch on his forehead for a length of time. In justice to poor Palmer, I must say he bore his misfortune with the greatest good humour.

On the 17th of February, the Italian Opera company removed to the Pantheon in Oxford Street, which was converted into a theatre. I went the first night: the house was very small, and the stage particularly so; but the company was extremely good. For the serious opera, the celebrated Pachierotti, who is just dead, was engaged as first soprano; the tenor, Lazzerini; the prima donna, Madame Mara. "L' Armida," was the serious opera. For the comic opera, they had Signors Cipriani, Morelli, Leperini, and Signora Cassentini, who afterwards married Signor Bergi, then stage manager for the Committee, which consisted of the Duke of Bedford, Lord Salisbury, and Mr. William Sheldon.

This season, the Abbé Casti's "Grotta di Trofonio" was translated, or rather adapted for the English stage, under the title of "The Cave of Trophonius," by Prince Hoare, and liberally given by the author to Mrs. Crouch for her benefit. Storace furnished the music, chiefly selected from the original composer, Salieri; but, though skilfully dramatized, and the whole strength of the Drury operatic company in it, it did not meet with the reception which I think it deserved.

On the 4th of June, the Old Drury Lane closed for ever, with the comedy of "The Country Girl," and "No Song, no Supper." At the end of the play, Palmer came forward, and thus addressed the audience:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, on the part of the proprietors, manager, and performers, I have to express their gratitude for the unprecedented support with which you have favoured them during the past season; when next we have the honour to appear before you on this spot, we trust it will be in a theatre better calculated for your accommodation, more deserving Royal countenance, and the patronage of this great metropolis."

There seemed to me so much whimsicality in the following newspaper paragraph, which I took a copy of at the time, that I think it will not

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be unacceptable to my readers: the date is June 6th, 1791:—

"Died, on Saturday night, of a gradual decay, in the hundred and seventeenth year of her age, old Madame Drury, who lived in six reigns, and saw many generations pass in review before her. She remembered Betterton in age, lived in intimacy with Wilks, Booth, and Cibber, and knew old Macklin when he was a stripling; her hospitality exceeded that of the English character, even in its earliest days of festivity, having almost through the whole of her life entertained from one to two thousand persons of both sexes six nights out of seven in the week; she was an excellent poetess, could be gay and grave by turns, and yet sometimes catching disorder from intrusive guests, could be dull enough in all conscience; her memory was excellent, and her singing kept in such a gradual state of improvement, that it was allowed, her voice was better the three or four last years of her life than when she was in her prime. At the latter end of the last century, she had a rout of near two thousand people at her house the very night of her death; and the old lady felt herself in such spirits, that she said she would give them *no supper without a song*, which being complied with, she fell gently back in her chair, and expired

without a groan. Dr. Palmer, one of her family physicians, attended her in her last moments, and announced her dissolution to the company."

The little theatre in the Haymarket opened on June 25th, and brought out "The Kentish Barons," a play in three acts, interspersed with music; the drama by the Honourable Francis North, second son of Lord North, the prime minister; the airs were composed by Miss Monk, a *dilettante*, and very *dilettante-like* music it was. The language was bold and poetical, and written in elegant blank verse; but, owing to the inferiority of the music, it did not meet with unequivocal success. On the first night, I went behind the scenes, and was introduced to its witty author, who honoured me with the most marked friendship and regard during the remainder of his life. I was so much pleased with the poetry of one of the songs, that I requested a copy of it from the noble author, to which I composed the music, and often sang it to him and the kind, good Countess of Guilford, both now no more.

SONG.—*Written by Francis, Earl of Guilford.*

I.

No, Clifford, no, for six long years
I felt a lover's hopes and fears;
The raging frenzy now is past,
Peace dawns upon my heart at last.

II.

Think not that I'd inconstant prove,
Where once I vow'd eternal love;
My heart had still felt all its flame,
Had beauteous Laura felt the same.

III.

Doom'd absence-lingering pangs to try,
I felt a transport in each sigh;
My lot was happy, though severe,
And pleasure mingled in each tear.

IV.

In vain I tried each honest art
To fix her foolish fickle heart;
But since she's gone, e'en let her go;
I'll sigh no more, no, Clifford, no.

Mrs. Crouch, Madame Mara, and Mr. Harrison, were engaged with me in the August of this year, for the second summer assize week at York cathedral: we arrived there the 8th of August, and went to the theatre, to see Mrs. Jordan in the "Trip to Scarborough," and "The Devil to Pay;" and, the devil to pay there was with poor Wilkinson: Mrs. Jordan and he could not agree; she thought herself slighted by the audience; and, *sans cérémonie*, before she had gone through half her nights, quitted York, leaving Tate's fair side all unguarded. Mr. and Mrs.

John Kemble were on a visit to their old friend, Mr. Wilson, then Lord Mayor of York, with whom I dined twice, when Kemble and Tate were of the party. The city of York was crammed with visitors to attend the festival. The performances at the Minster for three mornings, gave universal satisfaction to crowded audiences: Madame Mara, Mrs. Crouch, and Harrison were in fine song. The performances were, the "Messiah," and two grand selections from the most approved works of Handel. There were concerts given in the evenings, at the great assembly rooms.

One of the most awful accompaniments to the inspired music of Handel, was furnished by the hand of Nature.

On Monday night, the 15th of August, 1791, during the grand chorus, "He gave them hail-stones for rain," a storm, almost unparalleled in the memory of man, burst in all its violence over the rooms; the flashes of lightning, and the loud peals of thunder, were magnificently awful. The great room, almost crowded to suffocation, being surrounded with windows, which were opened to admit what little air there was, appeared full of blue flame: never before or since did I behold such a tremendous night,—such bursts of Heaven's artillery, and such sheets of fire, combined with the

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sacred words and the majestic music of the mighty master, were altogether appalling and magnificent.

It was during our stay this time at York, that Mrs. Crouch and I had the pleasure of first seeing my worthy friend Elliston: he played Carlos with great judgment and feeling, considering his youth, and considering moreover that Kemble was the Zanga. He was particularly impressive in the speech of

> "Hope, thou hast told me lies from day to day,
> For more than twenty years."

I remember Mrs. Crouch said to me, "Depend upon it that young man will be an excellent actor;" and her prophecy has been amply fulfilled.

From York we were engaged to go to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for a grand musical festival, which was fixed for the week following the assize week; we had in the interim a few days to spare, and Wilkinson engaged Mrs. Crouch and myself to play at the theatre on the Monday and Tuesday in the race week, August the 25th and 26th, which allowed us full time to get to the Newcastle Oratorio. Tate called upon us, and we agreed to perform "Lionel and Clarissa," "Inkle and Yarico," and Henry and Louisa in the "Deserter," which we did to crowded houses. We were to

return from Newcastle to York, and take our benefit on the Thursday after the races. I cannot conscientiously say, that my worthy Tate had any opinion whatever of my musical abilities, but he took it into his head that my skill in the culinary art was great. He used to call me the Harmonious Apicius; indeed, we hardly ever discussed any subjects but those of cooking and eating; he had a small appetite, but was a great epicure. At one time, when I was making an agreement with him, I wanted twenty guineas more than he was willing to give; at length he said, "Well, young Apicius, twenty guineas shall not part us; you shall have it your own way; but, confess now, honestly, didn't you think the ducks were over-roasted yesterday at my Lord Mayor's."

Wilkinson was certainly one of the most eccentric men I ever met with; one of his whims was, to hide chocolate drops and other sweetmeats in different holes and corners of his house, his great pleasure consisting in finding them, as if by accident, some days after. When he had taken a few glasses of old Madeira, of which he was very fond, he would mix his conversation about theatricals and eatables together, in a manner at once ludicrous and incomprehensible. I was sitting with him one night, in high spirits, after supper, and we spoke of Barry, the actor: "Sir," said he, "Barry, Sir,

was as much superior to Garrick in Romeo, as York Minster is to a Methodist chapel,—not but I think, that if lobster sauce is not well made, a turbot isn't eatable, let it be ever so firm.—Then there's that Miss Reynolds; why she, Sir, fancies herself a singer, but she is quite a squalini, Sir! a nuisance, Sir! going about my house the whole of the day, roaring out, "The Soldier tired of War's alarms," ah! she has tired me, and alarmed the whole neighbourhood;—not but when rabbits are young and tender, they are very nice eating.—There was Mrs. Barry, for example; Mrs. Barry was very fine and very majestic in Zenobia; Barry, in the same play, was very good;—not but that the wild rabbits are better than tame ones.—Though Mrs. Barry was so great in her day, yet Mrs. Siddons—stewed and smothered with onions, either of them are delicious.—Mrs. Pope was admirable in Queen Elizabeth—a man I had here, made a very good Oronooko;—not but I would always advise you to have a calf's head dressed with the skin on, but you must always bespeak it of the butcher yourself;—though the last bespeak of Lord Scarborough did nothing for me, nothing at all; the house was one of the worst of the whole season;—with bacon and greens,—not twenty pounds altogether,—with parsley and butter;" and on he went talking, until he talked himself asleep, for which I did offer

my thanks to Somnus, with all my soul; yet when clear of these unaccountable reveries, he was an amusing companion.

I have heard my friend King assert, that such was the power of Wilkinson's mimicry, that ugly as he was, he could make his face resemble that of Mrs. Woffington, who was a beauty of her time. I once requested him to make Mrs. Woffington's face for me, which he good-naturedly did, and to my utter astonishment, really made a handsome one. He was very fond of talking of his Peg, as he called Mrs. Woffington, and avowed that, in his younger days, he was passionately in love with her.

Tate Wilkinson was not singular in mixing with whatever subject he was talking about, that of eating. I knew a countryman of mine, a captain in the Irish brigade, whose constant habit was always to bring in something or other about eatables. A gentleman praising the Bay of Dublin, and its similitude to the Bay of Naples, "Dublin Bay, Sir," said my countryman, "is far and away finer than the Bay of Naples; for what on earth can be superior to a Dublin Bay herring?"

"I am told," said the gentleman, "that the Irish brigade, in the Empress Maria Theresa's service, are a fine set of men."

"You may say that, Sir," said my friend, "and

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she has also in her dominions the finest beef and mutton I ever tasted any where."

One winter there was a severe frost in Dublin, and such a scarcity of coals, that hardly any were to be got for love or money; a gentleman was lamenting the situation of the poorer orders from the severity of the weather.

"It's very true, they are much to be pitied, poor devils," said the captain; "and the cold is very shocking, but it will bring in the curlews."

There is an evident similarity in the turn of the Irish captain's mind to that of Tate Wilkinson.

Our time for departure, however, arrived; and Mrs. Crouch, her maid, and I, left York at five o'clock in the morning for Newcastle, and got to Durham to a late dinner: while it was preparing, I amused myself by looking about me, and in the hall of the inn I saw a large bill posted, announcing the performances of the Newcastle festival; reading which, with great attention, I perceived a man, whom I recognised as Mr. Hobler, the chorus singer, who sang at the Abbey, the King's Concert, and the Academy of Ancient Music. The bill announced an uncommon number of choruses, and I remarked upon the fact to the chorister. "Why," said I, familiarly, concluding, that as I knew Hobler, Hobler must know me, "You will have warm work, my master, with all these choruses."

"Not I," said the singer; "the more choruses there are, the better I am pleased; I never tire of them."

"Why," said I, "that is strange, too, considering how much you have had of them in your time."

"Not at all, I assure you," said Hobler; "I have for many years regularly attended the ancient concerts and music meetings,—I have never had too much of Handel's choruses yet."

"Egad," said I, "you are quite a *fanatico per la musica.* And pray, now, to which of Handel's choruses do you give the preference?"

"Why, my dear Mr. Kelly," said Hobler, "I cannot decide; but I candidly tell you what Cicero said, when he was asked which of the orations of Demosthenes he liked the best, he answered the longest; so say I of Handel's choruses."

"Bravo," said I; "you are quite a learned Theban."

"Not much of that either," said he; "but I am never disinclined to avow an opinion of what pleases me."

Just at this moment, the waiter came to announce dinner, and I asked the enthusiastic chorister if he would take a glass of any thing."

"No, thank you," said he, "I have had my wine and my tea; I am an earlier man than you."

"Pray," said I, "how did you travel here?"

"I came down in my carriage," replied Hobler.

"The devil you did," cried I.

"Yes," said he; "I always do."

The landlord of the inn at this juncture made his appearance, and bowing respectfully to Hobler, told him that his carriage was at the door. "Good day, Mr. Kelly," said Hobler; "I hope we shall meet at Newcastle;" and away he went.

While we were at dinner, the landlord came into the room, and I asked him if the chorus singer to whom I had been speaking in the hall was an old customer of his.

"What, Sir, the gentleman you were speaking to?" said the landlord, "he is no chorus singer, Sir; he is one of the oldest baronets in England, and has one of the finest places in Yorkshire; nor is there a more noble or liberal gentleman on the face of the earth than Sir Charles."

"Sir Charles," exclaimed I; "What, is Hobler turned baronet?"

"Hobler?" said my host, "why that, Sir, is Sir Charles Turner."

It is impossible to describe how vexed I felt at the gross mistake I had made, but it was too late to remedy it. I solemnly assured the landlord that Sir Charles Turner and Hobler the chorus singer were so like one another, that they were undistinguishable apart.

Sometime after this unpleasant equivoque, I met

Sir Charles at Lord Dudley's, and made him every apology in my power. The worthy baronet laughed heartily, and told me that he mentioned the circumstance wherever he had an opportunity, as a capital joke. The next Christmas he sent me a fine large Yorkshire pye. His son, who succeeded to his title and estates, continued my friend, to the day of his death; and many times and oft, when I have dined with him, or met him at Lord Mexborough's and elsewhere, have we talked of my having taken his father for a chorus singer.

The Newcastle festival was very productive, and the oratorios in the church in the morning (three), and three concerts, were attended by all the people of Newcastle and its vicinity. We went to see all that was curious, and were received with much hospitality. We returned to York, on Wednesday, the 1st of September, and had for our benefit, "The Haunted Tower," and "Richard Cœur de Lion." The house overflowed. The next day I dined with my friend Tate, who gave me a calf's head, with the skin on it, admirably cooked by Mrs. Wilkinson; and the day after, we set off for London.

The King's Theatre being now finished, the Drury Lane company were transplanted there, *pro tempore*, until Drury Lane was ready for their reception. On the 22nd of September it opened, under John Kemble's management, with a prelude

written by Cobb, for the occasion, called "Poor Old Drury," "The Haunted Tower," and "The Pannel;" the prices were raised, the boxes to six shillings, and the pit to three and sixpence. The doors were not opened at the hour announced in the bills of the day; the crowd was immense, and when they entered the house, they could not find their way to the different places; all was hurry, bustle, and confusion. The prelude began with Palmer and Parsons, who attempted to address the infuriated audience in vain; they were obliged to retire; the manager was called for, and Kemble came forward; a paper was given to him from the pit, stating, that the cause of their disapprobation was the delay in opening the doors, and the great inconvenience of the passages. Kemble stood the fire well, and assured them, those inconveniences should be remedied on the next evening's performances.

The storm then ceased; the handing up the paper (which was done by a friend of the management) was a lucky *ruse*, and did great credit to the projector, General John Kemble himself. The prelude contained some comic points, alluding to the size of the Opera House, compared with Old Drury, and some beautiful scenery, particularly Mount Parnassus, by Marinari.

"The Haunted Tower" followed: I had to

sing the first song. I was in good voice, and it filled the theatre well, which was by far the best for sound I ever sang at, not even excepting St. Carlos, at Naples. All the performers were welcomed with applause, and Mrs. Jordan, in the afterpiece of "The Pannel," came in for a great share of it. Madame Mara was prevailed upon to perform for a few nights, and Artaxerxes was got up for her in great style. Kemble at this time had to fulfil an engagement which he had previously made at Newcastle. Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan were also going away, and Signora Storace was confined with severe illness;—all this crippled the theatre very much. Mr. Sheridan gave a dinner at the Piazza Coffee House to Mr. Holland, the architect of New Drury, and a number of his friends were present on the occasion; amongst others invited, Mr. Kemble, Storace, and myself. I happened to be placed near Mr. Sheridan, who at that time knew very little of me except my being one of his performers; in the course of the evening, he was lamenting to me, the situation the theatre was placed in by the illness and absence of some of its leading performers, and wished me to suggest what operatic piece could be got up without them. After a little thought, I proposed to him to get up "Cymon," which could be done without any of the absent performers. Mr. Sheridan replied,

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"Cymon, my good Sir, would not bring sixpence to the treasury."

"Granted, Sir," said I, "Cymon as it now stands certainly might not; but my reason for proposing it, is, that I saw at Naples an opera, at the end of which, was a grand procession and tournament, triumphal cars, drawn by horses, giants, dwarfs, leopards, lions, and tigers, which was eminently successful; and it is my opinion, that Cymon might be made a vehicle for the introduction of a similar spectacle. I recollect all the spectacle part as done at Naples; and I think, with the novelty of your present theatre, and the manner in which the piece can be cast, Cymon would bring a mint of money to the house."

After a moment's reflection, he said he thought it would, that he felt obliged to me for the suggestion, and that he would give directions to have it brought forward with all possible speed. The evening was spent with great good humour; my friend, Jack Bannister, contributed to its hilarity, by giving us excellent imitations of several of the performers of both theatres. At the conclusion, we adjourned to another room to take coffee; as Kemble was walking somewhat majestically towards the door, and Jack Bannister getting up to go after him, I hallooed out, "Bannister, follow that lord, but see you mock him not," as Bannister, a moment

before, had been mocking the actors; the quotation was thought rather apt, and produced much laughter.

Mr. Sheridan told Storace that night, that he was very much pleased with me, and desired him to bring me the Sunday following to dine with him in Bruton Street; he did so, and surprising to relate, Mr. Sheridan was at home to receive us. I spent a delightful day; and, after that, to the lamented day of that great man's death, I had the happiness to enjoy his confidence and society. Great preparations were made to prepare Cymon; no expense was spared; and the piece was produced with all splendour and magnificence.

There was some new music introduced by Stephen Storace and others; the scenery was beautiful, and the procession magnificent; generally speaking, it was admirably performed.

The car, in which were Sylvia and Cymon, was drawn by two beautiful horses; and at my feet, as Cymon, lay a beautiful Cupid. Before the piece was brought out, I had a number of children brought to me, that I might choose a Cupid. One struck me, with a fine pair of black eyes, who seemed by his looks and little gestures to be most anxious to be chosen as the representative of the God of Love; I chose him, and little then did I imagine that my little Cupid would eventually

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become a great actor; the then little urchin, was neither more nor less than Edmund Kean. He has often told me, that he ever after this period felt a regard for me, from the circumstance of my having preferred him to the other children. I consider my having been the means of introducing this great genius to the stage, one of my most pleasurable recollections.

It was in this year that Mr. and Mrs. Crouch separated by mutual consent, he never appreciating the gem which he possessed.

On the 14th of January, 1792, the Pantheon theatre was burned. Mr. Sheridan was with me on that day; I went with him into Oxford Street, to view the conflagration. While Mr. Sheridan was observing how very high the flames were, he said, "Is it possible to extinguish the flames?" An Irish fireman was close to us, and who heard him make the observation, said, "For the love of Heaven, Mr. Sheridan, don't make yourself uneasy, Sir; by the Powers, it will soon be down; sure enough, they won't have another drop of water in five minutes." Pat said this in the natural warmth of heart, for he imagined that the burning of the Pantheon theatre must have been gratifying to Mr. Sheridan, as the proprietor of Drury Lane.

A part of Mr. Sheridan's conduct, relative to the Opera company at the Pantheon, I was witness to;

and thought it reflected great credit on him. The noble directors of that theatre wished to get a patent for Italian operas at the Pantheon;—they opened it in the year 1791 with a splendid serious comic opera, and grand ballets, but they found the stage so contracted, that it was hardly possible to produce any thing like spectacle.

At the back of the Pantheon stage there was a large piece of ground which went as far back as Marlborough Street, which, with a house adjoining it, belonged to a Mr. Thompson. The noble directors of the Pantheon offered to give a large sum for the purchase of the ground, which would have enabled them to increase their stage.

Mr. Thompson, whose property it was, had been an old and faithful servant in Dublin to Mr. Thomas Sheridan, the father of Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan; and when Mr. Sheridan was in office in Mr. Fox's administration, he procured Thompson a place in one of the public offices, and also made him stage property-man of Drury Lane Theatre. The Duke of Bedford wrote a letter, which I have seen, to Mr. Sheridan, to request of him to compel Thompson to sell the piece of ground they wanted, without which, they could not have an efficient stage. Sheridan replied to his Grace, (the letter was sent from my house,) "That he was sorry he could not grant his request, as the carrying

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on Italian operas at the Pantheon was most unjust and unfair towards the claimants on the Opera House in the Haymarket, as well as to Mr. Taylor, the chief proprietor, who was making every effort to rebuild it; and that, so far from aiding it, he would do every thing in his power to counteract it." He immediately saw Thompson, and made a point with him, not to accept of any proposals from the Pantheon, which Thompson conceded, and so ended the business.

In the summer of 1792 I went to Paris to see what I could pick up in the way of dramatic novelty for Drury Lane; and a most interesting period it certainly was, and not to be forgotten by those who were there.

I found my old friends and comrades still at the Italian Opera at the Théâtre Feydeau; there also I fell in with my worthy countrymen, Colonel Stark Macarthy, and Captain Fagan; the latter possessed a vast portion of the ready wit of his country. I was walking with him one day in the Place Vendôme, in company with a French officer; and we stopped to admire the fine piece of sculpture which then stood there, representing the figure of Victory, holding a laurel crown of victory over the head of Louis XIV. The French officer was enumerating the splendid achievements of that heroic King, and particularly desired us to observe

the attitude of the figure of Victory;—"Pray, Sir," said Fagan, "may I take the liberty of asking a question—is Victory putting the laurel on His Majesty's head, or taking it off." The question puzzled the Frenchman, and made me laugh heartily.

At day-break, one morning, I was awakened by the beating of drums, and an uproar in the street; I found the King and Queen had made their escape from Paris; the tumult was terrific; all the gates of Paris were closed; the national guards called out; in short, all was anarchy and confusion; and although those dreadful scenes have been too accurately described to need an observation, it is impossible for one who has been an eye-witness to the horrors of a revolution, to refer to the period without touching on the subject.

One evening, I was sitting at the Café de Foix, in the Palais Royal, with my two friends, Macarthy and Fagan, and at the same table was seated the notorious republican, Tom Paine, and with him the well-known Governor Wall; these two worthy persons were pouring forth to a groupe that crowded round the table, the most horrid invectives against the King and Queen; my blood boiled to hear the miscreants vomit forth their infernal doctrines, and revolutionary principles. In the midst of their harangue a courier entered the coffee-room with intelligence, that the King, Queen, and family had

been taken prisoners at Varennes; never shall I forget the delight of that caitiff Tom Paine; his Bardolph face blazed with delight, and Governor Wall loudly vociferated curses on their heads. I and my friends left the coffee-house with grief and horror, but were obliged to stifle our feelings: the sad news we found too true; it was proclaimed in the Palais Royal, on the Boulevards, and all over Paris; and at night there was a general illumination.

The next day Paris was all in a bustle; couriers gallopping backwards and forwards, dragged off their horses by the mob, and obliged to shew their dispatches before they were allowed to proceed. In the evening, the King and Queen were expected to arrive at the Thuilleries, accompanied by their family and suite. I procured a place to see their entry, and, through the interest of a friend, mounted a tree quite close to the palace. The road through which they were to pass was crowded for miles.

About six o'clock they entered the Thuilleries. I shall never forget it; it was a heart-breaking sight to see them brought prisoners into their own palace; their faithful followers and servants were seated on the top of their carriages, covered with dust, accompanied by an immense body of national guards. The conduct of the populace I thought most praiseworthy; not a voice was heard; all was silence; no

exultation, no disapprobation; in every countenance around me I saw nothing but depression and sorrow.

I was quite close to the carriage when they dismounted; nothing could be more majestic than the conduct of the Queen, when Dupont (member of the National Assembly,) offered to hand her from the carriage; she waved her hand, and walked with a firm step into the palace, without accepting his aid. She was plainly dressed, and, I remember, wore a black bonnet, covered with dust. What a reverse of fortune! not quite six years previously I had seen both the King and Queen dining in public at Versailles, in health, in happiness, and in greatness, the very idols of their subjects; and now I beheld them brought back by force to their capital like malefactors.

I wished to quit such scenes as soon as possible, and the next morning went to Mr. Merry, His Britannic Majesty's minister, to procure a passport, but was more than a week before I could obtain one. I met at Mr. Merry's, Johnstone's friend, Mr. England, who was also waiting to get a passport to take him to Boulogne-sur-mer; he kindly offered me a seat in his carriage, which I thankfully accepted; we both got passports, and at nine o'clock at night left Paris. I had the precaution to put a national cockade in my hat; while my companion, who by the way had been taking so many parting bottles

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with his friends that he was greatly intoxicated, fell fast asleep.

When we got to the post-house, at Ecouen, to change horses, a crowd of men and women surrounded our carriage, armed with pikes, pitch-forks, &c. and demanded our passports; a monster of a woman, with a pike clenched in her extensive hand, opened the carriage-door, woke England out of his sleep, and gave him a hearty shake; he could not speak any French, except, unluckily, a few abusive words, which he did not fail to bestow upon all around him. I jumped out of the carriage, and addressed the huge Sycorax, who appeared to be the spokeswoman of the infuriated party; I told her that my companion and myself were English republicans, shewed her the national cockade which I wore in my hat, and added, that the gentleman in the carriage was, unfortunately, very much intoxicated, with drinking republican toasts before he left Paris. I shewed her our passports, and, in short, soothed and flattered the huge harridan so much, that she let us proceed without further molestation. Our lives would not have been worth a sous, had I not spoken French, and taken the method which I did; notwithstanding which, I felt very uneasy until I reached Boulogne, for Mr. England was rather of a choleric temper, and could not disguise his dislike to the French.

When I got to Boulogne, I remained with him at his house there for two days, which were all I could spare, as the time was approaching at which I was obliged to be at Oxford, where Mrs. Crouch and I were engaged to sing at the grand musical festival. After this short delay, therefore, I took my leave of Dick England, grateful for the many attentions he paid me. I cannot omit mentioning a circumstance that happened, which I thought reflected great credit on him.

When I was at Dover, previous to my going to France the last time, there was at the same inn with me, a young man, a native of Dublin, and a Quaker, who was going to Dunkirk on some commercial business; but there being no packet at that port, and I, being pleased with his society, prevailed upon him to accompany me to Boulogne, where I knew he would find plenty of land conveyances to Dunkirk.

He was a jolly dog, and recounted many stories of his partiality to the stage, and how he used to disguise himself to go to the theatre, for fear of its coming to the knowledge of the elders; he was a wet Quaker, a fac-simile of O'Keefe's young Sad Boy; and, among other innocent propensities which he appeared to have, had certainly a great passion for gaming. We got to Boulogne early in the morn-

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ing, and I proposed to stay there for three or four days.

On the pier I met with Mr. B——, with whom I had formed a slight acquaintance when at Boulogne the year before; he invited himself to dine with me and young Sad Boy; we drank a good deal of wine, and the Spirit moved my young Quaker to excess; he was an open-hearted fellow, and told us that his business at Dunkirk was to receive a large sum of money, at which intelligence, our visitor, honest Mr. B——, seemed specially delighted. Now, this self-invited, dinner-taking friend, I knew to be a great gambler, and leagued with a number of English gamblers in Boulogne and at Paris, to scramble for what they could get. When Sad Boy had retired to rest, my *honourable friend* removed all doubts upon the subject by saying, "Shall we do the foreigner?" I asked him what he meant;—"to get part of the money which he is going to fetch from Dunkirk," said he, "and divide it between us." I said I would think of it, and confer further on the subject in the morning.

I knew that the fellow who made the vile proposition derived his chief support from the liberality of Dick England, and that the gambling transactions of the precious junto were all known to him. The post was in an hour to set off for Paris; so

before I went to bed I wrote a letter to Dick England, at that city, informed him of the proposition made to me, and the intention of Mr. B—— to follow my friend to Dunkirk, and pillage him. I added, that my Quaker friend was an open-hearted, good-natured, unsuspicious Irishman, and entreated him to write to Mr. B——, and lay his injunction on him to avoid following young Sad Boy, and stated that I would wait at Boulogne, at Parker's Hotel, till I received his answer to my letter, which I entreated might be immediate.

I waited accordingly; by return of post I got a letter from Mr. England, stating that he had written to worthy Mr. B—— to caution him against directly or indirectly meddling with the Quaker; on the contrary, to watch him, and take care that he did not fall into the hands of any other decoy.

I shewed England's letter to young Sad Boy, advised him to be more upon his guard before strangers, and less communicative; I saw him safe off for Dunkirk, and got into my calessetto, on my way to Paris; and never, from that day to this, have I seen Mr. B——, who wished me to become a partner in his iniquity.

As soon as I reached Dover, I started for London, where I remained but one day. Mrs. Crouch, an attached friend of hers (Mrs. Williams), and I, set off in a travelling carriage for Oxford, where

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we had lodgings taken for us, at the moderate rate of twelve guineas for the festival week. When we got to Salt Hill, Mrs. Crouch was attacked by dreadful shiverings and spasms; and when we reached Henley, found herself unable to proceed. I immediately sent for medical assistance, and had the good fortune to meet with Mr. Bayley, a skilful surgeon and apothecary, who found his patient in such a state that her removal would have been undertaken at the hazard of her life. We had to sing at the festival the next morning, but there was no alternative; I was obliged to leave her, and post to Oxford by myself: I got there just as the performance was beginning. I informed Dr. Hayes, the conductor, of Mrs. Crouch's illness, who advised me to go, after church, to Dr. Wall, the principal physician in Oxford, and prevail upon him to visit Mrs. Crouch, at Henley. The Doctor's house was full of company, and he had a large party to dine with him; notwithstanding which, he instantly put post horses to his carriage, and went off to Henley.

Immediately after the evening concert was over I set off for that place myself, and there found the worthy Doctor, who told me his patient was in great danger. He remained with her four days and nights: each morning, at break of day, I was obliged to post for Oxford, and after the

business of the day, return at night to Henley. The fatigue was wearing to the body, not to speak of the agony of singing in the church in the morning and at the concerts in the evening, with an aching heart and anxious mind.

On the fifth day the worthy Doctor Wall pronounced his patient out of danger, and took his departure for Oxford, leaving her under the care of Mr. Bayley. We were obliged to remain there nearly four weeks, at the end of which period, I had the gratification to see my valued friend restored to her usual health and beauty. We went to Worcester and Birmingham for a few nights, and returned to London for the opening of the winter season at the King's Theatre, October 18th.

At that theatre was introduced to the public, for the first time, the musical romance, called "The Prisoner," written by the Rev. Mr. Rose, one of the masters of the Charter House. It was a piece of much interest; the principal scene (and a most effective one it was,) I saw at Paris, and gave it to the author, who with a great deal of ingenuity, ingrafted it on his own drama. It was that where the prisoner escapes by the aid of the gaoler's children. Chenard, the French actor's performance of the gaoler, was very fine acting; and it is but justice to say, that Wewitzer's representation of the same character in its English garb, suffered nothing

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by comparison. The music by Attwood was very pleasing.

On the 20th of November, the opera of "The Pirates" was produced; the drama by Cobb, the music by Storace. The male performers in it were Kelly, Dignum, Sedgwick, Suett, John Bannister, and Parsons. The females, Mrs. Crouch, Miss Decamp, Mrs. Bland, and Signora Storace; the scenery was picturesque and beautiful, from designs taken on the spot by Stephen Storace, at Naples. The magic-lantern scene, representing Hero and Leander, and the crossing of the Hellespont, was peculiarly beautiful. Mr. Sheridan directed that no expense should be spared in decorating the opera, and his orders were fulfilled.—The music was a master-piece; but, above all, the finale at the end of the first act, which I thought Storace's chef-d'œuvre, and worthy to be placed by the side of Mozart's first finale to the "Nozze di Figaro."

All the performers had characters suited to their respective abilities, and the opera had a most successful run to crowded houses. There was a scene and a quintetto in the third act; the music composed by Guglielmi, a beautiful morceau, from the Italian opera performed at the Pantheon, entitled "La Bella Pescatrice." Stephen Storace thought so, and therefore introduced it. Whenever Storace selected, his knowledge of stage-effect was so great,

that the selections were always appropriate and never-failing.

Mr. Sheridan had this year entered into an arrangement with Mr. Taylor, the proprietor of the Opera House, to carry on Italian Operas twice a week. On those nights (Tuesday and Saturday), the Drury Lane Company performed at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket; and at the Opera House on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.

On the 24th of January, 1793, there was not any play performed, from respect to the memory of the unfortunate monarch, Louis the Sixteenth, who was murdered in Paris on that day. Mr. Kemble, without consulting Mr. Sheridan, closed the theatre. Mr. Sheridan, who was out of town, arrived late that evening, and finding there was no play, came to my house in Suffolk Street, accompanied by the present Earl Grey, and was highly incensed at the shutting up of the theatre upon such an occasion; for, he said, it was an invariable maxim with him, that neither politics nor religion should be taken notice of in his playhouse; though, I believe, no man deplored the tragical event more sincerely than he did.

Mr. Sheridan appointed Stephen Storace and myself joint directors of the Italian Opera, with a carte blanche; but he was proprietor, and of course

consulted on all important points; and whose advice on theatricals, or any thing else, indeed, was so good, when he chose to give it. Amongst other things, he desired that the boxes should be newly decorated, and the seats in the pit and gallery covered with new cloth.

One day, when I returned from a late rehearsal to a hurried dinner, having to return to the theatre to act in "Cymon," I saw a man waiting in the passage of my house in Suffolk Street, with patterns of different coloured cloth, that I might select one wherewith to cover the seats of the theatre. In a great hurry, I examined them, and chose one; the sequel will prove, that it would have been better for me had I professed myself no judge of upholstery.

The Italian Opera Company was good, in both the serious and comic departments. Signor Bruni, the first soprano singer, possessed a fine voice and fine person; Madame Mara was the prima donna; and myself the serious tenor. For the comic opera, Morelli was the primo buffo; Rondini, the second buffo; Signora Storace, the prima donna; with several others.

Paesiello's charming comic opera, the "Zingari in Fiera," was produced that season; its popularity lasted many years. The ballets were of the first class; the great Noverre was the ballet-master, and

there was a numerous and well-chosen corps de ballet. Among others, Didelot, L'Abune, Miss Novelon, Gardel, Aumer, D'Egville, &c. Mademoiselle Millau (now Madame Gardel), and the fascinating Hillisberg. Noverre produced his magnificent ballet of "L'Iphigénie en Aulide;" the splendour of the spectacle, the scenery, the richness of the decorations and dresses, could not have been surpassed: the dancing was of the first order, and the acting of D'Egville, in Agamemnon, inimitable; the triumphal cars, with horses; the grand marches, processions, and above all, the fine grouping of the corps de ballet, all was *vrai* classicality, and proved Noverre to be the greatest master of his art. But he was a passionate little fellow; he swore and tore behind the scenes, so that, at times, he might really have been taken for a lunatic escaped from his keeper.

I once felt the effects of his irritability:—The horses attached to the car in which D'Egville was placed, were led by two men from Astley's, one of whom was so drunk that he could not go on the stage. I had been acting in the opera, but was so eager for the affray, and so anxious that things should go on right, that I had taken off my opera dress, and put on that of a Grecian supernumerary, and, with a vizor on my face, of course was not known. I held one of the horses, and all went

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correctly. I was standing behind the scenes, talking to one of the men, in my supernumerary dress, and perhaps rather loudly; Noverre, who was all fire and fury, came behind me and gave me a tremendous kick. "Taisez-vous, bête!" exclaimed he; but when I took off my vizor, and Noverre found he had been kicking his manager, he made every possible apology, which I of course accepted, and laughed at the incident; at the same time begging him not to give me another such *striking* proof of his personal attention to the concern. By the way, the carpenters seemed, by their looks, to say, that the kicking was better bestowed on *me*, than on one of themselves; however, I can assure the reader it was the manager's *last* kick.

At the Little Theatre, the Drury Lane company performed, on March 7th, a very pretty operatic piece, called "Osmyn and Daraxa." The drama was written by Mr. James Boaden, and well received; the music by Attwood was very good. On the 11th of the same month, was acted for the first time, for Storace's benefit, the "Prize; or, 2. 5. 3. 8." written by Prince Hoare, the music by Stephen Storace; it was received with great applause, and certainly not more than it merited, for it proved a prize to the theatre.

On the 20th of June, at the same house, with Mr. Colman's summer company, was performed,

"The London Hermit; or, Rambles in Dorsetshire," one of O'Keefe's pleasantest productions; the part of the Irish Cicerone was a *chef-d'œuvre*, as performed by Johnstone. O'Keefe and Johnstone dined with me on the day it was produced, and I was highly gratified in having at my table O'Keefe, who had played with me in Dublin, in "Lionel and Clarissa," before my departure for Italy. But, alas! how changed I found him!—When he acted Jessamy, he was a fine, sprightly, animated young man; now, poor fellow, broken down, and almost blind; but still full of pleasantry and anecdote. I went to see the comedy, which was admirably performed, and perfectly succeeded.

This year Drury Lane lost one of its most efficient members, in Mr. Wrighten, the Prompter, a man most esteemed and respected. I have often heard Mr. Sheridan say, that he thought an intelligent prompter of the greatest importance to a well-regulated theatre: a stage manager was only required for *state days* and *holidays*, but a steady prompter was the *corner-stone* of the building. Wrighten's funeral was attended by all the School of Garrick, of which I was a member. Jack Bannister was detained on some particular business, and did not arrive until we were just setting out to the burial. Charles Bannister said, "For shame, Jack—why are you so much after your time?—If Wrighten were alive, he'd forfeit you for being late."

Speaking of the School of Garrick, and of my belonging to it, I ought perhaps to explain, that it was a club formed by a few of the cotemporaries of the British Roscius, who dined together during the theatrical winter season, once a month. They did me the honour (unsolicited on my part) to admit me among them. I was highly flattered as a young man, and duly appreciated the favour. It was, of all societies I ever have been in, perhaps the most agreeable; nothing could surpass it for wit, pleasantry, good humour, and brotherly love. When I was admitted, I found the following members belonging to it:—

King,	James Aickin,
Dodd,	Farren,
Moody,	Wroughton,
Parsons,	John Palmer,
Baddely,	Robert Palmer,
J. and C. Bannister,	and
Frank Aickin,	Burton.

In mentioning their names, I need not say what were the flashes of wit and merriment that set the table in a roar; and yet, with the exception of my worthy friend, Jack Bannister, (whom God long preserve!) they are all gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns.

As they fell off, the following members were elected in their room:—

Holman,
Henry Johnstone,
Pope,
Suett,
Cherry,
Dowton,
Mathews,
Charles Kemble.

My friend Pope gave an excellent dinner, upon the occasion of his election, at his house in Half Moon Street; and the first Mrs. Pope, the ci-devant Miss Young, who had acted many of the principal characters of our Immortal Bard, with distinguished éclat, was requested to become a member of the club, by accepting the silver medal of Garrick, which each member wore at the meetings of the society. She came amongst us, and seemed to appreciate the flattering attention paid to her high professional merits. She was the only female who ever had the compliment paid her; but, alas! she, among the rest, is now no more; and, delightful as the society was, and intellectual as its recreations were, it gradually dwindled, either from deaths or desertions, until at last it has become extinct.

Old Moody, who was delighted with every thing which reminded him of his great master, was almost broken-hearted at the event. I was always partial to Moody's agreeable society; so, to indulge the old gentleman, I proposed that he and I should meet once a month, dine together, and keep up the form of the club, which we did for some time.

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I remember upon one of these occasions, I perceived, as we sat over our bottle, that he was more than usually low spirited, and I ventured to ask, what made him so? "My dear fellow," said he, "I feel myself the most miserable of men, though blessed with health and affluence. Such is the detestable vice of avarice, which I feel growing upon me, that parting with a single sixpence, is to me like parting with a drop of my heart's blood, for which reason, unconquerable as the growing passion is, I feel that I ought to be abhorred and detested by mankind."

I endeavoured to rally him out of so singular a feeling; and as far as I am personally concerned, I can vouch for it, that he had no just reason for indulging it; for when I was desirous of purchasing the lease of my house, in Pall Mall, and happened to say in his presence, that I wanted £.500 to complete the bargain, he called upon me the following day and offered me the loan of that sum, upon no other security than my simple note of hand.

At the *tête-à-tête* meetings of the club he was, at times, very entertaining, and told me many stories of himself. Amongst others, he said that, early in life, he was sent out to Jamaica; and on his return to England, went on the stage unknown to his friends. I do not recollect the name of the ship

in which he told me he came back to England; but he informed me, that he worked his passage home as a sailor before the mast.

One night, some time after he had been on the stage, when he was acting Stephano in the "Tempest," a sailor, in the front row of the pit of Drury Lane, got up, and standing upon the seat, hallooed out, "What cheer, Jack Moody, what cheer, messmate?"

This unexpected address from the pit rather astonished the audience. Moody, however, stepped forward to the lamps, and said, "Jack Hullet, keep your jawing tacks aboard—don't disturb the crew and passengers; when the show is over, make sail for the stage-door, and we'll finish the evening over a bowl of punch; but till then, Jack, shut your locker."

After the play was ended, the rough son of Neptune was shewn to Moody's dressing-room, and thence they adjourned to the Black Jack, in Clare Market (a house which Moody frequented), and spent a jolly night over sundry bowls of arrack. This story, told by himself in his humourous manner, was very amusing.

Previous to the dissolution of the club, one night, when we were full of mirth and glee, and Moody seated, like Jove in his chair, and Mathews, amongst other members, present, a waiter came in

to tell Mr. Henry Johnstone, that a gentleman wished to speak to him in the next room. In a few minutes we heard a great noise and bustle, and Henry Johnstone, in a loud tone, say, " Sir, you cannot go into the room where the club is; none but members are on any account admitted; such are our rules."

" Talk not to me of your rules," said the stranger; " I insist upon being admitted."—And after a long controversy of, " I will go;" and " You shan't go;"—the door was burst open, and both contending parties came tumbling in.

The stranger placed himself next to me, and I thought him the ugliest and most impudent fellow I ever met with. He went on with a rhapsody of nonsense, of his admiration of our society, that he could not resist the temptation of joining it, —filled himself a glass of wine, and drank to our better acquaintance.

Moody, with great solemnity, requested him to withdraw, for no one could have a seat at that table who was not a member.

The stranger replied, " I don't care for your rules;—talk not to me of your regulations—I will not stir an inch!"

" Then," cried the infuriated Moody, " old as I am, I will take upon myself to turn you out."

Moody jumped up, and throttled the stranger,

who defended himself manfully;—all was confusion, and poor Moody was getting black in the face; when the stranger threw off his wig, spectacles, and false nose, and before us stood Mathews himself, *in propriâ personâ.* So well did he counterfeit his assumed character, that except Henry Johnstone, who was his accomplice in the plot, not one amongst us suspected him.

Moody, when undeceived, was delighted, and added his tribute of applause to Mathews; and the evening passed off as usual, with glee and revelry. The part was admirably managed by Mathews, who had taken an opportunity of leaving the room to prepare himself for his disguise, while a song was going on, which engrossed the attention of the company, and so slipped out unnoticed. I have mentioned this circumstance in perhaps a wrong place, for it happened many years after the period of which I was previously treating; but as I was on the subject of the School of Garrick, I thought the anachronism excusable.

In the summer of 1793, Mrs. Crouch and I had engagements at Birmingham, Manchester, Chester, Shrewsbury, Worcester, and Liverpool; and at Dublin, for December, January, and February.

Previous to going there, we played a few nights at Liverpool. My benefit was the last night of our engagement. In the morning of that eventful day,

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crossing Williamson Square to go to the theatre, a gentleman stopped me, and accosting me with the most pointed civility, informed me that he had a writ against me for 350*l.*; I, at the time, not owing a sixpence to any living creature.

I said he must be mistaken in his man. He shewed me the writ which was at the suit of a Mr. Henderson, an upholsterer in Coventry-street; and the debt, he said, had been incurred for furnishing the Opera House with covering for the boxes, pit, &c. &c. So, instead of preparing for the custody of Locket, on the stage, (for "The Beggar's Opera" was the piece to be acted), I was obliged to go to a spunging-house.

I requested the sheriff's officer, who was extremely civil, to accompany me to Mrs. Crouch, to consult what I had best do; she advised me by no means to acknowledge the debt, but to go to the Exchange, and state publicly the cause of my arrest, and to ask any gentleman there to become bail; making over to such bail, as a security, nearly five hundred pounds, which we luckily had paid into Mr. Heywood's bank, in Liverpool, three days before; but Mr. Frank Aickin, who was then manager, rendered any such arrangement unnecessary, as he very handsomely came forward and bailed me. I was therefore released, and performed Macheath that night to a crowded house.

I sent my servant to London by the mail, with an account of the transaction to Mr. Sheridan, who immediately settled the debt in his own peculiar way. He sent for Henderson the upholsterer, to his house; and after describing the heinous cruelty he had committed, by arresting a man who had nothing to do with the debt, and who was on a professional engagement in the country, expatiated and remonstrated, explained and extenuated, until he worked so much upon the upholsterer, that in less than half an hour, he agreed to exonerate me and my bail; taking, instead of such security, Mr. Sheridan's bond; which, I must say, was extremely correct in the upholsterer. But Mr. Sheridan never did things by halves; and therefore, before the said upholsterer quitted the room he contrived to borrow 200*l*. of him, in addition to the original claim, and he departed, thinking himself highly honoured by Mr. Sheridan's condescension in accepting the loan.

I have seen many instances of Mr. Sheridan's power of raising money when pushed hard; and one among the rest, I confess even astonished *me*. He was once 3,000*l*. in arrear with the performers of the Italian opera: payment was put off from day to day, and they bore the repeated postponements with Christian patience; but, at last, even their docility revolted, and finding all the tales of Hope flattering, they met, and resolved not to perform

any longer until they were paid. As manager, I accordingly received on the Saturday morning their written declaration, that not one of them would appear at night. On getting this, I went to Messrs. Morlands' banking-house, in Pall Mall, to request some advances, in order to satisfy the performers for the moment; but, alas! my appeal was vain, and the bankers were inexorable,—they, like the singers, were worn out, and assured me, with a solemn oath, that they would not advance another shilling either to Mr. Sheridan or the concern, for that they were already too deep in arrear themselves.

This was a pozer; and with a heart rather sad I went to Hertford Street, Mayfair, to Mr. Sheridan, who at that time had not risen. Having sent him up word of the urgency of my business, after keeping me waiting rather more than two hours in the greatest anxiety, he came out of his bed-room. I told him unless he could raise 3,000*l.* the theatre must be shut up, and he, and all belonging to the establishment, be disgraced.

"Three thousand pounds, Kelly! there is no such sum in nature," said he, with all the coolness imaginable; nay, more than I could have imagined a man, under such circumstances, capable of. "Are you an admirer of Shakspeare?"

"To be sure I am," said I; "but what has Shakspeare to do with 3,000*l.* or the Italian singers?"

"There is one passage in Shakspeare," said he,

"which I have always admired particularly; and it is that where Falstaff says, 'Master Robert Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds.'—'Yes, Sir John,' says Shallow, 'which I beg you will let me take home with me.'—'That may not so easy be, Master Robert Shallow,' replies Falstaff; and so say I unto thee, Master Mick Kelly, to get three thousand pounds may not so easy be."

"Then, Sir," said I, "there is no alternative but closing the Opera House;" and not quite pleased with his apparent carelessness, I was leaving the room, when he bade me stop, ring the bell, and order a hackney-coach. He then sat down, and read the newspaper, perfectly at his ease, while I was in an agony of anxiety. When the coach came, he desired me to get into it, and order the coachman to drive to Morland's, and to Morland's we went; there he got out, and I remained in the carriage in a state of nervous suspense not to be described; but in less than a quarter of an hour, to my joy and surprise, out he came, with 3,000*l.* in bank notes in his hand. By what hocus pocus he got it, I never knew, nor can I imagine even at this moment; but certes he brought it to me, out of the very house where, an hour or two before, the firm had sworn that they would not advance him another sixpence.

He saw, by my countenance, the emotions of

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surprise and pleasure his appearance, so provided, had excited; and, laughing, bid me take the money to the treasurer, but to be sure to keep enough out of it to buy a barrel of native oysters, which he would come and roast at night, at my house in Suffolk Street.

After my benefit, at Liverpool, we performed a few nights at Chester, where I met a Major Halliday, who was doatingly fond of the stage, and particularly of acting Hamlet. He did so one night at the Chester theatre to a crowded house. I have seen many worse professional Hamlets; Mrs. Crouch was the Ophelia. I went to spend a couple of days with him at his place, within a few miles of Parkgate, accompanied by Messrs. Banks and Ward, the proprietors of the Chester and Manchester theatres, where we were entertained most hospitably. He had, living with him, a very pleasant and agreeable fellow, a Captain Stanley, who, for many years, was no slouch at the bottle, any more than the Major himself, who studied quantity as well as quality; however, poor Captain Stanley was nearly blind, and one dark night, he was found drowned. It was strange that water should have been the cause of a man's death, who had a natural aversion from it during his life: he was lamented by all who had enjoyed his pleasant society.

After concluding our Chester engagement, we

set off for Dublin. Mrs. Siddons was just finishing her performances there;—then King was to play for a fortnight, and then Mrs. Crouch and myself were to take the field.

During the whole of my friend King's stay in Dublin, he used to come every night after acting, and sup with me, and delightful indeed was his society. He had an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, which he told in a way peculiar to himself; and, like Anacreon, blended to the last, the flower of youth with the hoary frost of age.

I was standing behind the scenes, in Crow Street, one night, and I saw him for once rather put out of temper. The play was the School for Scandal; he was at the side wing, waiting to go on the stage, as Sir Peter Teazle. At the stage-door was seated an immensely fat woman, the widow of Ryder, the celebrated Irish actor, who had been the original Sir Peter Teazle, in Dublin, in the summer of 1777.

The lusty dame, looking at King, who was standing close to her, hollowed out, with an implacable brogue, and the lungs of a Stentor, "Arrah! agra! there was but one Sir Peter Teazle in the world, and he is now in heaven, and more is the pity. Ah! Tom Ryder! Tom Ryder! look down upon Sir Peter Teazle here, your dirty representative:" and after this complimentary harangue, the wretched lady began to howl most piteously, to the great annoyance of all behind the scenes, but most particularly

to that of King, who appeared really disconcerted. However, the widow was removed, tranquillity was restored, the cloud dispersed, and King acted with his usual excellence. Two nights after this rencontre, he had to act his favourite part, Lord Ogilby. I was at dinner, with a couple of friends, at my own house, and received the following note from him:—

"My dear Kelly,

"I am just come to the theatre, to dress for Lord Ogilby, and asked my dresser to hand me a wine-cork, to mark the lines of my face; he has seriously sworn to me, that he had been looking every where, all over Dublin, and could not procure a cork. Now, my good friend, if you should have such a thing, by any chance, as a cork, and will send it to me, Lord Ogilby's visage will be much indebted to you for the donation."

I thought he was hoaxing; but when he came to sup with me after the play, he assured me it was a true bill; and when I found who his dresser was, I was not surprised. He was a merry wag, of the name of Tuke, a fellow of low humour,—a veritable Dicky Gossip; whose former profession had been hair-dressing, and who was then the stage property-man at the Dublin Theatre.

When John Kemble was performing the part of Alexander there, with great éclat, he wore armour and a helmet, which were made by Tuke, of which Tuke was very proud. After Kemble had quitted

the theatre, upon some particular occasion, the play was again performed; and Daly, the proprietor and manager, undertook to act the part of Alexander himself, and ordered a new helmet. Tuke took the helmet to him, but Daly found it so very much inferior to the one which he had made for Kemble, that he flung it in his face, and bestowed upon him a torrent of abuse, for attempting to give him so shabby a helmet for Alexander.

Tuke replied, "Mr. Daly, Sir, I think the helmet is a proper good one; Mr. Kemble, (God Almighty bless him!) would not have found fault with it. Ah! he is a player! and would know how to put it on his head; and if you, Mr. Daly, could act the part of Alexander the Great as well as Mr. Kemble, by my soul, you would believe yourself to be the son of Jove in right earnest." The remark, coming from a common man, was rather good. This anecdote I heard from Mr. Daly himself.

At this period, the Beggar's Opera was prohibited by the Irish Government from being acted, which of course made the public more eager to see it. It was suggested, that if I could make interest to get permission to have it acted for my benefit, it would draw a great house. I, therefore, waited on my good friend, Mrs. Jefferies, sister to Lord Clare, the Lord Chancellor, to entreat her to use her in-

fluence with his Lordship to get me permission to have it acted. She pleaded my cause with great zeal, got a verdict in my favour, and the performance of it brought me an overflowing house.

The managers ought to have been well pleased that I took this measure and carried it; for the piece, ever since that time, has kept its station on the Dublin stage.

I found my sojourn in Dublin very pleasant; all kindness and hospitality. I had the pleasure of associating, a great deal, with my friend Mr. Curran; and at his house, on Stephen's Green, had the honour of meeting the late Messrs. Ponsonby and Egan,—Lord Norbury, and several of the stars of the Irish bar. I never spent a pleasanter time; nor could I perceive, amongst any of those learned gentlemen, an illustration of Dr. Johnson's remark—"that there must be a kind of solemnity in a professional man."

After a very profitable and pleasant campaign, we finished our Dublin engagement, and prepared to fulfil those made in Manchester, Shrewsbury, and Birmingham, in our way to open New Drury. We agreed, for the first time in our lives, to go by a Liverpool packet, and sent our trunks, &c. to the Marine Hotel, to be put on board.

On the morning proposed for our departure, Hitchcock, Daly's stage-manager, called upon us

to say, that they were going to perform the ensuing evening (for the first time), "The Mountaineers," and called to ask us, as we had seen it performed in London, what kind of scenery, dresses, and decorations, ought to be got ready for its representation. I laughed heartily at the idea of having only one day to prepare all those materials, and said to Mrs. Crouch, I would give any thing to see in what possible way the play could be done in the time.

"Well," said she, "that matter is easily arranged; the term of our lodgings is not up for four days to come; and by our engagement we are not obliged to be at Manchester until this day week; send for our trunks, and let us stop." The proposition pleased me much, and we remained, and saw "The Mountaineers" the night following; and it was a discredit to any barn. But blessed are the ways of Providence; had not my apparently idle curiosity induced us to remain, most certain it is that we should have met a watery grave; the Liverpool packet, in which we were to have sailed, foundered on the Welsh coast, and every soul on board perished.

Three days after that melancholy event, we took our passage in a packet for Holyhead, where we arrived safe, after a pleasant passage of seven hours, and set off to fulfil our engagement at Manchester. We went to the Bridgewater Arms Hotel, and in

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the coffee-room I saw a London newspaper, mentioning the loss of the Liverpool packet; and, among the names of the unfortunate passengers who were lost, were Mrs. Crouch's and my own, with an elegiac eulogium deploring our fate, and making many handsome remarks upon us. Never did I read praise of myself with such unfeigned and lively feelings of pleasure.

On the following day, in another London paper, was a letter addressed to the editor, dated Liverpool, with Mr. Frank Aickin's name forged to it, stating that he had just returned from the funeral of poor Kelly and Mrs. Crouch, who were followed to the grave by a vast concourse of people, all bitterly lamenting their untimely end. I never discovered the fellow who wrote this letter, but, whoever he was, he must have had a heart callous to every right feeling.

There was an odd coincidence at the time.—Mrs. Crouch (who was always kindly attentive to her father), before she left Liverpool to go to Dublin, gave Mr. Packer, of Drury Lane Theatre, with whom she was intimate, a paper for Mr. Philips, wherein she bequeathed to him, in case any accident happened to her, a certain property; but begged of Mr. Packer not to deliver the paper to Mr. Philips, unless he heard that any disaster had befallen her. Packer, when he heard of her sup-

posed death, went immediately to Mr. Philips, who was confined to his bed with the gout, to reveal to him the melancholy catastrophe, and deliver the paper consigned to his charge. Just as he was about to open the business, the postman came to the door, with a letter from Mrs. Crouch herself, to her father, dated at Manchester, informing him of her being in excellent health and spirits. Of course, the letter was satisfactory to all parties, and the contradiction of the report was inserted in all the newspapers.

On our appearance at Manchester, our reception was enthusiastic, as it was every where, both on and off the stage; we were well known on the roads, and at all the inns we went to, on our way to Shrewsbury, Birmingham, and London, we were overwhelmed with congratulations on our safety; and, after all our adventures, arrived, at the beginning of February, in Suffolk Street, where we found my friend, Stephen Storace, waiting for us.

On the 3rd of February, I witnessed an appalling spectacle, at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket: — their Majesties, on that night, had commanded three pieces,—" My Grandmother," " No Song, no Supper," and " The Prize," all written by my friend, Prince Hoare. To have them all performed on the same night, by royal command, was no small compliment to the author,

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and must have been highly satisfactory to him. The crowd was so great, that at the opening of the doors, in going down the steps which led to the pit, three or four persons slipped and fell, and several others were hurried over them; sixteen persons were trampled to death, and upwards of twenty were taken up with broken limbs. The news of this fatal accident was, very judiciously, kept from their Majesties until after the performance was over, when they evinced the deepest sorrow and regret at the event.

On the first Friday in Lent, March 12th, 1794, was opened the New Drury Lane Theatre, with a sacred oratorio, commencing with Handel's immortal Coronation Anthem; the orchestra represented the interior of a Gothic cathedral, and had a most sublime effect. And on the 21st of March, the theatre opened for the representation of dramas, with "Macbeth." A prologue, from the pen of the Right Honourable Major-General Fitzpatrick, was spoken by Mr. Kemble, with great applause.

The day previous to the opening of the theatre, Colonel North, Sir Charles Bampfylde, Messrs. Richardson, Nield, Reed, Sheridan, and John Kemble, were to dine with me in Suffolk Street; an hour and a half before dinner, Kemble and I called at General Fitzpatrick's, to get the prologue, which Kemble was to speak the next night. Kemble

came with me to Suffolk Street; and had I not seen it, I could not have thought it possible:—while we were waiting dinner for Mr. Sheridan, Kemble studied the prologue, which consisted of fifty lines, and was perfect in every word of it before dinner was announced: a powerful proof of his retentive memory and quick study, for, to my certain knowledge, he had it not in his possession, altogether, more than an hour and a half.

I have often heard him say, that he would make a bet that in four days he would repeat every line in a newspaper, advertisements and all, *verbatim*, in their regular order, without misplacing or missing a single word.

The epilogue for the opening, was written by George Colman, and spoken in a fascinating manner by Miss Farren, explaining to the audience the utility of an iron curtain and a reservoir of water, in case of accidents by fire, which told remarkably well at the time, although the theatre was subsequently burnt to the ground. It ended with a well-turned compliment to Shakspeare, whose statue was discovered under a mulberry tree at the rising of the iron curtain.

Macbeth was splendidly got up, the costume appropriately preserved; the choruses were finely executed with all the strength of the company. I had the direction and getting up of the delightful

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music, and suggested a change which has been ever since adopted, and I think with good effect. It had been the custom for one witch only to sing—

> He must—he will—he shall
> Spill much—more blood.

My alteration was—

> First Witch.—He must!
> Second Witch.—He will!
> Third Witch-—He shall!
> Spill much more blood!

laying great stress upon the climax, "*He shall!*" The alteration was much approved of.

There was another novelty in the witchery,—at the words "Mingle, mingle ye, that mingle may,"—a great number of little boys came on as spirits; I must confess it produced something like laughter; they were, however, persisted in, for several nights, but at last discontinued, for there was no keeping the little boys in order; they made such a terrible noise behind the scenes: one little urchin used to play all kinds of tricks; and that one, odd enough to say, was my ci-devant Cupid, Edmund Kean, and, on his account, Kemble dismissed the whole tribe of phantoms.

The play was powerfully cast: Macbeth, Kemble; Macduff, John Palmer; Banquo, Bensley;

Malcolm, Charles Kemble, who, on that night, made his first appearance before a London audience; Charles Bannister was the Hecate, and admirable he was in it; Mrs. Siddons was Lady Macbeth; and Parsons, Moody, and Baddely, the speaking witches.

On the 9th of June, the splendid musical spectacle of "Lodoiska," translated from the French by John Kemble, was produced; the translation was highly creditable to his talents, and the poetry admirably suited to the music, which Storace, with his never-failing taste and judgment, selected from the rival composers, Cherubini and Kreutzer.

I was in Paris at the first representation of "Lodoiska" at both theatres. Kreutzer's was performed at the Théâtre des Italiens, and Cherubini's at the Feydeau,—both got up with great effect and care; but, partiality apart, the Drury Lane piece surpassed them both. Storace selected the most effective music from either, and enriched the piece with some charming melodies of his own composition;—the scenery was picturesquely grand and beautiful, the dresses in perfect costume. Mr. Kemble took great pains in getting up the piece, all the minutiæ were especially attended to, and it was enthusiastically received by the public.

In the last scene, when Mrs. Crouch was in the burning castle, the wind blew the flames close to

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her; but still she had sufficient fortitude not to move from her situation;—seeing her in such peril I ran up the bridge, which was at a great height from the ground, towards the tower, in order to rescue her; just as I was quitting the platform, a carpenter, prematurely, took out one of its supporters, down I fell; and at the same moment, the fiery tower, in which was Mrs. Crouch, sank down in a blaze, with a violent crash; she uttered a scream of terror. Providentially I was not hurt by the fall, and catching her in my arms, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I carried her to the front of the stage, a considerable distance from the place where we fell. The applause was loud and continued. In fact, had we rehearsed the scene as it happened, it could not have appeared half so natural, or produced half so great an effect.—I always afterwards carried her to the front of the stage, in a similar manner, and it never failed to produce great applause.—Such are, at times, the effects of accident.

On that night, Mr. Sheridan came to sup with us; and I told him I was lucky in not having broken my neck. He left us earlier than usual, to go to the Duchess of Devonshire's. The Duchess, who had been at the theatre, asked him if I was much hurt; to which (with his usual good nature in making blunders for me) he replied, "Not in the least; I have just left him very well, and in good

spirits; but he has been putting a very puzzling question to me, which was,—'Suppose, Mr. Sheridan, I had been killed by the fall, who would have *maintained me* for the rest of my life?'"

The overture to "Lodoiska," is one of the most spirited compositions I ever heard, and was admirably played by the Drury Lane band. Storace had the second movement of it struck off in an allegro spirituoso time, which electrified the audience, who called for its repetition with vehement applause; yet, when I went to Paris, I heard the same overture, (which by the way was not the original one, nor that which I had heard when before in Paris) of which the second movement, so brilliantly performed at Drury Lane, was played slow, by which it lost all its effect. I was introduced to Kreutzer, the composer of it, and sat down to the piano-forte, and played it in the time in which it was played in England; he thought himself the effect would be better: and on the 18th of August, 1802, Napoléon's birth-day, there was a grand orchestra in the Thuilleries, conducted by Kreutzer, who was the first violin; he led his overture to "Lodoiska," in the same time as it was played at Drury Lane; the effect was prodigious, and shouts of applause followed.

At this period, Mr. Sheridan was getting largely in my debt; I, myself, was not keeping out of debt;

and my wine bills were very large; the purple tide flowed by day and night; and I never stopped it, for then "I took the DRUNKARD for a GOD."

One day, I called upon him, and requested he would let me have a little money; he put me off, as usual, with promising he would let me have some to-morrow. To-morrow was always his favourite pay-day; but, like the trust-day at a French inn, that morrow never did I see. In the midst of all this, he told me how much he was pleased with Tom Welsh, (then a boy,) and his singing "Angels, ever bright and fair," the night before. "He should be encouraged," said he; "go and tell him, that, in addition to his salary, I shall send him a present of 200*l.*; and you shall take it to him." "Shall I?" said I, (making the quotation from Lionel and Clarissa), "I think the borough may be disposed of to a worthier candidate;" but neither Welsh nor I ever got a halfpenny of the money.

On the 2nd of July, a new musical piece was produced, entitled, "The Glorious First of June!" written by Mr. Cobb, for the benefit of the widows of the brave men who fell on that day. It was well suited to the purpose, and was a sequel to "No Song, no Supper;" it was all got up in three days. Mr. Joseph Richardson wrote an elegant prologue on the occasion, which was spoken, with great feel-

ing, by John Kemble; the piece concluded with a grand sea-fight, and a sumptuous fête, in honour of our glorious victory. Storace and myself gave it some new songs; but the music was chiefly old. I had to represent the character of Frederick; and as I was so much employed in writing the music, I begged Mr. Sheridan (who wrote a good many speeches for it), to make as short a part for me, and with as little speaking in it as possible. He assured me he would.

In the scene in which I came on, to sing a song (written by Cobb), "When in war on the ocean we meet the proud foe!" there was a cottage in the distance, at which (the stage direction said) I was to look earnestly, for a moment or two; and the line which I then had to speak was this:—

"There stands my Louisa's cottage, she must be either in it, or out of it."

The song began immediately, and not another word was there in the whole part. This sublime and solitary speech produced a loud laugh from the audience.

When the piece was over, Mr. Sheridan came into the green-room, and complimented me on my quickness, and being so perfect in the part which he had taken so much pains to write for me; which, he said, considering the short time I had to study

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it, was truly astonishing. He certainly had the laugh against me, and he did not spare me.

Mrs. Crouch and I were engaged at the Edinburgh Theatre, during the Leith Races; I had a letter from my Apicius, Tate Wilkinson, asking us to stop and play one night at Leeds, on our way thither, which we did. "The Siege of Belgrade" drew an excellent house; we spent a very pleasant evening, and picked up a little loose cash to pay turnpikes.

I was delighted with the journey, and very much pleased with Edinburgh; the New Town appeared to me to resemble Florence, with the superlative advantage of a sea-view. The prospect from the Calton Hill, and Arthur's Seat, filled me with admiration. I was also struck with the great resemblance between the Old Town and many parts of Paris, particularly in the height of their houses, and some other points which shall be nameless.

I found Mr. Jackson, of Edinburgh, a pleasing, well-informed man, and rather popular as a manager; and to be *that*, is no easy matter any where. I remember, when a child, to have heard his performance of Alcanor, in the tragedy of "Mahomet," highly spoken of; and that, in the famous speech of

"Curse these vipers," &c. &c.

he was encored three times a night; during which

period, parties ran so high, that, between the pros and cons, they kept the theatre, for many nights, in tumult and riot. Mrs. Jackson was rather a popular tragic actress with the Edinburgh audience, and possessed much merit. There was a Mr. Wood in the company, a very great favourite, who was esteemed an excellent master of elocution, and a very worthy man, but a great oddity. His great ambition was to do every thing that Garrick used to do; he rose at the same hour, shaved, breakfasted, and dined at the same hour; ate and drank whatever he heard was Garrick's taste; in short, nothing could please him more than to copy Garrick implicitly, and to be thought to do so.

I was walking with him one day; and, knowing his weak point, assured him that King had often told me that when Garrick was to perform any part to which he wished to give all his strength and energy, he used to prevail upon Mrs. Garrick to accompany him to his dressing-room at the theatre, and, for an hour before the play began, rub his head, as hard as she could, with hot napkins, till she produced copious perspiration; and the harder he was rubbed, and the more he was temporarily annoyed by it, the more animation he felt in acting. This (as I thought it) harmless joke of mine, turned out a matter of serious importance to poor Mrs. Wood; for a long time afterwards, whenever he

had to act, particularly in any new part, he actually made her go to his dressing-room, as I had suggested, and rub away till *she* was ready to drop with fatigue, and *he*, with the annoyance which her exertions produced. The effect of the process upon his performance, however, did not, by any means, keep pace with the labour.

During our stay in Edinburgh, we brought very good houses, and had two excellent benefits. My late friend Perry, proprietor of the Morning Chronicle, gave me several letters to his literary friends and others; among whom was Mr. Gillies, now Lord Gillies, whose brother is a merchant in London, and who shewed me many attentions. I had the honour also to be particularly noticed by his Grace the Duke of Queensberry, who was at Edinburgh for Leith Races. It was a novel sight to me, to see from the sands, horses at full speed, and ships in full sail, at no great distance from each other; and the shore covered with gay equipages.

I cannot omit mentioning the many pleasant days I spent with Signor Natali Corri, his wife, and sister. Signor Corri was the first singing-master in Edinburgh; his wife and sister sang at the Subscription Concerts, which he carried on there with great éclat. They were natives of Strasburg and Alsace, and sang duets most pleasingly. Signor Corri had also a large magazine, for the sale of

music and musical instruments; he was in partnership with his brother, a very worthy man, married to a beautiful woman, a native of Rome. At these concerts, I heard a Signor Urbani, a good professor, and, like his countryman, David Rizzio, very partial to Scotch melodies, some of which he sang very pleasingly, though in a falsetto voice. There was also a young Italian, of the name of Stabilini, a first-rate violin; and a Signor Cecchi, a good violoncello performer. I used to meet them at the house of the great Scotch physician, Dr. Cullum, who was devoted to music, and gave the professors of it the greatest encouragement. His hospitable mansion was always open to them, and his much-esteemed professional advice always gratuitously at their service.

After enjoying a delightful and profitable excursion, we took leave of our kind Edinburgh friends for Lancaster, and went, in our comfortable travelling-carriage, to visit the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland; and an enchanting tour we had.

We remained two days at Keswick. Lord William Gordon was then at his picturesque cottage on the Lake, and did us the favour to give us an invitation, which we had great pleasure in accepting. In our way through York, we stopped at our hospitable friend, Tate Wilkinson's, and had a plea-

sant day, with the exception of a slight quarrel between Tate and his wife,—a thing which will occur in the best regulated families. The latter was guilty of the enormous neglect of not having apple-sauce with a huge roasted goose. Tate, all dinner-time, exclaiming,—"Fie! Mrs. Wilkinson,—oh! fie!" —"No apple-sauce, Ma'am!"—"Mrs. W. is a mighty good woman, Ma'am!"—"but goose without apple-sauce!"—"Ugh!"

We got to Lancaster in time for the assize week, during the whole of which we performed at the theatre to crowded houses. Nothing occurred to merit particular notice while we remained there.

We also performed a few nights at Birmingham; and while there, were on a visit at the house of Mr. Cox, a respectable, well-informed man; a great book-collector, and very fond of theatricals. He had made an ample fortune in business, and was then on the point of retiring. The attentions which I received from him and his amiable lady, can never be forgotten by me; nor can I omit mentioning Mr. William Macready, the manager of the Birmingham Theatre, who, in theatrical business, I ever found honest, upright, obliging, clever, and friendly, and in all his dealings, whether Fate smiled or frowned, a man of punctuality and rectitude. I am extremely happy here to pay a just tribute to his worth.

For the opening of the winter season, we arrived at our house in Suffolk Street, in cheering health and spirits.

About this time, we used to pass many pleasant evenings with Mrs. Robinson, the ci-devant beautiful Perdita, at her house in St. James's Place. She and Mrs. Crouch had a sincere esteem for each other; she gave very pleasant petits soupers, where she and her daughter, with their wit and good humour, contrived to make the hours glide away insensibly; I often talked with her of the many pleasant hours I passed with her brother, Mr. Darby, at Leghorn, on my first arrival there.

She produced, in November, at Drury Lane, a petite pièce, entitled "Nobody;" and I was sorry to see it condemned after the third night, though Bensley, Bannister, Barrymore, Miss Decamp, and Mrs. Jordan, exerted their talents to support it.

On the 20th of November, Drury Lane Theatre lost one of its greatest props in a particular walk of the drama, in poor Baddely. On the evening before his death, he was taken ill as he was dressing for the character of Moses, in the "School for Scandal," which part was originally written for him. His Canton, in the "Clandestine Marriage," will ever be remembered with King's Lord Ogilby; and in "Jews and Frenchmen," he was very good. He was a worthy man, although he was nick-named "Old

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Vinegar," only from the excellent manner in which he acted a character of that name in O'Keefe's farce of "The Son-in-Law." In his younger days, he had been a cook, and an excellent cook, to my knowledge, he was, and moreover extremely proud of his skill in the culinary art. He had been cook to Foote, in whose service he imbibed a taste for the drama. He married a celebrated beauty, Miss Snow. He told me once, that when he was acting at the Haymarket, of which Foote was the proprietor, they had a quarrel, and Baddely challenged him to fight with swords. On receiving the challenge, Foote said,—"Hey! what! fight!—Oh! the dog!—So I have taken the spit from my kitchen fire, and stuck it by his side; and now the fellow wants to stick *me* with it."

In his will, he left a twelfth-cake and wine for the performers of Drury Lane Theatre, of which they partake every Twelfth-night, in the Green Room, and drink to the memory of the donor. He had a habit of smacking his lips always when speaking. In allusion to this, Charles Bannister said to him one day at the School of Garrick (when boasting of his culinary qualifications), "My dear Baddely, every body must know that you have been a cook, for you always seem to be *tasting your words.*"

He bequeathed his house and premises, at Upper Moulsey, in Surrey, to Mrs. Baddely: and after her

death, these, and money arising from an annuity, to the Theatrical Fund of Drury Lane Theatre; the house, and premises belonging to it, at Moulsey, to be an asylum for decayed actors. The house stands facing the Temple of Shakspeare, on Mr. Garrick's Lawn, at Hampton. The trustees of the fund, however, thought proper to sell it; and it has been purchased by, and is now in the possession of, my friend, Mr. Savory, of Bond-street, at whose hospitable table I have many times been a welcome guest. In his parlour is an excellent likeness of Baddely, in the character of Moses, in "The School for Scandal," painted by Zoffany; and on a part of the premises are the boards of the old Drury Lane stage, on which the immortal Garrick displayed his unrivalled powers. It seems no unnatural coincidence, that the ci-devant cook's property should hane found a savoury purchaser.

On the 20th of November, Cobb produced his opera of "The Cherokee;" the music by Storace. The Cherokee chorus was one of the grandest ever composed: the effect was sublime. Mrs. Crouch acted very finely in it. Tom Welsh had a part which he played very impressively: the scenery and decorations were of the most splendid description. I performed the character of an English officer in it; and had some good situations, and good songs. That delightful warbler, Mrs. Bland, in the character of

a Welsh peasant, sang that ballad, afterwards so universally popular, "A little bird sang on a spray," with great simplicity and truth; indeed, what did she not sing well? As far as her powers went, she was perfect as an English ballad-singer. I remember dining one day with those two great musicians, Haydn and Pleyel, and requesting them to go to Drury Lane, and hear a female singer; saying, that in my opinion no real judge of the art could find a single blemish in her style or taste. They went to hear Mrs. Bland, and told me, that my praise was not at all exaggerated.

I have, at different times, composed a number of songs for her, and may safely say, that she never introduced a grace unseasonably, or one that was not full of taste and meaning.

Mrs. Bland, when Miss Romanzini, first sang at Hughes's Riding School, now the Circus, in St. George's Fields, in the spring of 1773; she then travelled with Breslau; and made her first appearance at Drury Lane, the 24th of October, 1786, in "Richard Cœur de Lion." Her sensible manner of singing reminds me of an anecdote which Mozart once told me of the Emperor Joseph the Second, relative to himself:—His Majesty, speaking of a piece of music of Mozart's, said to him,—"Mozart, I like your music very much, but there are too many notes in Madame Langé's song." "Sire," replied

the composer, "there are just as many notes in it as there ought to be."

I feel much pleasure in recording here an anecdote, which must prove highly gratifying to a young lady, now engaged at Drury Lane Theatre, as well as to her friends. When Miss Wilson appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, in "Artaxerxes," Mr. Elliston wished me to hear her, and give him my opinion of her. I was, at the time, too ill with the gout, to be able to attend the theatre. My old and valued friend, Madame Mara, was then in London. I wrote to her to call upon me, and requested her to go and hear Miss Wilson, to give me her true and candid opinion of her abilities, as I could not go myself; and after the performance, to return to me, and make her report; which she did, and a favourable one it was.—"But," said she, "I was at Drury Lane, a few nights since, to see the pantomime; there was a little girl, who sang a ballad,—'Up, Jack, and the day is your own;' that girl, depend upon what I tell you, has one of the finest voices I ever heard; and could I be induced to take a pupil, to bring forward on the stage, that girl should be the person of my choice." The young lady is Miss Povey; and proud may she be of having been so mentioned by such a person as Madame Mara.

Yet, with all her great skill and knowledge of the world, Madame Mara was induced, by the

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advice of some of her mistaken friends, to give a public concert at the King's Theatre, in her seventy-second year, when, in the course of nature, her powers had failed her. It was truly grievous to see such transcendent talents as she once possessed, so sunk—so fallen. I used every effort in my power to prevent her committing herself, but in vain. Among other arguments to draw her from her purpose, I told her what happened to Mombelli, one of the first tenors of his day, who lost all his well-earned reputation and fame, by rashly performing the part of a lover, at the Pergola theatre, at Florence, in his seventieth year, having totally lost his voice. On the stage he was hissed; and the following lines, lampooning his attempt, were chalked on his house-door, as well as upon the walls of the city:—

> "All' età di settanta,
> Non si AMA, nè si CANTA."

i. e.

> With the great age of seventy,
> Singing and loving don't agree.

Would she had taken the sage counsel of the Spanish poet, Balthazar Garcia,—"Learn to retire from public situations with dignity."—She was an

excellent, kind-hearted woman; but, in this instance, certainly not well advised.

On the 24th was produced, at Drury, Cumberland's play of "The Wheel of Fortune." About three weeks previous to the bringing out of this play, I went into the prompter's room, and found Kemble, who was going to dine with me, sealing up a parcel. He said, "My dear Mic, wait a moment until I send off this to Cumberland; it is a comedy of his, which I write to tell him is accepted; and, if I am not greatly mistaken, there is a character in it that will do something for *me;* at least I feel that I can do something with *it.* Mind, you and Nancy (meaning Mrs. Crouch) must promise to see me act it the first night." We accordingly did, and were delighted; and, ever after, considered Kemble, Penruddock; and Penruddock, Kemble: indeed, the whole play was finely acted.—Miss Farren's Emily, Mrs. Powell's Woodville, King's Governor Tempest, R. Palmer's Sir David Daw, Palmer and Charles Kemble, and, though last not least, Suett's Lawyer Weazle, were all excellent.

I remember well, after poor Suett's death, Kemble, in lamenting the event, saying to me,—"My dear Mic, Penruddock has lost a powerful ally in Suett; Sir, I have acted the part with many Weazles, and good ones too, but none of them could work up my passions to the pitch Suett did; he

had a comical impertinent way of thrusting his head into my face, which called forth all my irritable sensatinos ; the effect upon me was irresistible."

About the middle of May, an opera was acted at Drury Lane, in which I had to perform an Irish character. My friend Johnstone took great pains to instruct me in the brogue, but I did not feel quite up to the mark; and, after all, it seems my vernacular phraseology was not the most perfect; for, when the opera was over, Sheridan came into the green-room, and said,—"Bravo! Kelly; very well, indeed; upon my honour, I never before heard *you speak such good English* in all my life." This sarcastic compliment produced much laughter from the performers who heard him*.

This season Miss Mellon made her first appearance. Mr. Sheridan had seen her the previous season at Stafford, where she was acting; she was

* A similar criticism was made by the elder Colman, when he went to Ireland, chiefly to see the actors of the Dublin theatre. Among other plays, he saw there his own comedy of "The Jealous Wife." On being questioned, by a friend, how he was pleased with the acting of it, he replied,—"Faith, I did not well understand what they were saying; for every man and woman in the play spoke with the most determined brogue, except the gentleman that acted Captain O'Cutter (the only Irish character in the piece) for *he* spoke the most pure and perfect English, throughout the whole of the performance, without a vestige of the brogue."

much patronised at that place by the leading families, particularly by Mr. Horton, an intimate electioneering friend of Mr. Sheridan's. She was engaged at Drury Lane, and proved herself a valuable acquisition to our dramatic corps. She was a handsome girl, and much esteemed; and in gratitude, I feel called upon to say, that, both as Miss Mellon and Mrs. Coutts, I have received from her the most marked and friendly attentions; and am happy to have it in my power, thus publicly, to express my acknowledgments.

The same season, the votaries of true comic humour sustained an irreparable loss in the demise of poor Parsons; his health had been rapidly declining, but not his inimitable comic powers. On the evening of the nineteenth of January, he played Sir Fretful Plagiary, and died on the third of February. The following epitaph was written on him by Mr. Dibdin, Sen.

> "Here Parsons lies;—oft, on Life's busy stage,
> With Nature, reader, you have seen him vie;
> He friendship knew—knew science—knew the age;—
> Respected knew to live—lamented, die!"

At Drury Lane Theatre, March 12, 1796, was the first representation of the "Iron Chest," written by my friend George Colman. The music, composed by Storace, was, I believe, the cause of his

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premature and lamented death. On the first rehearsal, although labouring under a severe attack of gout and fever, after having been confined to his bed for many days, he insisted upon being wrapped up in blankets, and carried in a sedan-chair to the cold stage of the playhouse. The entreaties and prayers of his family were of no avail,—go he would; he went, and remained there to the end of the rehearsal. The agony I suffered, during the time, is beyond my power of description. He went home to his bed, whence he never rose again. The last twelve bars of music he ever wrote, were the subject of the song (and a beautiful subject it is), "When the robber his victim had noted;" which I sang in the character of Captain Armstrong. I called upon him the night of the day in which he had been at the rehearsal; he sent for me to his bed-side, and pressing my hand, said,—"My dear Mic, I have tried to finish your song, but find myself unable to accomplish it; I must be ill, indeed, when I can't write for you, who have given so much energy to my compositions. I leave you the subject of your song, and beg you will finish it yourself; no one can do it better; and my last request is, that you will let no one else meddle with it." Saying these words, he turned on his side, and fell into a slumber; and never, never did I see him more!

His memory will for ever live in the hearts of all

who have heard his compositions; for the drafts of true genius, though they may not be honoured so soon as they come due, are sure to be paid with compound interest in the end: this is an old maxim, and, I hope, a true one. He died March the 16th, in the thirty-third year of his age. It is a singular coincidence, that three such great musical geniuses as Purcell, Mozart, and Storace, were nearly of the same age when fate ordained them to their early graves.

On the 30th of the same month, was first performed, the opera of "Mahmoud," written by Prince Hoare; the music chiefly by Storace. Previous to the opera, the following lines were written, at the short notice of a few hours only, by the author of the piece; who, from his earliest days, was the bosom friend of the gifted composer, both in Italy and in England.

"When vain is every anxious hope to save,
And genius sinks to an untimely grave!
The waken'd feelings of a generous mind,
A momentary void consent to find.
How difficult, alas! the task we try,
The blank with equal value to supply.
To-night we mourn a loved composer lost;
By all lamented, but by us the most.
Deprived, alas! of that inspiring beam,
That touch'd the tuneful lyre with fleeting gleam;
Yet what remains, and long, we trust, shall live,
We aim, with anxious industry, to give.

Imperfect, if you view th' intended plan,
Accept it as we give,—'tis all we can.
Faults will, no doubt, too evidently glare,
And haply teach you our regrets to share.
But shall we humbly for compassion sue,
And lift our hands, for pity, up to you?
No! Shall the gen'rous Briton, taught to bless
His deadliest foe, when prostrate in distress,
Await our voice, his pitying ear to call,
When native genius, native virtues fail?
Oh! be it still the honest Briton's boast,
To shield the flow'rets of his native coast;
Unprompted, to protect their op'ning bloom,
And zealous guard them, scatter'd o'er the tomb."

The whole of the profits arising from the opera were generously given, by the author, to Storace's widow and orphan.

All the performers took the greatest pains to do justice to the posthumous work of the composer. Kemble's acting, as the hero of the piece, was a masterly performance. The opera had a run of many nights, and was much applauded; it had the powerful support of Mr. Braham, who made his first appearance in it at Drury Lane, and sang a hunting cavatina, in a masterly style; as well as a beautiful ballad,—"From shades of night!" with great truth of expression, and lovely simplicity. Mr. Braham was received with the greatest applause, and deservedly so, for there is no such singer, when he pleases; he is, decidedly, the greatest vocalist of his

day; and from a long professional intercourse with him, I ever found him replete with liberality and kindness, and ever ready to give his meed of applause to real merit.

On the 7th of April, Madame Banti took for her benefit, at the Opera, Gluck's grand serious opera of Alceste. Mr. Taylor, the then proprietor of the Opera House, and Madame Banti, made a request to Mr. Sheridan, to give me permission to act the principal part in the opera, which I had so often performed at Vienna, under the tuition of the great composer. The knowledge of my having successfully performed it at that theatre, induced Madame Banti to ask me to act it at the Haymarket. I got permission, and the opera made so great a hit, that Mr. Taylor, with the consent of Mr. Sheridan, engaged me for twenty nights. Madame Banti's performance of Alceste was a *chef-d'œuvre;* her acting sublime, her singing charming; for twenty nights the opera drew crowded houses. Banti possessed all the power of voice which she had when I heard her first at Venice—her figure was much improved; and, as a serious actress, she was unrivalled. She had wonderful natural powers, but, as I have already said, no great knowledge of music.

It was the fashion of the day for the subscribers to the Opera to attend the rehearsals; amongst others, the late Duke of Queensberry was a constant

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attendant; no weather kept him away—there he was, on the stage, muff and all. I had the pleasure, for many years, to be honoured with his peculiar notice; and have been frequently invited to his hospitable table, both in Piccadilly, and at Richmond. In my intercourse with mankind, I never met his superior for worldly knowledge and acuteness; he was a nobleman of polished manners, of the *vieille cour;* he had his foibles, it is true; but then, who has not? On Tuesdays and Saturdays, he had generally a large dinner party of the French nobility, who were obliged to seek shelter in this country, from the horrors of the Revolution; he was well aware that a French lady or gentleman is *au désespoir*, unless they can go to some spectacle; and he used the following delicate mode of indulging them in their favourite amusement, knowing that they were too poor to indulge themselves, and too proud to accept of pecuniary assistance.

After coffee had been handed round, he used to ask, "who is going to the Italian Opera to-night? I long to use my family privilege." I was present one evening, when the Duchess de Pienne asked him what this privilege meant? He said, it was that of writing admissions for the theatres to any amount he pleased, without entailing any expense. This was apparently a joyful hearing to the theatrical amateurs, and nine of the party went that evening to the

Opera with his written admissions. He had previously made an arrangement with my worthy friend, Mr. Jewell, the Opera House treasurer, and also, as I understood, with other theatres, that his orders were always to be admitted, and the next morning sent to his steward, who had directions to pay the amount of the admissions which his Grace had sent in. This delicate manner of conferring a favour needs no comment.

I never saw in any country such comfortable dinners as those of his Grace; at his sideboard there was a person to carve every joint, and he never had more than three dishes at a time on his table; but all were hot and comfortable, and the viands the most *recherché*. His chief French cook, whom he denominated his *officier de bouche*, was a great artist, a real *cordon bleu*, who ought to have had, like Cardinal Wolsey's master-cook, a crimson velvet dress, with a collar and a gold chain. His wines too were of the most exquisite kind, for his Grace was a votary of Bacchus as well as Venus.

He was passionately fond of music, and an excellent judge of the art; but his being very blind, and very deaf, were certainly somewhat against him. A favourite propensity of his, was, that of giving instructions in singing: he was kind enough to offer Mrs. Billington and myself, to teach us the songs of Polly and Macheath, in the Beggar's Opera; and,

to humour him, we have often let him sing to us. It was extremely amusing to all parties, one person excepted, who always accompanied him on the piano-forte, and who lived in the house with him—his name was Ireland; but I always called him Job.

His Grace asked me one day to dine with him, *tête-à-tête;* after dinner, he told me, he had formed a resolution never to have more than one guest at a time; the reason he gave was, that he had grown so deaf, that he could scarcely hear. "Had I," said he, "at table more than one person now, they would be talking one to the other, and I sitting by, not able to hear what they were talking about, which would be extremely provoking; now, if I have but one to dine with me, that one must either talk to *me*, or hold his tongue."

This season the Opera House was very attractive. I was stage manager; Viotti, the celebrated violin player, was leader of the orchestra, and a masterly leader he was. He asked me one day to dine with him at the Crown and Anchor, in the Strand, to meet three friends of his, who formed an economical little dinner-club, which they held there once a month. I went, and found his friends three of the greatest revolutionists:—Charles Lameth, who had been President of the National Assembly; Dupont, the popular orator of that time, also a Member of

the National Assembly, and who was the very person whom I had seen offer to hand the poor Queen of France out of her carriage, when brought prisoner back from Varennes, which she indignantly refused; and the Duke D'Aiguillon, one of the twelve Peers of France, who, in former days, had an immense fortune, was a great patron of the arts, and so theatrical, that he had a box in every theatre in Paris. He was particularly fond of music, and had been a scholar of Viotti. I passed a pleasant day with these émigrés, who were all men of high endowments, and truly polished manners; nor did they seem at all depressed by change of circumstances,—all was vivacity and good humour.

The Duke sat next to me at dinner. I asked him if he had seen Drury Lane Theatre; his reply was, I have seen the outside of it, but I am now too poor to go to theatres; for did I indulge in my favourite amusement, I should not be enabled to have the pleasure of meeting you and my worthy friends at dinner to-day—I cannot afford both.

I told him, that as manager of the Opera House, and musical director of Drury Lane Theatre, I should have great pleasure in giving him and his friends admissions nightly, for either of those theatres; and that my box at the Opera House was at their service on the following Saturday, and I requested they would do me the honour to dine with

me on that day, and afterwards visit it. They favoured me with their company, and much delighted they were: often and often afterwards did they dine and sup with me. I introduced them to Mr. Sheridan, and many of my friends. It was certainly, I thought, to be lamented, that men possessing such amiable manners, should, from strong republican principles, bring themselves into misfortune; but I had nothing to do with their politics: I only saw the bright side of their characters, and felt a sincere pleasure, as far as lay in my power, in administering, in my little way, comfort to those who were labouring under so sad a reverse of fortune; for, in this country, the French noblesse would not associate with them. Even the Duke D'Aiguillon, though one of the highest noblemen of France, was never received by the Duke of Queensberry, nor did he visit any where.

One morning he called on me, and said he had a favour to beg of me. I requested him to command my services: he said, "My dear Kelly, I am under many obligations for your repeated acts of kindness and hospitality to me and my friends; but still, though under a cloud, and labouring under misfortunes, I cannot forget that I am the Duke D'Aiguillon, and *cannot stoop to borrow or beg from mortal*; but I confess I am nearly reduced to my last shilling, yet still I retain my health and

spirits; formerly, when I was a great amateur, I was particularly partial to copying music,—it was then a source of amusement to me. Now, my good friend, the favour I am about to ask, is, that, *sub rosâ*, you will get me music to copy for your theatres, upon the same terms as you would give to any common copyist, who was a stranger to you. I am now used to privations, my wants are few; though accustomed to palaces, I can content myself with a single bed-room up two pair of stairs; and if you will grant my request, you will enable me to possess the high gratification of earning my morsel by the work of my hands."

I was moved almost to tears, by the application, and was at a loss what to answer, but thought of what Lear says,

"Take physic, pomp!"

and "to what man may be reduced." I told him I thought I could procure him as much copying as he could do, and he appeared quite delighted; and the next day I procured plenty for him. He rose by day-light to accomplish his task—was at work all day—and at night, full dressed, in the Opera House in the pit. While there, he felt himself Duke D'Aiguillon; and no one ever suspected him to be a drudge in the morning, copying music for a shilling per sheet; and strange to say, that his spirits never drooped: nine Englishmen out of ten,

under such circumstances, would have destroyed themselves: but the transitory peace of mind he enjoyed was not of long duration; an order came from the Alien Office for him and his friends to leave England in two days; they took an affectionate leave of me: the Duke went to Hamburgh, and there was condemned to be shot. They told me that he died like a hero.

He had a favourite Danish dog, a beautiful animal, which he consigned to my protection, until, as he told me, he had an opportunity to send for him with safety. I pledged myself to take every care of him, and never shall I forget his parting with this faithful animal; it seemed as if the last link which held him to society was breaking; the dog had been the faithful companion of his prosperity—his adversity;—he caressed, and shed a flood of tears on quitting it—the scene was grievous; but I did not then think that I should never see the Duke more. I took every care of his poor dog—who, missing his kind master, after a little, refused *all nourishment*, and actually *pined, and died.* Yet he survived the being who had fed and cherished him.

On May 6th, 1796, Mr. Bensley, whom I am proud to have called my friend, took leave of the stage on his own benefit night, in the character of Evander, in the "Grecian Daughter:"—he was a

good actor, and a perfect gentleman. In his younger days, he had been in the army, and I was told had been at the Havannah. I have seen him often, with great pleasure, act Prospero in the Tempest, and Iago and Pierre: his Malvolio, in Twelfth Night, was considered a fine performance. He had a manner of rolling his eyes when speaking; and a habit, whenever he entered the green-room, of stirring the fire with great ceremony, secundùm artem, in which habit, I was in the habit of imitating him; he caught me once in the very fact, and joined heartily in the laugh against himself.

I remember there was a tragedy brought out at Drury Lane, written by a hatter, which was completely condemned: towards the end of the play, Palmer and Bensley had in their characters to *die* upon the stage; a torrent of hisses accompanied their latter moments, and the curtain fell in the midst of the tumult. When the play was over, Palmer and Bensley came into the green-room; and Palmer said to Bensley, "You see, Bensley, the audience have settled 'The Hatters.'"—"So I perceive," answered Bensley; "and they did not spare the *dyers*."

On Mr. Bensley's quitting the stage, he was appointed barrack-master; and subsequently, a near relation of his, Sir William Bensley, Bart. died, and left him a very large fortune; he then retired

to Stanmore, where he died, regretted and respected by all who had the pleasure of knowing him.

My friend Elliston, (of whom Mrs. Crouch, it will be remembered, prognosticated at York, that he would one day become a distinguished actor,) made his début at the Haymarket, on the 25th June, 1796, in Octavian, in "The Mountaineers," and Vapour, in "My Grandmother." His admirable voice and excellent acting in both characters, stamped him, at once, a favourite, which he continues to this day; I need hardly say, how very deservedly so.

The same season, Thalia lost one of her most powerful supporters, by the demise of Mr. Dodd. He was an actor of the good old school. On my first appearance at Drury Lane, he performed the part of Jessamy, in "Lionel and Clarissa;" and although then bordering on his sixtieth year, I never saw it so admirably represented; indeed, all his fops were excellent, particularly Lord Foppington, and Sparkish, in the "Country Girl." I have often seen him, with infinite pleasure, in Sir Andrew Ague Cheek, Abel Drugger, and Old Keckey, in the "Irish Widow." He was an entertaining companion, very fond of convivial meetings; he knew a vast number of comic songs, and was *renommé* for recounting good stories, although it must be confessed they were somewhat of the longest. He was a constant attendant of the Anacreontic Society, held at the

Crown and Anchor, in the Strand, which was admirably conducted by a set of bankers and merchants. They had a good concert in the early part of the evening, by a most excellent band, led by Cramer; after which, the company retired to the large room, where supper was provided. The principal vocal performers of the day were to be found there. Old Charles Bannister, after supper, uniformly sang, with powerful effect, "Anacreon in Heaven," which was there originally sung by Webster. There were the best catches and glees, sung by Webbe, Danby, Dignum, Hobbs, Sedgwick, Suett, &c. relieved by some famous songs of Dodd's. I passed many delightful evenings in this society, and was extremely sorry when it was discontinued. I deeply regretted the death of my poor friend Dodd, and with true sorrow followed his remains to the grave. He was one of the original members of the School of Garrick, and always spoke of his great master with the highest veneration and respect.

In the early part of this summer, I went to Dover Castle, on a visit to my worthy and esteemed friend, the Honourable Colonel North, who was then Deputy Governor. I passed three days delightfully in his endearing society. The coast of France is very distinctly seen from the windows in clear weather.

One very fine morning, I was seated at a little

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distance from the Castle, looking at the opposite shore, and took my pencil and a little music book (which I always carried about me, to put down any musical idea that might strike me,) from my pocket: a subject I thought pretty came across me, and I was writing it in the book, when one of the soldiers belonging to the Castle came behind me, and without the smallest ceremony, laid hold of me, saying, in a tremendous Tipperary brogue, "Ah, my tight fellow, have I caught you in the fact? —Och, Mr. Mounsieur, how got you here, Sir?"

I began to laugh, but the Tipperary man of war said, "By the powers! I'll teach you to laugh out of t'other side of your mouth, my fine fellow, in a minute or two."

I asked what my offence was?

"What," said he, "have I not caught you taking views of the fortifications? you seem mighty fond of looking at it, but, please the pigs, you don't get out of the black hole in it, in a little time;" and, with all his might, he proceeded to surround me, and drag me to the donjon keep, accompanying each lusty pull with a volley of abuse.

Luckily for me, before we got a great way on the road to durance vile, we met Colonel North, who, much to my delight, released me from the gripe of Old Tipperary, and his military ardour. He laughed heartily at my adventure; but told me that

the soldier had done no more than his duty.—"And you ought to have known *that*, Kelly," said the Colonel.—"Making *notes* is a sure way of getting into a *scrape*; and you should have bargained for the *bars* before you began."

The next day, we went to his brother's, the Earl of Guilford's seat, at Waldershare, where we remained two days, and then returned to London. I then accompanied Mrs. Crouch to Cheltenham, where she had been ordered to drink the waters. Our excellent friend, the Colonel, promised to meet us there; and, punctual to his word, was there before us. We agreed, during our stay at this delightful place, to take a house together, and we were fortunate enough to get a beautiful cottage, in the midst of corn-fields, then called Wyatt's Cottage; there, indeed, I enjoyed his delightful society; for in repartee and ready wit, who was his equal?

The Colonel was stinted by his medical adviser, while drinking the Cheltenham waters, not to exceed one pint of wine a day; he promised not to exceed his pint, nor did he; but it was a Scotch pint; six of claret or port, which was his daily portion; white wine, at dinner, he said, went for nothing, though he flirted with the best part of a bottle of old Madeira every day.

Here I had the pleasure of meeting an old friend of my father's, my eccentric countryman, the Earl

of Howth, whose skill in coachmanship was so celebrated. The very apex of his ambition—the pride of his heart—was, not only to be thought a coachmanlike Lord, but actually a coachman;—his wig—his coat—every part of his dress—was a coachman's; and in his conversation, he imitated the slang of the fraternity: but his actions, and manner of thinking, were those of a perfect gentleman; he was upright, good-natured, and honourable. He rarely visited his beautiful place, near Dublin. He resided, in the winter, chiefly at Bath; and, in the summer, at Cheltenham, with his daughters, the Ladies St. Lawrence, and a particular friend of theirs, a Miss Georges, a lady of polished manners and education, respected by all who had the good fortune to be acquainted with her.

The theatre at Cheltenham was, at that time, under the management of its proprietor, the eccentric Watson, who was a fellow of infinite jest and humour; full of Thespian anecdotes, and perfectly master of the art of driving away loathed melancholy.

Many a hearty laugh have I had with him: he was an Irishman, and had, although I say it who should not say it, all the natural wit of his country about him. He was of a very respectable family (Quakers) in Clonmell. In John Kemble's younger days, he was a near ally of his, and both belonged to a strolling company. They

lived, or rather, by Watson's account, *starved together*. At one time, in Gloucestershire, they were left pennyless; and after continued vicissitudes, Watson assured me, such was their distress, that at that time they were glad to get into a turnip field, and make a meal of its produce uncooked; and, he added, it was while regaling on the raw vegetable, that they hit upon a scheme to recruit their finances; and a lucky turn-up it turned out. It was neither more nor less than that John Kemble should turn methodist preacher, and Watson perform the part of clerk.

Their scheme was organized; and Tewkesbury was their first scene of action. They drew together, in a field, a numerous congregation; and Kemble preached with such piety, and so much effect, that, positively, a large collection rewarded his labours. This anecdote, Kemble himself told me was perfectly true.

Watson had brought together, at Cheltenham, a respectable dramatic corps; he wished Mrs. Crouch and myself to perform for a limited number of nights, and offered us a clear half of the receipts of the house, every night, and each of us a clear benefit; but as we were there for the benefit of health, I refused his liberal terms. Lord Howth, however, called on me, one day, and said, "My dear Kelly, every body is wishing

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you would perform here for a few nights; you will get a good deal of money; and, in the name of fortune, why not pick up your crumbs; sure, it will be only just an amusement to you; the house will always be full, and I will let the boxes for you myself."

Such a good-natured offer was too tempting to be refused, and we agreed with Watson for six nights. We played to overflowing houses, and the noble box-keeper fulfilled his part of the contract; for on the morning of the first performance, while the company were assembled in the Spa-room, after paying their devoirs to Mrs. Forty, there was his Lordship with the box-book in his hand, saying to one,—"Now, my lady, remember you have got the stage-box; as for the Countess, she can only have a second and third row;"—and so on. Nothing could exceed the warmth of his Lordship's heart, although he was so eccentric; he even left his coach-box, to let boxes for me.

I went one morning into a poulterer's shop, and found the Noble Earl buying some poultry. I ordered the poulterer to send me home a fine goose, wished his Lordship good morning, and was walking homeward at a quick pace, when I heard my name hallooed out; and turning round to see who was calling me, I saw his Lordship in the middle of the High Street; his Lordship

shouting out, with a determined Irish accent,—"Kelly! Kelly! I say, Kelly! Corn your goose! corn your goose!—I tell you, now do, Kelly, corn him! keep him in salt four days, and then boil him with a whisp of white cabbage; and, by the Powers, he'll be mighty fine eating." I took his Lordship's advice, and found it a delicious dish.

One day I was saying to him, that I had a very bad sore throat; he told me he had a never-failing recipe for a sore throat. His directions were,—just before going to bed, to get scalding water, and the finest double-refined sugar, with two juicy lemons, and above all, some good old Jamaica rum; and when in bed, to take a good jorum of it, as hot as bearable.

"Why, my Lord," said I, "your prescription seems to me to be nothing more than punch." "And what is better for a sore throat than good punch?" said his Lordship; "good punch at night, and copious gargles of old Port by day, would cure any mortal disease in life."

I passed some pleasant weeks at Cheltenham; and, among other agreeable recollections, it is not the least to think, that I there formed an acquaintance with my excellent friend, Mr. Savory, now a celebrated chemist, in Bond-street, who, at that time, was under Mr. Cotter, the principal apothe-

cary and chemist at Cheltenham. I also had the advantage of originating a friendship with that great and worthy man, and friend to the human race, Dr. Jenner, who often did me the honour to take his dinner with me; he wrote a very excellent Bacchanalian song, for which I composed the music.

When I was about leaving Cheltenham, I was lamenting to the Doctor the loss of the Spa waters, which had done Mrs. Crouch and myself so much essential service; he told me, under an injunction of secrecy, (which I never violated during his lifetime,) that I had no cause to regret the loss of the waters; "for, depend upon it," said he, "the Cheltenham salts, which you can procure of Mr. Patheyrus, chemist, in Bond-street, and of him alone, are to the full as efficacious, and conducive to health, as the water from the well. This," concluded the excellent man, "is the candid opinion I give you. I should not wish to promulgate it, as it might prejudice many industrious people, by keeping company from the Spa, which I should be sorry should be the case."

I repeat this opinion for the information of those who have it not in their power to go to the Cheltenham Spa, either from want of time, or the means of accomplishing the journey there.

I associated with many Irish families who came

to drink the waters, and had the pleasure of being introduced, by Colonel North, to Mr. Coutts, as his most particular friend. The introduction was very flattering to me; and I had the pleasure, for many years, to be kindly remembered, and favoured by the notice and attentions of one, who was ever a liberal patron of the arts and sciences, and of those who professed them.

I went to London, to meet Mr. Taylor, of the Opera House; but Mrs. Crouch remained at Cheltenham. Mr. Taylor wished to submit to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (who was then at Brighton), for His Royal Highness's approbation, a plan of alterations in the Opera House, for the ensuing season, and wished me to go down to Brighton with it, which I did. The day after I arrived there, I was honoured with an audience at the Pavilion, to which I was introduced by my kind friend and countryman, Colonel M'Mahon.

I found, as I always had the good fortune to do, His Royal Highness every thing gracious, kind, and condescending; a Prince who needs but to be known to be beloved and respected, for the rich variety of his talents, attainments, and knowledge, which seem to belong to every age and to every country.

After a week's delightful sojourn at Brighton, I returned to London; and the following day took

my seat upon the Cheltenham coach, to join Mrs. Crouch, who was waiting at Cheltenham till I returned to accompany her to London. I was full of life and spirits, and found some pleasant companions on the roof of the carriage; and laugh, fun, and hoaxing, were the order of the day; for although the latter word is of more modern origin, still the meaning was the same, and the joke as winning.

About twelve miles from Cheltenham, near Northleach, a man (a native of the latter place) on the coach-box, said that the two men walking before us up the hill, were the gaoler of Northleach, and a man in his custody for debt. When we overtook them, the coach was moving at a very slow pace, and I could not resist the allurement of a quotation; a trick I was ever prone to indulge in, when it came in my way. Hallooing out aloud, and imitating, and my face looking like old Macklin's, in "The Merchant of Venice," I quoted Shylock's speech to the astonished Northleach prison-keeper:—

———— "I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond to come abroad
with him, at his request."

"And what is that to you?"—quoth the gaoler, (with a face as red as a turkey-cock).—"What business is it of yours, to ask me what I do? If I

had you down here, I'd break every bone in your body."

I should have been sorry to be within his reach, for the varlet was tall, and had a *striking* appearance; however, the coachman relieved me from his threats, by quickening his pace, laughing, as well as the passengers, while the infuriated gaoler was giving me a volley of abuse: however, to say truth, I deserved it for my impudence.

I passed some very pleasant days at Plymouth, and received many marked attentions from Mr. Hawker, an English gentleman who was Dutch Consul. He took me to see the French prisoners confined in Mill Prison; it was astonishing to witness the apparent gaiety of their minds, and the perfect happiness with which they were enjoying themselves at all kinds of games and gambols; but the ingenuity of some was beyond my conception. They made toys of all descriptions, and sold them to the visitors of the prison. I bought from a French lieutenant the model of a ship, of his own making, completely rigged—the workmanship was admirably good. Amongst other things which I saw there, was a trait of French honesty which amused me extremely.

A fellow who was locked up, had a large bench in front of the place where he was confined, on which were several articles for sale; an old man,

who could speak a little English, stood by the side of them, and kept bawling out to all the passers-by:

"Come here, Monsieur le Capitaine, look here, my pretty things—Monsieur le Capitaine, come buy de pretty things for Madame."

I went up to him, and wished to purchase a handsome writing desk, for which the spokesman asked four guineas. I refused to give so much, but offered him one; the owner (who was locked up) in speaking to the salesman in French, told him to insist upon four guineas, adding, "I am sure you will get it; Monsieur le Capitaine, there, looks very like a simpleton."

I replied, that I would give no more than the guinea; and also speaking to him in French, which he had no notion I understood, told him that, simpleton as I was, I could purchase just such another writing desk for a louis d'or in Paris, either in the Palais Royal or on the Boulevards.

He made me a low bow, and said, smiling, "Ma foi, Monsieur, vous avez de l'esprit—et pour çà—for *that*, you shall have the desk for one guinea." I gave him the money, with a few complimentary observations upon his honesty and good manners.

Having seen all I wished to see, I went to Plymouth Dock, with an intention of going into Cornwall. On alighting from the chaise, I strolled about while dinner was preparing, gaping around me. I

found a gate open, and walked into a large yard, and seeing a person there, asked him the name of the place?

"What!" said the man, "Don't you know?"

I told him that I did not, but having seen a large gate open, *I had walked in.*

"Then, my good fellow," said the man, "take my advice, and *walk out* as fast as you can; for if you are found examining the Dock Yard without permission, you will be forthwith lodged in the Mill Prison, whence you will not find it a very easy thing to get away."

I thanked my honest friend for his kind intelligence, and with a hop, step, and jump, was outside the gates of the Dock Yard in two minutes. I was afterwards informed, that I really had a narrow escape, for, as we were then at war, no stranger was allowed to enter without a special order from the Commissioner.

I was very often at Mount Edgecumbe, where, at that time, the Somerset Militia were encamped. I had an invitation from the late Lord Cork, to dine with him at the mess, which I accepted, and that, indeed, was the place where I first met my kind friend, Sir Charles Bampfylde. From that day, until the period of his lamented death, I was favoured with his friendship. There dined at the mess that day, a young gentleman, a lieutenant in

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the navy, brother to a noble lord, who drank a great deal of wine, and subsequently accompanied me on my return to Dock, in the public passage boat. In the boat were some workmen of the Dock Yard, all of whom had an inveterate aversion to the officers of the navy, so much so, that desperate quarrels frequently occurred between them. My companion was excessively noisy and troublesome, abusing the people of Dock in the grossest and most unqualified terms. I was doing all in my power to persuade him to "moderate the rancour of his tongue," but in vain; when he was half seas over, he became more and more violent in his vituperation of the Dockites.

When we got on shore, and were walking up the hill, some half-dozen of our hard-fisted nautical companions fell upon us. I was pummelled about like a shuttle-cock, knocked down, and left senseless on the ground; while my companion, who was the sole occasion of my being so cruelly mauled, apprehensive, I conclude, of the anger of some strict disciplinarian in command, made all sail from the scene of action, and left me at the mercy of the cowardly ruffians; for I was fool enough to stand my ground, as long as I was able—the fruits of which vain resistance were, that I was carried to my hotel senseless, and confined to my bed for six weeks, attended by two medical men.

Independently of the drubbing with which they favoured me, I was the loser of 500*l.* which, like Father Foigard, in the "Beaux Stratagem," I *intended* to get; for I had engagements in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Dublin, all of which I was obliged to relinquish in consequence; so that I had good reason to remember Dock.

Three years after this mishap, however, I ventured again to visit Plymouth. Mrs. Crouch and myself were then engaged to perform at the theatre. Mr. Foote, the father of the lovely Miss Foote, of Covent Garden Theatre, was then manager of Plymouth Theatre; and Mr. Hughes, one of the proprietors of Sadler's Wells, manager of the theatre at Dock. With him, Mrs. Crouch and myself entered into an engagement, when we had finished at Plymouth, to perform a fortnight at Dock. The theatre was crowded every night we played. One evening, in "No Song, no Supper," Mrs. Crouch, who acted Margaretta, introduced a pretty ballad, which Dr. Arnold had composed for Miss Leak, at the Haymarket, entitled, "The Poor Little Gipsey." Mrs. Crouch sang it delightfully, and it was every where a great favourite. While she was singing the line, "Spare a poor little gipsey a halfpenny," a jolly tar hallooed from the pit, "That I will, my darling!" and threw a shilling on the stage.

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The liberality of honest Jack produced a roar of laughter from the audience.

On our way to Plymouth, we passed a few very agreeable days at Bath, with my old friend and master, Rauzzini, who was the original adviser of the measure of sending me to Italy. Every thing at Pyramid (the name of his residence) breathed content and happiness; professional people, of all descriptions, were welcome to his hospitable table, which was always supplied with the best viands, and choicest wines.

While we were staying with him, Madame Mara and Signora Storace were also his inmates, and every evening we had music of the best sort; Rauzzini himself presiding at the piano-forte, and singing occasionally. He had lost the soprano part of his voice, but his lower contra alto tones were very fine, and his taste was exquisite; he was also a delightful composer. It had been generally asserted and believed, that when he was engaged at the King's Theatre as first soprano singer, most of the popular songs which he sang in Sacchini's operas were composed by himself, although the credit of them was given to Sacchini; but upon a severe quarrel between them, Rauzzini, in a paper war, actually avowed himself the author of them, and accused Sacchini of the greatest ingratitude.

He retired to Bath, where he undertook to conduct the concerts, and continued to reside for many years, beloved and respected by the inhabitants and visitors of that city. He had a great deal of teaching, which, added to the profits of his performances, enabled him to entertain his friends in the hospitable manner he did. The expenses of those performances were to him comparatively small, as it was almost an article of faith amongst the profession to give their services gratis on such occasions. I have known Mrs. Billington renounce many profitable engagements in London, when Rauzzini has required the aid of her talents; and at her own expense, travel to Bath, and back to London, as fast as four horses could carry her, without accepting the most trifling remuneration. The singers engaged at the King's Theatre were always allowed by the proprietors to give him their gratuitous assistance.

Braham was his favourite scholar, and invariably made a point of attending; no pecuniary advantages derivable from any other source, ever induced him to relinquish the opportunity of serving his old master to the day of his death,—a kindness which Rauzzini always spoke of in terms of the highest gratitude. Happy have I ever been to join in such praises, having always found Braham, from his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre to the present moment, liberal and kind towards me, personally,

and ever ready to give his support and approbation to merit wherever he found it. Aware, as he must be, of his own superior talent, he is above envy, and possesses professionally, and in every other sense of the words, a clear understanding, sound sense, and accurate judgment.

After a week's sojourn at Bath, Mrs. Crouch and I took our departure for Plymouth. At Exeter we spent a pleasant day and night, though it was in the church-yard, where our hotel (one of the best in that city) was situated. I went to the cathedral, and heard a beautiful anthem of Jackson's finely sung; he himself was at the organ. I went up to the organ-loft, and introduced myself to him; he did me the favour to call at my hotel, and spend the evening with me. He was a man of great taste and musical research, but very eccentric. His melodies were pure and natural, and some of his madrigals and anthems will live for ever, to the credit of he English school. He was a great friend of the late Mr. Linley, who largely partook of his style and genius.

We arrived at Plymouth, and put up at the Pope's Head. The theatre was then opened, under the management of Mr. Jefferson, a good kind of man, who had formerly acted inferior parts with Mr. Garrick at Drury Lane, and was thought very like him. His eye was very expressive, and he was excessively

proud to be considered like the great actor, of whom he spoke with enthusiasm. He was a martyr to gout, but a most entertaining man, and replete with anecdotes, which he told with peculiar humour.

Before he became proprietor of the Plymouth theatre, he was manager of a strolling company of comedians, who acted on shares. When they were at Penzance, in Cornwall, performing in a barn, and miserably off for audiences, a French dancer, of the name of La Croix, who had come from St. Malo's, to seek his fortune in Plymouth, finding the theatre there shut, and hearing of Monsieur Jefferson's company at Penzance, formed a resolution to pack up his very "little all," and *chassé* on foot to join them.

When he arrived at Penzance, he waited upon Mr. Jefferson, offered his services, and said, that he had no doubt he should draw crowded houses by the excellence of his performance; for Monsieur La Croix, in his own opinion, was "Le Dieu de la danse." He was accordingly enrolled in the company on the usual terms, that is to say, that all should share and share alike. He made his appearance in a fine pas seul; but, unluckily, in one of his most graceful pirouettes, a very important part of his drapery, either from its age or slightness, or from the wonderful exertion of its wearer, became suddenly rent in a most unmendable manner. Shouts

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of laughter and applause followed, which Monsieur La Croix imagined were given for his jumping; nor was the supposition at all unjustifiable, for the higher he jumped, the more he was applauded. At last some one behind the scenes called him off the stage; and he was so shocked at the mishap which had befallen him, that he could never be induced to appear again. But, in the sequel, when he came to receive the recompence of his exertions and exposure, the salvo for his shame amounted only to a few bits of candle ends, which he would not accept; he said, he was a French artiste, and not a Russian, and therefore could not be expected to live on candles; and that Monsieur *Jeff* (as he called the manager) had imposed upon him with false pretences. The poor fellow made his way to Totness, where, as I heard, he got some scholars; but nothing would induce him to hear Mr. *Jeff*, or his tallow provender, ever spoken of again.

After dinner, Mrs. Crouch and I went to the theatre; it was Mrs. Clendining's benefit; the play, Inkle and Yarico, and the house very full: Mrs. Clendining acted Yarico. She, at that time, belonged to the Covent Garden company, and had a very good voice, and was a favourite with the town, in spite of a most implacable Irish brogue. The opera, on the whole, was well performed: Trueman, afterwards engaged at Drury Lane, was the vocal

hero of the company; and the band, for a provincial theatre, was really respectable.

Many years afterwards, I was introduced to the late Mr. John Emery, the truly great comedian of Covent Garden Theatre, who told me that I had once caused him much alarm by having been present at the Plymouth theatre, where he was leader of the band. I found this highly-gifted actor a very fine musician, as well as a delightful artist. I have some marine pieces of his that are, in my opinion, admirable.

On my return to town, I went to spend a few days with my friend George Colman, at his beautiful cottage, called "Mountains;" there I again met Colonel North, and Mr. Frederick Walsh, of the Custom House. At that time Mr. Dowton, the comedian, was acting at Tonbridge Wells, with his mother-in-law, the eccentric Mrs. Baker, who was proprietress of that theatre. Mr. Colman wrote to Mr. Cumberland to say, that on the following day we should be at Tonbridge Wells (nine miles from Mountains) for the purpose of seeing Mr. Dowton act; and requested him to choose the character in which he should like us to see him.

Mr. Cumberland selected Sheva, in his own play of "The Jew;" and a part in the farce called "Hunt the Slipper." We were all delighted with Dowton's performance, particularly the Jew, which

was a very fine specimen of natural acting. I was so struck with it, that I called out to a gentleman, with whom I was acquainted, who was sitting within three boxes of our party,—"This is fine acting: this, I'll answer for it, will do." My prognostication, it seems, was so loudly expressed, that, as Dowton afterwards told me, he heard it on the stage.

On my return to town, I told Mr. Sheridan what I thought of Dowton; and my opinion being corroborated by George Colman, Dowton had an immediate offer to join the Drury Lane company, which he accepted, and made his first appearance in the same character of Sheva, on the 10th of October, 1796; his success was perfect, and he has continued, to this day, a brilliant ornament of his profession.

Mr. Sheridan, whose praise in theatrical matters was fame, often told me, that he thought Dowton a sterling actor; and that if he ever wrote a comedy, the two performers for whom he should take most pains, would be Dowton and Jack Johnstone—would that he had kept his promise!

Dowton, whom I have proved to be one of the kindest and best-hearted men in existence, was formerly very passionate; and when he believed himself right, nothing could move him from his point. On one occasion, he thought himself slighted, and in

a huff, quitted his situation, and retired to the house of his old friend, Mr. Lee, of Bexley, a worthy, kind man, whose hospitality is proverbial in the county of Kent.

Mr. Sheridan was very sorry to lose so excellent an actor, and wrote to him to return, but all in vain. I went down to Mr. Lee's house, at Mr. Sheridan's request, to see what *I* could do, and stopped there two days; but Dowton was inexorable, although every thing he desired would have been granted.

When I returned to town, and told Mr. Sheridan of the failure of my mission, he said to me, "I compare Dowton to a spoiled child at school, who first cries for bread and butter—that is given him; when he has got that, he must have brown sugar put upon it—it is sugared for him; after that, he is not contented till he has glass windows cut out upon it." However, without having the bread, butter, brown sugar, or glass windows, by the interference of his staunch friend, Cumberland, and the advice of his equally staunch friend, Mr. Lee, he returned to his situation; and Sheridan, on the occasion, ordered the revival of two comedies for him, "The Good-natured Man," and "The Choleric Man," but (as may be anticipated by those who knew Mr. Sheridan) neither of them was ever revived.

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At Drury, the next musical piece brought out was the "Honey Moon," a comic opera, written and composed by Mr. William Linley, son of that excellent musician and composer, William Linley, patentee of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and father-in-law to Mr. Sheridan. It was produced on the 7th of January, 1797, and reflected great credit on the talents of the author; but owing to an unjust cabal, which was clearly proved to exist on the first night of its performance, it did not meet with that success to which its merits entitled it, and the author (with becoming spirit) withdrew it from the stage. "The Pavilion," a musical entertainment, written and composed also by Mr. William Linley, in which I performed a principal character, was brought out some time after the "Honey Moon," but did not meet with much greater success, and was also withdrawn for the same reason, though it had some beautiful music in it. The Linley family were all most highly gifted—nature and art combined, did every thing for them. I remember once having the satisfaction of singing a duet with Mrs. Sheridan (William Linley's sister), at her house in Bruton Street; her voice, taste, and judgment, united to make her the *rara avis* of her day.

The last time I beheld her heavenly countenance was at Bristol Hot Wells, where she went for the benefit of her health, having been attacked with a

severe pulmonary complaint, which baffled every effort of art to overcome it. She was, indeed, what John Wilkes said of her, the most beautiful flower that ever grew in Nature's garden; she breathed her last in the year 1792, in the thirty-eighth year of her age; and was buried by the side of her sister, Mrs. Tickell, in the cathedral church of Wells.

Her mother, a kind friendly woman, and in her youth reckoned beautiful, was a native of Wells. Miss Maria Linley, her sister, a delightful singer, died of a brain fever, in her grandfather's house at Bath. After one of the severest paroxysms of the dreadful complaint, she suddenly rose up in her bed, and began the song of, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in as full and clear a tone as when in perfect health. This extraordinary circumstance may be depended upon, as my friend, Mr. William Linley, her brother, stated the fact to me a short time since.

I never beheld more poignant grief than Mr. Sheridan felt for the loss of his beloved wife; and although the world, which knew him only as a public man, will perhaps scarcely credit the fact, I have seen him, night after night, sit and cry like a child, while I sang to him, at his desire, a pathetic little song of my composition, "They bore her to her grassy grave."

On the 9th of February, 1797, was produced,

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for the first time, an interesting musical entertainment, called "A Friend in Need," written by Prince Hoare, which met with universal approbation;—it was my first appearance in England as a composer.

On the 8th of April, Miss Farren, who had been for many years the favourite child of Thalia, and the elegant representative of fashionable life, quitted the stage, of which she had been so long one of the brightest ornaments, to become Countess of Derby. The theatre, on the occasion, was crowded to the ceiling; and the applauses she received were as warm as they were deserved. Her demeanour in the theatre, was all affability and good nature; and in every action she was ever kind and lady-like. Lady Teazle, and other characters of high life, she pourtrayed with all the vivid colouring of truth; indeed, she had the advantage, like her great predecessor, Mrs. Abington, of associating with the first society and the greatest wits of the age.

It was in this year that Mr. Cumberland, the author, promised my friend, Jack Bannister, to write a comedy for his benefit, which was to be interspersed with songs, for Mrs. Jordan, which he wished me to compose. He was good enough to give Bannister and myself an invitation to spend a few days with him, at his house at Tonbridge

Wells, in order that he might read his comedy to us; and as we were both interested in its success, we accepted his invitation; but fearing that we might not find our residence with him quite so pleasant as we wished, we agreed, previously to leaving town, that Mrs. Crouch should write me a letter, stating, that Mr. Taylor requested me to return to London immediately, about some Opera concerns; by which measure we could take our departure without giving offence to our host, if we did not like our quarters, or remain with him if we did.

Jack Bannister rode down on horseback, and I mounted the top of the Tonbridge coach. Seated on the roof, were two very pretty girls and two livery servants; this party I soon discovered were on the establishment of the Duchess of Leinster, following her Grace to Tonbridge Wells, whither she had gone the day before. While ascending Morant's Court Hill, we overtook Bannister on horseback, who called out to me, "What, Michael! who would have expected to see you on the top of the stage? I hope you have brought your curling irons with you; I shall want my hair dressed before dinner; come to me to the Sussex Hotel. Tonbridge Wells is very full; and, I dare say, you will get plenty of custom, both as a shaver and dresser."

At the conclusion of this harangue, he bade me good day, put spurs to his horse, and rode away.

I resolved to follow up the joke; and when the coach stopped at Seven Oaks, I sat down to dinner (my luncheon) with the servants, in the room allotted to outside passengers. We grew quite familiar; the lady's maid and the two footmen promised me their protection, and declared that they would do every thing in their power to get me custom, although they could not invite me to call and see them at the Duchess's house, because nothing but the most rigid stinginess was practised there. "I suppose," said I, "you can give one a glass of ale now and then?"

"Ale," said one of the footmen, "bless your heart, we never have ale, never see such a thing,—nothing but small beer, I assure you."

Until we arrived at our journey's end, the abigails and knights of the shoulder-knot kept entertaining me with anecdotes of the family, which were not very flattering I confess, but which I believe to have been false, having had for many years the pleasure of knowing her Grace the Duchess, and Mr. Ogilvie, her husband.

On our parting where the coach set us down, we all vowed eternal friendship, and I got to Mr. Cumberland's in time for dinner. The party consisted of myself, Bannister, Mrs. Cumberland, an agreeable well-informed old lady, and our host, who by-the-bye, during dinner, called his wife, mamma. We passed a pleasant evening enough, but wine was

scarce; however, what we had was excellent, and what was wanting in beverage, was amply supplied in converse sweet, and the delights of hearing the reading of a five-act comedy.

Five acts of a play, read by its author, after *tea*, are at any time opiates of the most determined nature, even if one has risen late and moved little; but with such a predisposition to somnolency as I found the drive, the dust, the sun, the air, the dinner, and a little sensible conversation had induced, what was to be expected? Long before the end of the second act I was fast as a church—a slight tendency to snoring, rendered this misfortune more appalling than it otherwise would have been; and the numberless kicks which I received under the table from Bannister, served only to vary, by fits and starts, the melody with which nature chose to accompany my slumbers.

When it is recollected, that our host and reader had served Sheridan as a model for Sir Fretful, it may be supposed that he was somewhat irritated by my inexcusable surrender of myself: but no; he closed his proceedings and his manuscript at the end of the second act, and we adjourned to a rational supper upon a cold mutton bone, and dissipated in two tumblers of weak red wine and water.

When the repast ended, the bard conducted us to our bed-rooms: the apartment in which I was to

sleep, was his study; he paid me the compliment to say, he had a little tent-bed put up there, which he always appropriated to his favourite guest. "The bookcase at the side," he added, "was filled with his own writings."

I bowed, and said, "I dare say, Sir, I shall sleep very soundly."

"Ah! very good," said he; "I understand you,—a hit, Sir, a palpable hit; you mean, being so close to my writings, they will act as a soporific. You are a good soul, Mr. Kelly, but a very drowsy one—God bless you—you are a kind creature, to come into the country to listen to my nonsense—*buonas noches!* as we say in Spain—good night! I hope it will be fine weather for you to walk about in the morning; for I think, with Lord Falkland, who said he pitied unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day—umph—good night, God bless you,—you are so kind."

I could plainly perceive, that the old gentleman was not over-pleased, but I really had no intention of giving him offence. He was allowed, however, to be one of the most sensitive of men, when his own writings were spoken of; and, moreover, reckoned envious in the highest degree.

He had an inveterate dislike to Mr. Sheridan, and would not allow him the praise of a good dramatic writer; which, considering the ridicule Sheridan

had heaped upon him in "The Critic," is not so surprising.—That piece was wormwood to him; he was also very sore at what Sheridan had said of him, before he drew his portrait in that character.

The anecdote Mr. Sheridan told me. When the "School for Scandal" came out, Cumberland's children prevailed upon their father to take them to see it;—they had the stage box—their father was seated behind them; and, as the story was told by a gentleman, a friend, of Sheridan's, who was close by, every time the children laughed at what was going on on the stage, he pinched them, and said, "What are you laughing at, my dear little folks? You should not laugh, my angels; there is nothing to laugh at."—And then, in an under tone, "Keep still, you little dunces."

Sheridan having been told of this, said, "It was very ungrateful in Cumberland to have been displeased with his poor children, for laughing at *my comedy*; for I went the other night to see *his tragedy*, and laughed at it from beginning to end."

But with all the irritability which so frequently belongs to dramatists, Mr. Cumberland was a perfect gentleman in his manners, and a good classical scholar. I was walking with him on the pantiles one morning, and took the opportunity of telling him (which was the truth) that his dramatic works were in great request at Vienna; and that his

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"West Indian" and "Brothers," particularly, were first-rate favourites; this pleased the old man so much, that (I flattered myself) it made him forget my drowsy propensities.

He took me up to the top of Mount Ephraim, where we met the Duchess of Leinster and a lady, walking;—she had just got out of her carriage, and the two identical footmen who had been on the stage-coach with me, were walking behind her. She stopped to speak to Mr. Cumberland; and never shall I forget the countenance of the servants, when her Grace said, "Mr. Kelly, I am glad to see you; have you been long here?"

I replied, "No, Madam, only two days."

"Did you come down alone?" said the Duchess.

"Not entirely," said I; "I came down on the coach, and I assure you, met with some very pleasant, chatty companions, who amused me very much, by a variety of anecdotes about themselves, and their masters and mistresses." While I was saying this, I kept looking at my two sworn friends, the footmen, who seemed struck with wonder and surprise.

"Well," said the Duchess, "I hope this place will agree with you."

I said, "I fear not, for I am extremely partial to malt liquor, and I am told, that it is execrable here; and that in the very first houses, one meets with

nothing but bad small beer." I again looked at my friends, and I am sure they wished me at Jericho; for it was evident, by their countenances, that they were afraid I should betray their confidence; and they seemed quite relieved when they saw me make my bow and walk away.

A letter arrived the next morning, as we had planned, which called me to London; we informed our host, that we were obliged to quit his hospitable roof early the following day. "My children," said he, "I regret that you must leave your old bard, but business must be attended to; and as this is the last day I am to have the pleasure of your company, when you return from your evening's rambles on the pantiles, I will give you what I call a treat."

After dinner, Bannister and myself went to the library. "What," said I to Bannister, "can be the treat Cumberland has promised us to night? I suppose he took notice of your saying at dinner, that your favourite meal was supper; and he intends, as we are going away to-morrow morning, to give us some little delicacies." Bannister professed entire ignorance, and some doubt; and on our return from our walk, we found Cumberland in his parlour, waiting for us. As I had anticipated, the cloth was laid for supper, and in the middle of the table was a large dish with a cover on it.

When we were seated, with appetites keen, and eyes fixed upon the mysterious dainty, our host, after some preparation, desired a servant to remove the cover, and on the dish lay another manuscript play. "There, my boys," said he, "there is the treat which I promised you; that, Sirs, is my Tiberius, in five acts; and after we have had our sandwich and wine and water, I will read you every word of it. I am not vain, but I do think it by far the best play I ever wrote, and I think you'll say so."

The threat itself was horrible; the Reading sauce was ill suited to the light supper, and neither poppy nor Mandragore, nor even the play of the preceding evening, would have been half so bad as his Tiberius; but will the reader believe that it was no joke, but all in earnest, and that he actually fulfilled his horrid promise, and read the three first acts? but seeing violent symptoms of our old complaint coming over us, he proposed that we should go to bed, and in the morning that he should treat us, before we started, by reading the fourth and fifth acts; but we saved him the trouble, for we were off before he was out of his bed. Such are the perils and hair-breadth 'scapes which attend the guests of dramatists who live in the country.

The comedy which he read on the first evening of our visit, and which was called "The Last of

the Family," was brought out at Drury Lane, as he had promised, for Bannister's benefit, on the 8th of May, and was repeated four times with moderate success. It contained much elegant dialogue and correct sentiment, but the plot was too meagre and inartificial for effect. Bannister spoke a prologue in the character of Sheva, in "The Jew;" and Mrs. Jordan an epilogue with a song, which were much applauded.

At this period, I left Suffolk Street, and took a house in Lisle Street, Leicester Square, which Mrs. Crouch fitted up according to her own excellent taste. Upon this scite, an Italian Opera House was to have been erected by a Mr. O'Ryley, a clever and ingenious man, under the patronage of the Marquis of Salisbury (whose estate it was), but the project fell to the ground, and the theatre never rose from it.

On the 14th June, a benefit was given at Covent Garden Theatre, for the widows and children of the brave men who gloriously fell in action on the 14th February, under the late Lord St. Vincent. The three theatres, on that night, combined their forces for the laudable purposes of charity. Mrs. Jordan played Peggy, in "The Country Girl;" and we performers in "No Song, no Supper," gave our aid. The whole corps de ballet from the Opera House, represented the ballet of "Cupid

and Psyche." Several performers of Covent Garden Theatre came forward; and Mrs. Abington, who had not appeared for many seasons, spoke a favourite epilogue.

For Drury Lane, I composed an afterpiece, called "The Chimney Corner," translated from the French by Mr. Walsh Porter, an excellent, though a very eccentric man; to whom, as I have already said, I was indebted for many attentions when at Worcester, and elsewhere. The scenery was very pretty, but the piece was not successful; and after its third representation, was withdrawn.

On the 14th December, the celebrated dramatic romance, called "The Castle Spectre," was produced at Drury Lane, written by M. G. Lewis, Esq. It had a prodigious run; John Kemble performed in it, as did Mrs. Jordan, and Mrs. Powell, who made a splendid spectre. The first night of its representation, the sinking of the Ghost in a flame of fire, and the beauty of the whole scene, had a most sublime effect. I composed the music for the piece; but for the situation in which the Ghost first appears in the oratory to her daughter, and in which the acting both of Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Jordan, without speaking, rivetted the audience, I selected the chacoone of Jomelli, as an accompaniment to the action. This chacoone had been danced at Stutgard, by Vestris, and was thought an

odd choice of mine for so solemn a scene; but the effect which it produced warranted the experiment.

Mr. M. Lewis, the author of this drama, though eccentric, had a great deal of genius. I knew him well, and have passed many pleasant hours in his society. I composed his operas of "Adelmorn the Outlaw;" "The Wood Dæmon;" "Venoni;" "Adelgitha;" all for Drury Lane; and a romantic drama, which he never brought forward, called "Zoroaster." The last I composed was, "One o'Clock," produced at the Lyceum. Of all his dramas, the "Castle Spectre" was his favourite, perhaps from its having been the most attractive and popular; and yet, it has been said, it was the indirect cause of his death.

After his father's decease he went to Jamaica, to visit his large estates. When there, for the amusement of his slaves, he caused his favourite drama, "The Castle Spectre," to be performed; they were delighted, but of all parts which struck them, that which delighted them most was the character of Hassan, the black. He used indiscreetly to mix with these people in the hours of recreation, and seemed, from his mistaken urbanity and ill-judged condescension, to be their very idol. Presuming on indulgence, which they were not prepared to feel or appreciate, they petitioned him to emancipate them. He told them, that during his lifetime it

could not be done; but gave them a solemn promise, that at his *death*, they should have their freedom. Alas! it was a fatal promise for him, for on the passage homeward he died; it has been said, by poison, administered by three of his favourite black brethren, whom he was bringing to England to make free British subjects of; and who, thinking that by killing their master they should gain their promised liberty, in return for all his liberal treatment, put an end to his existence at the first favourable opportunity.

This anecdote I received from a gentleman who was at Jamaica when Mr. Lewis sailed for England, and I relate it as I heard it, without pledging myself to its entire authenticity.

It is, however, notorious, that he died at sea; and it has often been remarked, that the death of a person so well known in the circles of literature and fashion as he was, never created so slight a sensation. This evidently arose from circumstances which had removed him from the immediate *world* with which he had been accustomed to mix; and having been already absent from it for a length of time, his departure from the *general* world, was neither felt nor commented upon.

I once received a command from his present Majesty, when Prince of Wales, to compose a simple English ballad for him; and I had his gracious

permission to publish it, as composed for His Royal Highness, and dedicate it to him. I applied to my friend Lewis to write me one, which he did. The song was very popular, and sung by Incledon, at Covent Garden Theatre. The last verse was so applicable to the fate of its author, that I cannot resist giving the words.

TO-MORROW,

A Ballad, written by M. G. Lewis, Esq. *and composed by* Michael Kelly, *expressly for* His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

I.

A bankrupt in trade, fortune frowning on shore,
All lost—save my spirit and honour;
No choice being left, but to take to the oar,
I engaged in the Mars, Captain Connor.
But the winds call me some few words to say,
To Polly these moments I borrow,
For surely she grieves I leave her to-day,
And must sail on the salt seas to-morrow.

II.

Nay, weep not, though Fortune her smile now denies,
Time may soften the gipsy's displeasure;
Perhaps she may throw in my way some rich prize,
And send me home loaded with treasure.
If so lucky, oh! doubt not, without more delay,
Will I hasten to banish your sorrow,
And bring back a heart that adores you to-day,
And will love you as dearly to-morrow.

III.

But, ah ! the fond hope may prove fruitless and vain,
  Which my bosom now ventures to cherish ;
In some perilous fight—I may haply be slain;
  Or, o'erwhelm'd, in the ocean may perish.
Should such be the fate of poor Tom, deign to pay
  To his loss a fit tribute of sorrow,
And sometimes remember our parting to-day,
  Should a wave be his coffin to-morrow.

Mr. Lewis had many advantages as an author; he was a good German, understood Spanish, and was perfect master of French and Italian.

After the success of the "Castle Spectre," I determined to endeavour to get the French programme of "Blue Beard" (which I had brought from Paris) dramatized. I accordingly called upon my valued friend, George Colman, and told him that I had brought him the outline of a French romance, which, I believed, if he would undertake to write it, would prove highly successful. I told him moreover, that my object was to endeavour to establish my name as a composer, by furnishing the music for it; that I was perfectly sure a week's work would accomplish the literary part of the two acts, for which I would give him a couple of hundred pounds.

After having discussed the subject, and two bottles of wine, the witty dramatist agreed to my terms, and I promised to accompany him to his

country-house, and remain with him for a week; I did so, and before the week was ended, the piece was complete, and those who have seen it,—and who has not? will bear testimony to the admirable manner in which he executed his task.

The drama was immediately accepted at Drury Lane; orders were issued to the machinists, painters, and decorators, to bring it forward with the greatest possible splendour and magnificence; and it must be admitted, that nothing could exceed its brilliancy; the music, which fortunately became extremely popular, I composed, with the exception of two selected pieces, and the success of the whole was beyond expectation and precedent. It may be worth noticing, that the Blue Beard, who rode the elephant in perspective over the mountains, was little Edmund Kean, who, at that time, little thought he should become a first class actor.

The 16th January, 1798, was the first night of its production. From the bungling of the carpenters, and the machinery going all wrong, at one time, as it drew near the conclusion, I gave it up as lost: but never shall I forget the relief I experienced when Miss Decamp sang, "I see them gallopping! I see them gallopping!" She gave it with such irresistible force of expression, as to call from the audience loud and continued shouts of applause.

At the end of the piece, when Blue Beard is slain by Selim, a most ludicrous scene took place. Where Blue Beard sinks under the stage, a skeleton rises, which, when seen by the audience, was to sink down again; but not one inch would the said skeleton move. I, who had just been killing Blue Beard, totally forgetting where I was, ran up with my drawn sabre, and pummelled the poor skeleton's head with all my might, vociferating, until he disappeared, loud enough to be heard by the whole house, "D—n you! d—n you! why don't you go down?" The audience were in roars of laughter at this ridiculous scene, but good-naturedly appeared to enter into the feelings of an infuriated composer.

The next day, the piece was much curtailed; the scenery and machinery were quite perfect; and, on its next representation, it was received with the most unqualified approbation, by overflowing houses, and has kept its standing for six-and-twenty years. The music had an unparalleled sale, but I could not escape the shafts of envy and malice. The professional, would-be theatrical composers, the music-sellers and their friends, gave out that the music was not mine, and that I had stolen it from other composers. But I laughed them to scorn; conscious that I never even selected a piece from any composer to which, when I printed it, I did not affix his

name; always bearing in mind what Colley Cibber tells us of himself,—that when he produced his first comedy, which was successful, of "Love's Last Shift," his enemies gave out that it was not his own; Cibber said, if they knew the person to whom it really belonged, he had been true to his trust, for he had never yet revealed the secret. The Italian proverb was ever present to my mind, which says,

> Lasciategli dire, pure che
> Lasciamo fare.

In English:—

> Let them go on saying,
> So they let me go on doing *.

In the grand march, where Blue Beard comes over the mountain, there was to be a military band.

* The second act of Blue Beard opened with a view of the Spahi's horses, at a distance; these horses were admirably made of pasteboard, and answered every purpose for which they were wanted. One morning, Mr. Sheridan, John Kemble, and myself, went to the property-room of Drury Lane Theatre, and there found Johnston, the able and ingenious machinist, at work upon the horses, and on the point of beginning the elephant, which was to carry Blue Beard. Mr. Sheridan said to Johnston,—"Don't you think, Johnston, you had better go to Pidcock's, at Exeter 'Change, and hire an elephant for a number of nights?"—"Not I, Sir," replied the enthusiastic machinist; "if I cannot make a better elephant than that at Exeter 'Change, I deserve to be hanged."

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I was not sufficiently conversant with wind instruments; and therefore I went to Mr. Eley, a German, and Master of the band of the guards. I took my melody to him, and he put the parts to it most delightfully. A considerable bet was made, that the melody was *his*, and not *mine;* to decide the wager, and put the matter at rest, I was induced, after twenty-two years had elapsed, to write to Mr. Eley, and received his answer, a copy of which I insert:—

July 18th, 1821.
48, Frith Street, Soho.

Dear Sir,

I received your letter concerning the march in Blue Beard, of which you gave to me the melody, to put parts for the orchestra wind instruments, to which I added some part to finish the trio, and to lead into the next chorus. I wrote this score in the music-room, at Covent Garden Theatre, during the acts of the play, which several of the orchestra did see, and concluded it was my melody; though I assured them it was not; from whence this error has arose.

I remain, dear Sir,
Most truly yours,
R. T. ELEY.

I was now finally settled in my house in Lisle Street, and about the same period, my esteemed friend, Mr. Thomas Philips, the singer, called on me, and wished me to take him as a pupil, and offered me a most tempting premium, but I was too

much occupied to accept it. He went to Dr. Arnold, under whose able instruction he became a sound musician, and an accomplished singer; he is still in the profession, and by far the very best acting singer on the English stage: to any profession which he had embraced, he would have been an ornament; his conduct is ever honourable,—his feelings always gentlemanly.

About the same time, a less agreeable incident occurred to me, which, although purely of a domestic nature, may be serviceably mentioned here, in order to put others upon their guard, under similar circumstances. I had advertised in the newspapers, that I was in want of a man-servant; a middle-aged man came after the place—an Irishman. He said he had lived with a gentleman of fortune, of the name of Pritchard, who resided chiefly at his country house, in Epping Forest, but was often at an hotel in South Molton Street; if I could make it convenient to call there the next day, he would be in town, and I might get his character. I went the next day to the hotel; the waiter informed me that Mr. Pritchard had been there, and waited for me as long as he could, but would call upon me in Lisle Street. When I returned to dinner, Mrs. Crouch told me that an elderly gentleman, in deep mourning, of the name of Pritchard, had called upon me, in a job-carriage. She de-

scribed him as a particularly interesting old gentleman. He gave the Irishman an excellent character, and said that he should not have parted with him upon any account, but that having recently become a widower, he felt it necessary to reduce his establishment.

Mrs. Crouch gave so favourable a description of the "elderly gentleman," and the elderly gentleman had given her such a favourable description of his Irish servant, that we were perfectly satisfied, and the man was directed to come to his place.

After he had been in my service some days (it was in the winter time), Mrs. Crouch's own maid came into my room, about four o'clock in the morning, and said she heard such a noise in the passage, as convinced her that somebody was endeavouring to break into the house.

I rose, and crept softly to the head of the stairs, and listened, when I heard the respectable Hibernian protegé of the highly respectable elderly gentleman from Epping Forest, say, through the keyhole of the street-door, "Be quiet! the maid-servants are not gone to bed; come back in an hour;—the plate is in the back drawing-room." This was pretty conclusive evidence of the liberal intentions of my new servant, touching the disposition of my property. I immediately got my sword, and proceeded to the passage, where I found the object

of my search. I told him that if he stirred one inch, I would run him through the body. In the mean time, one of the maids called a watchman, and the culprit was consigned to the coal cellar for the rest of the night.

In the morning, I consulted Mr. Holloway, my solicitor, as to my future conduct in the business; and he knowing, professionally, the difficulties, doubts, and expense of prosecuting and punishing criminals, advised me to profit by my experience, and turn the fellow away; I followed his counsel, and discharged my servant.

One morning, about six weeks afterwards, while I was at the Opera House, superintending a rehearsal, a Bow Street officer came to me from Mr. Bond, with his compliments, to request my immediate attendance at the Police Office. I obeyed the magistrate's wishes, and to my great astonishment, found seated on the bench, beside the magistrates, Mrs. Crouch, and her sister, Mrs. Horrebow; my *ci-devant* Hibernian servant at the bar, in custody, in company with his ally, the respectable elderly gentleman, who had so liberally given his friend, that which he had not himself—a character. He was, however, no longer dressed in mourning, but in a light-coloured coat, all in tatters, looking quite miserable.

It appeared that, through the recommendation

of Mr. Pritchard, the worthy Irishman got into the service of a clergyman at Clerkenwell, into whose house, one night, the family being all at rest, he admitted two thieves, who stripped it of every thing moveable. Upon closer examination of the circumstances, it turned out, that he belonged to a gang of housebreakers, who kept Mr. Pritchard in pay for the express purpose of giving false characters. Mr. Pritchard was sent to Newgate: and the Irishman, having been found guilty at the Old Bailey, was hanged, after having confessed the commission of innumerable atrocities.

As I before said, I relate this to serve as a caution to my readers against receiving the characters of servants from persons to whom they have not a respectable reference, however respectable their personal appearance, or however amiable or gentlemanly their manner.

This summer I took a cottage at Battersea, and accepted an engagement for part of the season, at Colman's theatre, in order to introduce a pupil of Mrs. Crouch, a Miss Griffiths, who afterwards married a Mr. Stewart, a comic performer on the Dublin Stage. She played Polly, at the Haymarket, to my Macheath, and Clarissa to my Lionel; she was a girl of great promise, and becoming a great favourite. She was the daughter of the stage-door keeper of the Edinburgh theatre,

and was employed about the house, to sweep the stage, &c. when Mrs. Crouch and myself acted at Edinburgh. She was so delighted with Mrs. Crouch's performance, that some time after we had quitted the theatre, without intimating her intention to her father, or any person belonging to her, she travelled *on foot* all the way from Edinburgh to London, and found out Mrs. Crouch in Lisle Street, who took her under her tuition and patronage, and bestowed the greatest pains in instructing her. She had a sweet voice, a fine ear, and a great share of intellect.

On the 2nd of August, the stage had an irreparable loss, by the death of that excellent actor, John Palmer, who expired on the stage, while acting in "The Stranger," just as he uttered—

"There is another, and a better world!"

A similar melancholy event happened in the year 1758, when Joseph Pethren, playing the Duke, in "Measure for Measure," dropped down dead, after repeating these words :—

"Reason thus with life—If I do lose thee, I lose a thing that none but fools would keep ;—a breath thou art."

Alas! poor Palmer! his fate was a lamentable one; he had been continually involved in diffi-

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culties, brought on him by struggling to support and educate a numerous family; and at the very moment that a hope of extrication from his difficulties gleamed upon him, he sank into the grave: for it is perhaps not generally known, that two days previously to his going to Liverpool, at my house, and I may safely say, through my influence, Mr. Sheridan appointed him stage-manager of Drury Lane Theatre, with a stipend of 400*l.* per annum, exclusive of his salary as an actor; and commissioned me to be the bearer of the pleasing intelligence to him.

The next morning, when I was singing a song at rehearsal, at the Haymarket, Palmer, who had been in the country, came on the stage to speak to one of the actors; when I espied him, without stopping the band, I went on singing the air; but, for the right words of it, substituted the following:—

> "My good Jack Palmer, don't go away;
> I've got something pleasing to you to say."

This piece of sublime poetry produced a hearty laugh. I informed him of the appointment, with which, poor fellow, he was truly delighted; it was indeed, the very summit of his hopes and wishes. That evening he set off for Liverpool, whence he never returned. It was supposed, that the death

of his youngest boy, on whom he doated, broke his heart.

No actor was ever more generally efficient; in some characters he was excellent, in none indifferent. His acting, in "Joseph Surface;" "The Suicide;" Stukely, in "The Gamester;" Dionysius, in "The Grecian Daughter;" Young Wilding, in "The Liar;" Sir Toby Belch, in "Twelfth Night," was perfection. Mr. Aickin, the Liverpool manager, gave a benefit at his theatre, for the orphan children; Mr. Colman gave his company for the same laudable purpose; the Opera House was lent them, as Mr. Colman's theatre was not sufficiently large. Drury Lane Theatre opened on the 15th of September, with "The Stranger," and "The Citizen," for the benefit of his orphan family; the house overflowed in every part; and there were a number of handsome presents made them. The receipts of the night were upwards of 800*l.*; a just tribute to the talents of their unfortunate father.

This benefit has recently been referred to publicly, in consequence of the melancholy occurrence which awakened a fresh interest in the public for one of the surviving sons. An allusion was made by Mr. Palmer, Jun. to the non-payment of the receipts of the house by Mr. Sheridan; but from a correspondence which appeared in the newspapers, it seems that the allegation was founded on a mistake.

The next musical piece I produced at Drury Lane was in conjunction with Mr. Dusseck, the celebrated piano-forte player; he composed the serious part of it,—I the comic. What he did, was masterly and effective. The piece was entitled, "The Captive of Spilburg;" the story from the French piece, "Camille; ou, le Souterrain;" it was ably managed by Prince Hoare, and had a run of seventeen nights. My next musical productions were in a play taken from Mr. Lewis's romance of "The Monk," by Mr. Boaden, and performed at Drury Lane, called "Aurelio and Miranda." I thought there was a great deal of merit in the writing; but it was only acted six nights: many thought it indecorous to represent a church on the stage (which, by the way, was a fine specimen of the art,—painted by Capon). But the powerful objection was, the unearthly appearance of Kemble, as the Monk. I never shall forget his attitude immediately after his entrance; his dress—the look—the *tout ensemble*—struck me to be more than human. He was hailed with the most rapturous applause; but he stood motionless, with uplifted eyes, and apparently regardless of the public tribute.

The great sums of money produced to the theatre by "Blue Beard," induced the Drury Lane proprietors to prevail on Mr. Colman to write a musical afterpiece, to vie with it in splendour. The piece was entitled, "Feudal Times; or, The Banquet

Gallery." I composed the whole of the music for it. Although the scenery was grand, and the piece well acted, it was not so successful as Blue Beard; although performed, in the course of the season, for many nights. It was brought out in January 1799.

On the 5th of April, 1799, the musical world had to regret the demise of the veteran Cramer, the admirable violin performer, leader of the Opera band, King's concert, and all the musical meetings.

On the 24th of May, in the same year, Mr. Sheridan's celebrated play of "Pizarro," from Kotzebue, was produced; it was admirably acted, and I had the proud distinction of having my name joined with that of Mr. Sheridan, in its production, having been selected by him to compose the whole of the music.

Expectation was on tip-toe: and strange as it may appear, "Pizarro" was advertised, and every box in the house taken, before the fourth act of the play was begun; nor had I one single word of the poetry for which I was to compose the music. Day after day was I attending on Mr. Sheridan, representing that time was flying, and that nothing was done for me. His answer uniformly was, "Depend upon it, my dear Mic, you shall have plenty of matter to go on with to-morrow;" but day after day, that morrow came not, which, as my name was advertised as the composer of the music, drove me half crazy.

One day I was giving a dinner to the Earl of Guilford, the Marquis of Ormond (then Lord Ormond), my valued friend Sir Charles Bampfylde, Sir Francis Burdett, George Colman, J. Richardson, M. Lewis, and John Kemble; and, about ten o'clock, when I was in the full enjoyment of this charming society, Mr. Sheridan appeared before us, and informed my friends, that he must carry me off with him, that moment, to Drury Lane; begged they would excuse my absence for one hour, and he would return with me. I saw it would be useless to contradict him, so I went to the theatre, and found the stage and house lighted up, as it would have been for a public performance; not a human being there, except ourselves, the painters, and carpenters; and all this preparation was merely that he might see two scenes, those of Pizarro's tent, and the Temple of the Sun.

The great author established himself in the centre of the pit, with a large bowl of negus on the bench before him; nor would he move until it was finished. I expostulated with him upon the cruelty of not letting me have the words which I had to compose, not to speak of his having taken me away from my friends, to see scenery and machinery, with which, as I was neither painter, nor carpenter, nor machinist, I could have nothing to do: his answer was, that he wished me to see the Temple of the Sun, in which the choruses and marches were to come over

the platform.—" To-morrow," said he, " I promise I will come and take a cutlet with you, and tell you all you have to do. My dear Mic, you know you can depend upon *me*; and I know that I can depend upon *you*; but these bunglers of carpenters require looking after."

After this promise, we returned to my house; I found my party waiting; nor did we separate until five o'clock in the morning.

To my utter surprise, the next day, according to his own appointment, Mr. Sheridan really came to dinner; after the cloth was removed, he proposed business. I had pen, ink, music-paper, and a small piano-forte (which the Duke of Queensberry had given me, and which he had been accustomed to take with him in his carriage, when he travelled,) put upon the table with our wine. My aim was, to discover the situations of the different choruses and the marches, and Mr. Sheridan's ideas on the subject; and he gave them in the following manner:—" In the Temple of the Sun," said he, " I want the virgins of the Sun, and their high priest, to chaunt a solemn invocation to their deity."—I sang two or three bars of music to him, which I thought corresponded with what he wished, and marked them down. He then made a sort of rumbling noise with his voice (for he had not the slightest idea of turning a tune), resembling a deep gruff bow, wow

wow; but though there was not the slightest resemblance of an air in the noise he made, yet so clear were his ideas of effect, that I perfectly understood his meaning, though conveyed through the medium of a bow, wow, wow. Having done this, and pointed out their several situations, he promised me, faithfully, that I should have the poetry in a couple of days; and, marvellous to say, he actually did send me Cora's song, which Mrs. Jordan sang; and the trio, sung by Mrs. Crouch, Miss Decamp, and Miss Leak, "Fly away, time,"—which they made very effective. The poetry of the last, however, was written by my good friend, Mr. Richardson; the song really by himself. Having extracted these, I saw that it was perfectly ridiculous to expect the poetry of the choruses from the author of the play; and as I knew a literary gentleman, whose poverty, if not his will, would consent to assist me, I gave him Mr. Sheridan's ideas, as I had caught them from his bow, wow, wows, and got him to write words to them, which he did very well; at least well enough to answer my purpose.

But if this were a puzzling situation for a composer, what will my readers think of that, in which the actors were left, when I state the fact, that, at the time the house was overflowing on the first night's performance, all that was written of the play was actually rehearsing, and that incredible as it may

appear, until the end of the fourth act, neither Mrs. Siddons, nor Charles Kemble, nor Barrymore, had all their speeches for the fifth? Mr. Sheridan was up-stairs in the prompter's room, where he was writing the last part of the play, while the earlier parts were acting; and every ten minutes he brought down as much of the dialogue as he had done, piece-meal, into the green-room, abusing himself and his negligence, and making a thousand winning and soothing apologies, for having kept the performers so long in such painful suspense.

One remarkable trait in Sheridan's character was, his penetrating knowledge of the human mind; for no man was more careful in his carelessness; he was quite aware of his power over his performers, and of the veneration in which they held his great talents; had he not been so, he would not have ventured to keep them (Mrs. Siddons particularly) in the dreadful anxiety which they were suffering through the whole of the evening. Mrs. Siddons told me that she was in an agony of fright; but Sheridan perfectly knew, that Mrs. Siddons, C. Kemble, and Barrymore, were quicker in study than any other performers concerned; and that he could trust them to be perfect in what they had to say, even at half-an-hour's notice. And the event proved that he was right: the play was received with the greatest approbation, and though brought out so late in the

season, was played thirty-one nights; and for years afterwards proved a mine of wealth to the Drury Lane Treasury, and, indeed, to all the theatres in the United Kingdom.

Such, however, were the delays during the first night's performance, that the play did not end until within five minutes of midnight! The farce of "My Grandmother," was to follow, but the exhaustion of the audience was so complete, that, when the afterpiece commenced, only seventeen persons remained in the whole dress circle, and twenty-two in the pit.

John Kemble is so perfectly identified with the character of Rolla, that perhaps, as anecdotes of such a person, however trifling, if characteristic, are always interesting, I may be permitted to mention an instance of his coolness in the midst of difficulty, which I had forgotten to relate in its proper place, as far as dates are concerned.

In the summer of 1783, he and his unrivalled sister, Mrs. Siddons, were engaged at Limerick; and Mrs. Crouch, then Miss Phillips, was also there, playing on the alternate nights with the tragedians. She was beyond measure popular, and the theme of universal admiration. One evening, after having performed Rosetta, in "Love in a Village," some officers of a militia regiment, quartered in Limerick, being very much intoxicated, avowed their intention

of escorting her home; and, in order to carry their plan into execution, obtained admission behind the scenes, and proceeded to address her on the subject. She, terrified, ran into her dressing-room and locked the door, which these heroes declared they would forthwith break open.

It so happened, that Mr. Phillips, her father, was laid up with the gout at that juncture, and had commissioned Kemble to see his daughter home after the play; and thus authorised, the moment he heard the disturbance and its cause, he proceeded to the scene of action, and politely requested the military force to withdraw; but they positively refused to stir without Miss Phillips. Upon which, Kemble took his sword, and said, that having been deputed by the lady's father to escort her to her house, he should execute his commission at the hazard of his life, and requested Miss Phillips to open the door of the dressing-room.

With this request she complied; but they had not proceeded many paces, before one of the officers, of the name of Yelverton, came behind Kemble, and made a cut at his head with his sabre.—A woman, of the name of Judy Cameron, one of the stage-dressers, perceived the intention; and catching the man's arm, wrested the sword from him, and, in all probability, saved Kemble's life. Kemble saw the whole transaction; and, without the smallest altera-

tion in look or manner, or being in the slightest degree moved, he turned to his preserver, Judy, and said, "Well done, Euphrasia!"—He then drew his sword, and conducted his fair charge in safety to her chair.

Lord Muskerry, who was Colonel of the regiment, called upon Kemble in the morning, and told him that every apology he might require should be made by the officers. This anecdote, extremely illustrative of character, I had both from Mrs. Crouch and her father, who always mentioned it with gratitude, and admiration of the high spirit and perfect coolness which Kemble displayed upon this trying occasion.

My next production, at Drury Lane, was an afterpiece, from the German of Kotzebue. I do not recollect the German title of it, but it was literally translated into English by Mr. Papendick, a native of Germany, a very worthy man, and page to Her Majesty Queen Charlotte. He shewed it to my friend John Bannister, who told me he approved of the incidents and situations; but in the state in which it then was, he thought it impossible to produce it on the English stage with any effect; but he proposed to me to join with him in purchasing the copyright, and getting it adapted, by some skilful hand, for Drury Lane Theatre.

Having a reliance on his judgment, I agreed to

go with him the next day to Windsor, where Mr. Papendick was the page in waiting, to propose terms for the purchase of his translation; we did so, and agreed for a certain sum, and returned the next day to town. Bannister prevailed on our worthy friend, Tom Dibdin, to take the main incident, and write a piece from it; which *(sub rosâ)* he did admirably. He called it "Of Age To-morrow." I composed the whole of the music, with the exception of the opening piece, which I selected from Paesiello. This farce was, and is, a great favourite; nothing could be more perfect than the acting and singing of Mrs. Charles Kemble, then Miss Decamp; by those who had the pleasure of witnessing it, I think it impossible it can ever be forgotten. Bannister's personification of the Hair Dresser, was excellent; had he served a seven years' apprenticeship to the trade, he could not have been more *au fait* in it, nor have handled the comb, curling irons, and powder puff, more skilfully. Wewitzer, in the Old German Soldier, was excellent; and Suett, as the Country Sportsman, highly amusing.

This piece was very productive to the treasury, at little or no expense. In it there was a ballad, written by Mr. M. G. Lewis, and composed by myself, which was sung by Miss Decamp, entitled, "No, my love, no." I believe I may say it was

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the most popular song of the day; it was not only to be found on every piano-forte, but also to be heard in every street, for it was a great favourite with the ballad-singers: but the primitive cause of its gaining such popularity was, its being sung delightfully by a distinguished amateur, and more completely too, with the expression I intended, than by any other person I ever heard;—I allude to Mr. Charles Calvert, the present Member for Southwark. Many and many a time have I heard him sing it charmingly, and often have I enjoyed his kind hospitality and social qualities. To Miss Decamp I had also great obligations for the animation and spirit she infused into it.

Amongst other friends who used to favour me with their company to dinner, was Signor Ferdinando Mazzanti, a native of Rome, who had been formerly a celebrated soprano singer in Italy and Germany. Dr. Burney, in his Musical Tour, speaks highly of his merits. He mentions him as a great musician, and an eminent classical scholar. When he first came to England he was sixty years of age, and when I knew him was turned seventy. He did not speak a word of English on his first arrival in London, yet, strange as it may appear, for a person at a period of life so advanced, in a very few years he made himself master of the English language, and was fully acquainted with most of

the works of our poets and dramatic writers. He was very intimate with Mr. Swinburne, who formerly wrote a Tour of Italy, and gave instructions in singing to his daughter, who afterwards married Mr. Paul Benfield, on his return from India. Mazzanti was a most entertaining companion, possessed a fund of wit as well as information, was full of anecdote, and had a memory scarcely equalled.

He received an invitation from his friend Mr. Swinburne, on his arrival in London, to stay with him, which he accepted; and he told me, that the first time he ever went to an opera in England, the performance was "The Beggar's Opera Travestied," at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, which he mistook for the Opera House in the same street. The part of Polly upon that occasion was represented by the elder Bannister, who gave her tender airs with all the power of his deep and sonorous bass voice; and he told me that his astonishment and horror were unspeakable, when he saw the part of a young woman acted by an old man; for he had not been informed, nor did he even guess at the time, that the part of Polly was burlesqued; on the contrary, he thought it had been so intended by the author, and always so acted. A few nights afterwards, he was asked to go and see the tragedy of "Isabella," at Drury Lane. "No, no," said he,

"I will not go to your theatres to see heroines acted by old bass singers with beards;" nor could he be prevailed upon, for a long time, to attend any of our theatrical exhibitions, in consequence of his early disgust.

Mr. Taylor, of the Opera House, wished me (if I could have got permission from Mr. Sheridan) to go abroad and engage a first woman singer for his theatre. I was one morning talking to Viganoni, and mentioned Mr. Taylor's desire. "Indeed," said Viganoni, "you need not go so far as Italy; you have only to go over the way to Badioli's shop, and in his first floor you will find a most beautiful woman, an excellent singer and admirable actress, who only arrived in London from the Continent late last night." I communicated this intelligence to Mr. Taylor, who requested me, as stage manager, to wait upon her; and, if I could hear her sing, and approved of her, to offer her an engagement for the season.

The next day I waited on Madame Bolla, introduced myself to her, and found her an accomplished beautiful woman, without the slightest affectation. I stated my business to her,—she said she was very willing to engage. On her piano-forte, there was, amongst other music, a duet, which I asked her if she would favour me so far as to sing with me. She

replied, "Most willingly; I perceive you wish to hear me, before you engage me: and I think you are perfectly right."

She sang the duet, and I was highly pleased. She asked 800*l.* for the season. I acquainted Mr. Taylor with her terms, and he ordered articles to be drawn out, which I took to her the next day, and which she immediately signed, and made her début in Paesiello's opera of "Il Zingari in Fiera," and met with the most decided success. She was perfect mistress of the English language, and spoke it fluently. She had been brought to England from Milan when a child, and placed at school at Hampstead, where she remained six years, returned to Italy, and performed in all the principal theatres on the Continent. She acted Lilla, in "The Siege of Belgrade," at Drury Lane, for the benefit of Mrs. Crouch, and gave all the points of the dialogue as if she had been for years on the English stage, and was received with just and merited applause.

On the 15th of May, 1800, (a memorable day, as it afterwards proved,) I went to see His Majesty, King George the Third, review the grenadier battalion in Hyde Park. In firing one of the vollies, a ball struck Mr. Ongley, a clerk in the Navy Office, who was standing only a few paces from the King. It was said, that had the wound been two inches higher it must have been mortal. On

the same evening, an event took place at Drury Lane Theatre, which, combined with what had occurred in the morning, gave the most serious alarm. When the arrival of the King was announced, the band, as usual, played "God save the King." I was standing at the stage-door, opposite the royal box, to see His Majesty. The moment he entered the box, a man in the pit, next the orchestra, on the right hand, stood up on the bench, and discharged a pistol at our august Monarch, as he came to the front of the box. Never shall I forget His Majesty's coolness,—the whole audience was in an uproar. The King, on hearing the report of the pistol, retired a pace or two, stopped, and stood firmly for an instant; then came forward to the very front of the box, put his opera-glass to his eye, and looked round the house, without the smallest appearance of alarm or discomposure.

The late Marquis of Salisbury, then Lord Chamberlain, was behind His Majesty, in attendance in the box; and on hearing the report of the pistol, fearing some further attack might follow, respectfully requested His Majesty would retire from the box into the adjoining room. His Majesty's reply to him was, "Sir, you discompose me as well as yourself,—I shall not stir one step." The Queen and Princesses then entered the box. On ascending the staircase, the Queen asked Mr. Sheridan

what all the noise and uproar was about? He replied, it arose from some boys, who had been firing off squibs. Hatfield, the ruffian who committed the crime, was seized by the performers in the orchestra, and dragged over its spikes into the music-room, which was under the stage: the audience from all parts vociferating, "Bring forward the assassin, bring him on the stage—shew him, shew him."

I was at that moment on the stage. The Queen called me to her, and asked me if the man was in custody; I told Her Majesty that he was secured. I then came forward and addressed the audience, assuring them, that the culprit was in safe custody, undergoing an examination by His Royal Highness the Duke of York, Mr. Sheridan, and Sir William Addington; but with the immense crowds about the doors, and under the stage, in the confusion, he might possibly escape, should they insist on his being brought forward. This appeal produced tranquillity. "God save the King" was then called for, and received with shouts of applause, waving of hats, &c. During the whole of the play, the Queen and Princesses were absorbed in tears;—it was a sight never to be forgotten by those present. At the end of the play, "God save the King" was again demanded by the whole house; and while we were singing it, a paper was sent to me by Mr.

Sheridan, with a verse which he had written on the spur of the moment. It was handed to me by Mrs. Jordan, and I sang it, although with an agitated voice. It was as follows:—

> From every latent foe,
> From the assassin's blow,
> God save the King.
>
> O'er him thine arm extend,
> For Britain's sake defend
> Our father, prince, and friend,
> God save the King.

This stanza was three times repeated, with the most rapturous approbation. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was assisting in the music-room at the examination, and evinced the most anxious solicitude and joy for the safety of his royal and august father. The play was Cibber's comedy, "She would, and she would not." Never was a piece so hurried over, for the performers were all in the greatest agitation and confusion. When it concluded, His Majesty left the theatre, amidst the shouts of the audience within, and the enthusiastic cheers of the populace withou

I remember perfectly well, I had dined that day with Mr. Frederick Walsh, in Fludyer Street, with Lord Guilford, Sir Charles Bampfylde, and Mr. Taylor of the Opera House. I was obliged to

leave the table almost as soon as we sat down, being under the necessity of going to the theatre to sing in "God save the King." Mr. Taylor (who was a great joker) said, "Mark me, when that fellow returns from the theatre, he will come to us with some marvellous story in his mouth." When the performance was over, I returned to Mr. Walsh's, and found the party over their wine. I went into the parlour and exclaimed, that the King had been shot at, in the Theatre. Mr. Taylor burst into a roar of laughter, saying, "Did not I tell you that he would come back with some quiz in his mouth?" Nor could I for a long time convince them that what I had said was truth; so naturally improbable did it appear, that so good and gracious a monarch should have been exposed to the perils of assassination.

On the 29th of April, 1800, Miss Baillie's play of "De Montfort" was produced at Drury Lane Theatre. I composed the music:—the scenery was magnificent; the cathedral scene, painted by Capon, was a *chef-d'œuvre*; it had also the support of excellent acting. Mr. Kemble took every pains in getting it up, but it would not suit the public taste, and was withdrawn after a few nights.

On the 22nd of May, 1800, was produced, for Banti's benefit at the Opera House, an opera, entitled, "Zenobia and Arminia," the music composed by the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe; some of it was

extremely pretty, and did infinite credit to the noble amateur, who is an excellent musician, and a good counterpointist.

At Drury Lane, 11th of December, 1800, was revived, under the classical superintendence of John Kemble, with great splendour of dresses and decorations, Shakspeare's "King John." Kemble acted King John with great force and discrimination. In my humble opinion it was one of his very best characters; his scene with Hubert was great indeed: but what words can describe the magnificent performance of Mrs. Siddons, in Lady Constance! By those who have had the good fortune to witness it, I am convinced it can never be forgotten. Charles Kemble's Faulconbridge was, and is to this day, a masterpiece. Miss Kelly was the representative of Prince Arthur; and although so very young at the time, evinced a promise of future excellence which she has most amply realised.

Mr. Sheridan called upon me one day, and said, "Last night I was at Brookes's; Charles Fox came there with Lord Robert Spencer,—they had both been at Drury Lane to see 'King John.' I asked him if he was pleased with the performance." He replied, "that he was, particularly with Mrs. Siddons. But," he added, "there was a little girl who acted Prince Arthur, with whom I was greatly struck; her speaking was so perfectly natural; take

my word for it, Sheridan, that girl in time will be at the head of her profession." Mr. Sheridan at that period did not know that Miss Kelly was a relation of mine; but upon this favourable report, went to see her, and told me that he perfectly agreed with Mr. Fox; and further said, "that he should like to read the character of Monimia in the 'Orphan,' to her; for, at some future day, he was convinced she would act it admirably." Praise from two such men, and such judges of the drama, as Fox and Sheridan, must have been highly flattering to any performer.

When Miss Kelly left Drury Lane, and went for some time to act at Glasgow (where she was a great favourite), Mrs. Siddons one day inquired after her, as the promising girl who had performed with her in "King John." I told Mrs. Siddons she was gone to act in Scotland. "Well," said that incomparable actress, "I shall be glad to see her return to Drury Lane, where she ought to be; for, if she continue to improve, I am much mistaken if she do not become at some time a very conspicuous ornament to her profession."

In February 1801, the popular play of "Deaf and Dumb," was brought out at Drury Lane. Miss Decamp's, John Kemble's, and Wroughton's acting in this piece were, in my opinion, beyond all praise. Mrs. Mountain sang a song, of my composing, in

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it, charmingly—the poetry by Mr. M. G. Lewis; it was very popular, and always encored. This piece was originally translated by Holcroft, and afterwards altered and adapted to the English stage by Kemble.

Mr. M. G. Lewis brought out, on the 4th of May, 1801, at Drury Lane Theatre, his drama of "Adelmorn the Outlaw," to which I composed the music. On the whole it was successful.

I had the pleasure this year to meet Mr. Thomas Moore, the poet, at Mrs. Crouch's cottage in the King's Road; my brother Joseph introduced him there. I was much entertained with his conversation, and cultivated his pleasing society; and, in the course of our acquaintance, persuaded him to write a musical afterpiece, for the Haymarket Theatre. I engaged with Mr. Colman to compose the music, and to perform in it. It was called "The Gipsey Prince," and was performed for the first time on the 24th of July, 1801; part of the poetry was very pretty; but the piece did not succeed, and was withdrawn.

As a sample of the poetry, I subjoin a song, sung by me, in the character of the Gipsey Prince:—

"I have roam'd through many a weary round,
I have wander'd East and West;
Pleasure in every clime, I found,
But sought in vain for rest.

"When Glory sighs for other climes,
I feel that one's too wide;
And think a home which Love endears,
Is worth a world beside.

"The needle, thus, too rudely moved,
Wander'd unconscious where;
Yet, having found the place it loved,
It, trembling, settled there."

The same year I entered into a new sort of speculation, of which I will detail the particulars:—It will be remembered, that at the corner of Market Lane, in Pall Mall, there was an old house almost falling, the lease of which (it had sixteen years to run) was to be sold. The owner was Mr. Rice, boxkeeper to the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. Mr. Taylor, the proprietor of the Opera House, suggested a plan to me, which, he said, he was convinced would make my fortune; namely, to buy the lease of that house, put it into thorough repair, and make a large shop in it, to sell my own compositions. As a further temptation, he told me that I should have a door opening to the stage of the Opera House; and that all the subscribers to the Opera, for the great convenience of having a private passage, and easy access to their carriages and sedan-chairs, would, most willingly, subscribe two guineas a year each,

which would amply reimburse me for the expense attending it. And also, that by paying a portion of the salaries of the opera composers from abroad, I should have the music of the operas and ballets to publish, exclusively, for my own emolument. And moreover, that being manager of the Opera House, living, as it might be said, under its roof, would be a great advantage to me, in attending rehearsals and performances; and, in being always on the spot where my services were required. All these advantages were very alluring; no situation could be better for a music-shop; in short, through Fancy's aid, I hoped, in sixteen years, to be as rich as Crœsus; but,—

"Hope told a flattering tale."

Five hundred guineas were required for the lease; and, on a moderate calculation, a thousand more to make the requisite alterations.

At this time, I had the distinguished honour of attending His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, when he had music at Carlton House. I humbly took the liberty to mention to His Royal Highness the plan I had formed, to open a shop for the sale of my own music, and to entreat his royal opinion. He condescendingly gave his opi-

nion, that I was perfectly right: "For," graciously added his Royal Highness, "in a commercial country like ours, nothing can be more creditable than for a man to sell the produce of his own abilities, or, indeed, of any other person's."

Sanctioned by such an opinion, I made up my mind; and with the assistance of my good friend Moody (to which I have before alluded), I purchased the lease of the house, and almost rebuilt it. The expenditure was far beyond what I was led to anticipate. However, I spared no cost, stocked it well with other music, besides my own; engaged shopmen, porters, &c. and opened it to the public on the 1st of January, 1802. The crowds of people who came to purchase music, by way of bringing me (as they said) good luck, were immense. The subscription was opened, for the opera visitors to get an easy access to their carriages. The ladies subscribers said, it was delightful to have such an accommodation. Most of them immediately put down their *names*, but very few of them ever put down their *money*, although there was a considerable current expense attending it, for fires, lighting, and extra servants.

I began to think I was not fitted for what I had undertaken, and reflected on the proverb, "the eye of the master fattens the horse." Indeed, my occupations at Drury Lane, Covent

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Garden, and Haymarket, both as performer and composer, besides being manager of the Italian Opera, and musical director at Drury Lane and the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, were quite enough to engage any one man's mind, without entering into a business which required every attention paid to it, from morning till night. Too late, alas! was I convinced of my error; but I was in for it, too deep to retract.

On the 22nd January, 1802, at Drury Lane Theatre, the Honourable William Spencer produced a musical afterpiece, entitled "Urania." The music of it was the joint production of his brother, the Honourable John Spencer, and myself. I felt much honoured and flattered by the association. Mr. Spencer, who was a scientific writer and a sound musician, composed some very good music for it. I had the pleasure of being known to him at Vienna, when on his travels. It is by his tasteful selection, I understand, that the chacoone of Jomelli (which I selected for the appearance of the Ghost in "The Castle Spectre") was first introduced by him into our churches, and known in all of them by the title of "The Sanctus of Jomelli."

The dialogue in "Urania" was classically beautiful, as well as the poetry. There was one song in it sung by Mrs. Bland, (which was a great favourite,)

entitled, "Nature with swiftness armed the horse;" a liberal translation from Anacreon, written with true poetic taste, to which I composed the music. The scene of Urania's descent was entirely new to the English stage, and produced an extraordinary effect. The piece was received with uncommon applause.

I formerly had the pleasure of being often in the society of Mr. William Spencer, at his own house, and of meeting him at that of my friend, Mr. William Maddocks. Both these gentlemen were lovers of the stage, encouragers and judges of the drama, and of the chosen few who know the value of it, under judicious regulations. Mr. William Maddocks possessed a large fund of wit and humour, and wrote a farce for a private theatre to which he belonged, which possessed much merit.

I often regretted, that Mr. William Spencer did not continue to write for the stage. His knowledge of various languages, particularly German, would have furnished him with many good subjects. He is also perfect master of Italian, and well versed in all the poets of that enchanting language.

Mrs. Billington returned to England this season, after an absence of several years, and was engaged at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, to perform a certain number of nights at each theatre. At both she appeared in Mandane, in "Arta-

xerxes;" she went through all her operatical characters, in all of which I performed with her. She was received with rapturous applause, and on each night drew crowded houses.

On the 11th March, 1802, Drury Lane Theatre was closed for the night. Francis, Duke of Bedford, was buried on that day; and, having been ground-landlord of the theatre, this mark of respect was paid to his memory.

On the 28th March, Mrs. Billington performed "Merope," at the Opera House, for Banti's benefit, who, on this occasion, appeared for the first time in male attire. Curiosity was on tip-toe to hear these two great singers, in the same opera, and the performance drew an overflowing house. The worthy Signor Zacharia Banti, to be sure of laying hold of the money, had the pit-door barricadoed, and posted himself there, with some of his friends. An immense crowd had collected at the doors, before the usual time of admission; and on their being opened, the rush was so great, that smash went the barricado, which, together with the cautious Signor Banti, was carried forward, money-boxes and all, in the van of the crowd, to the very extremity of the pit.

Recovering himself, and getting on his legs, he gazed around him, and in disappointed anguish exclaimed,—" O Santa Maria! de pit full! de gal-

ïery full! all full—and no money in de box!—What will my Brigada—my angel wife say, when I shall have nothing in my box for her?"

A similar circumstance happened at one of my benefits at the Opera House, when Madame Catalani did me the favour to sing for me; the rush was so great, that the doors were broken down, and the pit crammed to excess: the return in money was only 25*l.* Of course, great numbers got into the pit without paying; and though an appeal was made, and a request that those who had not paid, would send the price of their admission to the box-office the following day, not a single person sent; they seemed all to be of Falstaff's way of thinking,—"They did not like that paying back."

The same year my old friend, King, quitted the Drury Lane stage, which he had trodden fifty-five years—an ornament to his profession.

Mrs. Billington had her benefit at Drury Lane, 30th April. On this occasion the opera of "Algonah" was brought forward; the drama by Cobb, the music by myself. The opera was successful, though, on the first representation of it, poor Mrs. Billington had a terrible fright; and no wonder, poor thing, for at the end of the first act, who did she find sitting in her dressing-room, but her beloved husband, Monsieur de Felican, whom she thought safe and snug at Venice, whence she had

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escaped from him; but he, good soul, was deeply in love with her English guineas, and all at once vowed he could no longer bear to be separated from his *beloved Bettina*, as he called her.

Monsieur Felican had been in the Commissariat department, in Buonaparte's service; and having laid strong siege to Mrs. Billington's affections, succeeded. He was a remarkably handsome man, and (as Mrs. Billington told me), before marriage, a most insinuating monster of meekness: but the very first week after their union, the dove assumed the fierceness of the hawk. It was said, that he used to treat her unmercifully; and if she dared to complain, plates, dishes, or any other moveable, were thrown at her.—Such was *her* story. I never would have any communication with him. How it was managed, I know not, but his stay in this country was very short; I have reason to believe, that he had many *weighty* arguments put to him, to hasten his departure. I never saw any woman so much in awe of man, as poor Mrs. Billington of him whom she had married for love.

At this period, Drury Lane was in a very bad way,—the actors' salaries were greatly in arrear. Mr. Grubb, one of the proprietors, and Messrs. Hammersley, applied to the Lord Chancellor, praying, that their demands on the theatre, with those of the old and new renters, might be taken out

of the receipts before the performers were paid. Sheridan resisted this; and the actors, one and all, threatened to strike, if such an order were granted. The cause came on before the Chancellor. Sheridan pleaded his own cause against the whole Chancery-bar, which was retained on the other side. In a most elaborate and eloquent speech, he stated the embarrassments of the theatre, the necessity of paying the performers, as no work could go on without workmen: if they withdrew their services, the doors must be closed, the property fall to pieces, and general ruin ensue. From his eloquent tongue persuasion flowed, and won the high debate. The consequence was, that the performers gained the day; and an order was granted, that they should be the first persons paid.

The Lord Chancellor, after passing a high eulogium on Sheridan, quoted, in addressing him, (as I was told, for I was not near enough to hear it,) Doctor Johnson's last lines in the "Life of Savage."—"Negligence and irregularity, long continued, make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

I thought at the time, that the quotation might have been spared, and that it was perhaps harsh to speak truth at all times. However, he left the Court amidst the loud congratulations and admiration of his friends, and the envy and discomfiture

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of his enemies. He walked with me to my house in Pall Mall, where he dined, and told me that he should have spoken better, if I had not kept him up so late the night before. I was so happy and delighted, that I could not help reminding him of Mr. Pitt's eulogium on him, during Warren Hastings's trial. That illustrious statesman designated Mr. Sheridan's speech, on that occasion, as "an astonishing effort of eloquence, wit, and argument united; surpassing all the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and possessing every thing that genius and art could furnish to agitate and controul the human mind." For although Mr. Sheridan was a follower of Mr. Fox in politics, Mr. Pitt had the liberality to pay the above tribute to his talent and genius.

In the month of July 1802, Viganoni and I set off in a post-chaise for Dover, and got on board a packet for Calais; we were four-and-thirty hours at sea; among the passengers, were Lady Carhampton and Mr. Lewis Goldsmith, whom I had the pleasure of knowing. We got to Nampont at night, where I sat upon the very bench which Sterne mentions in his "Sentimental Journey;" and, all the time, I could think of nothing but the "poor old man and his dead ass." When we got to Paris, we went to an excellent hotel, in the Rue Neuve St. Marc. On going past the Thuilleries, on our

way to dinner, over the gate, in the Place Carousel, the first objects which caught my eye, and grieved my heart, were my old friends the horses, which I used so much to admire in the Piazza St. Marc, at Venice. Then they were of bronze, the pride of the Venetians; and to have had them gilt, seemed to me like sacrilege.

There were (at this short period, we were at peace with France) a vast number of English in Paris, amongst whom, I had the pleasure to be known and noticed by Lord Erskine, Mrs. Damer, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Lord and Lady Holland, whose condescension I always experienced, whenever I had the honour of meeting them. There were also in Paris my very kind friend, the Earl of Guilford, the Honourable Mrs. and Miss St. Leger, with Doctor Mousley, on their way to Barège, to drink the waters. Viganoni took me with him to a friend of his, in the Place Carousel, to see the First Consul, Buonaparte, review the troops. It was a magnificent sight. He was mounted on his charger, in a plain blue coat, white pantaloons, and a plain cocked hat; and close to him, mounted on a fine Arabian horse, his favourite Mameluke, who seemed an admirable horseman. All the general officers on the ground wore rich and splendid uniforms. The contrast was great between their gorgeous attirements and the simple costume of the *little great*

man, who seemed perfectly conscious of his adventitious superiority.

On my return from the review, I met my worthy friends, John Kemble and Mr. Robert Heathcote, in the Rue Richelieu—we agreed to dine together, and go in the evening to the Théâtre François, to see Talma act Orestes, in "The Distressed Mother." I was much pleased with the performance of that great actor; but there was a scene performed in the front of the house more curious to an Englishman. Charles Fox, accompanied by his lady, and some male friends, occupied a box in the first tier. After the first act of the play, there was a buzz through the parterre, that Charles Fox was in the house; the moment it was known, there was a general call from the parterre, for him to come forward and shew himself. The cry from all parts of the house was, "Monsieur Fox! Monsieur Fox! come forward, we want to see you." For several minutes he was deaf to the call, but the audience seemed determined not to let the performance go on, until he did; for Mr. Fox was as naturally a favourite with the revolutionary French, as Mr. Pitt was the contrary. At length his friends pushed him forward. The moment he appeared, there was very general applause, which continued for some time, he bowing most respectfully to the audience.

Just as the applause ceased, Buonaparte, accom-

panied by some of his officers, entered his box, which was *vis-à-vis* to the one Fox occupied. On his entrée he was received with the clapping of a few hands. He seemed somewhat dissatisfied with his reception; at all events, he did not remain above a quarter of an hour in the box, and left it without taking the slightest notice of the audience.

The next day the First Consul held a grand levee at the Thuilleries, and all the English were presented to him, myself excepted; but though I was not there in *propriâ personâ*, my opera hat was; for my Lord Guilford, not having his own with him, borrowed mine, which many a time and oft I had worn on the stage when acting Captain Macheath. On the day of the levee I dined with Lord Guilford, who gave me an account of his reception.

He was introduced by the Préfet du Palais as Lord Guilford, son of Lord North, at one time prime minister of His Britannic Majesty.

Buonaparte, darting one of his spiteful looks at him, said, "My Lord, your father was a very great man;" and, turning to the Marshal, said, sneeringly, "Was it not he who lost America for England?—yes, he was a very great man indeed;" then turning upon his heel, he walked on.

The vulgar rudeness and uncalled for imperti-

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nence of the remark, were received by the noble Earl with contemptuous silence.

I saw Buonaparte one evening at the Italian Opera: the performance was Paesiello's "Nina," in which Rovedino and Viganoni both sang, particularly a duet, with which Buonaparte seemed much pleased. Josephine was in the box, and appeared a charming woman. He was very attentive to her throughout the performance, although he afterwards divorced her for his personal convenience. He was very partial to Paesiello's music, and sent to Naples for him, gave him an appointment of two thousand louis a year, excellent apartments in the Thuilleries, and a carriage, with servants who had permission to wear the Buonaparte livery. Acts like these pass for liberality and magnanimity in a Corsican tyrant. What would the English nation say, if an English monarch ventured to do such a thing?

The composer and eminent teacher, Signor Ferrari, who resided many years in London, was in Paris at this period, and visited his old master Paesiello daily. I requested him to introduce me into Paesiello's apartments without mentioning my name, and accordingly was ushered up stairs; and when I came to the drawing-room door, where Paesiello and Signora Luigia his wife were, I sang

on the outside, the favourite song which he had composed for me at Vienna; and although fifteen years had elapsed since he wrote it, he recollected the tone of my voice, opened the door, and embraced me, saying, "Bene venuto, mio caro O'Kelly." I stopped with him and dined, and passed a charming day.

Twice or thrice a week during my stay, I dined with Madame Montansier, in the Palais Royal. This lady was the proprietress of two theatres, the Italian Opera and the Comic Theatre, named after her, the Théâtre Montansier, in the Palais Royal. I frequented all the theatres, but chiefly the Feydeau, to hear those excellent singers, and actors, Ellivien and Martin. At this period they were acting "La Maison à vendre." The once beautiful Madame Dugazzon played the Old Lady in it, nor did she think herself degraded by it. Another piece, which was a great favourite of the Parisians, was "La Folie." I procured both these operas, and brought them to London. "La Maison à vendre" I gave to Mr. Cobb, who brought it out at Drury Lane, under the title of "A House to be Sold;" and "La Folie" to George Colman, who produced it at the Haymarket Theatre, under the title of "Love laughs at Locksmiths," and an excellent morceau it was rendered by his masterly genius; indeed, far superior to the French drama. The

original music of both pieces was very good, but not calculated for an English audience; I therefore recomposed the whole of the music for them. Both pieces met with prodigious success on our stage, but particularly "Love laughs at Locksmiths," which is, to the present time (1824), a great favourite.

I was invited by Monsieur Ellivien, to dine with him at his hotel in the Rue Mirabeau. Viganoni was asked to meet me. I was unknown to our host as a performer, and was introduced to him by Rovedino, as his friend, who was also of the party. After dinner, I was saying to my host, that I thought if he had seen "Richard Cœur de Lion," and "Lodoiska," as performed in London, he would have been pleased; he laughed, and said, it was out of the nature of things, that such music as "Richard Cœur de Lion," and "Lodoiska," could be sung by English singers, who, to his ears, were detestable; that he had been in London the last summer, for two days,—that he went to the theatre, and was quite disgusted with the vulgarity of the performers. In the course of conversation, I found that he had obtained leave from the Paris theatre to come to England for a week or ten days, to liberate a great friend of his, who was confined in the King's Bench for debt; that he was taken to an hotel, near Westminster Bridge, and that the only

theatre he went to, was Astley's; and from the performances he heard there, he had formed his opinion of all English music, and English singers. Ellivien has since married a rich widow, and retired from the stage.

Paris, to me, always appeared a delightful place. I had many friends,—was free of the principal theatres, and found it, by one half, less expensive than Brighton or Margate. I found the people, generally speaking, courteous, attentive, and obliging.

After breakfast, one morning, on the Boulevards, I was reading the bills of the different theatres, stuck against the walls; in order to fix upon the one I should visit in the evening; when near me, I observed, similarly occupied, a tall elderly man, seemingly without a shirt, with a pipe in his mouth, a greasy red woollen night-cap on his head, a coat in tatters, and, to judge from appearances below, a *true sans culotte*. After having made me a low bow, he said, in very good French, "Apparently, Sir, you are a stranger in Paris, and are examining the play bills, to choose the best performance to go to, to-night.—Amongst those announced, for my own part, I should prefer the 'Athalie' of Racine; the choruses are superb; and the music by Rameau, though of the old style, is magnificent. The last time I heard it was on the night the Grand Opera House on the Boulevards was burned down. If

you are a lover of music, I would advise you to go and hear it; I shall go there myself this evening."

Saying which, he made me a low bow, and walked away, wishing me much pleasure from hearing Racine's "Athalie."

Some people might call the poor ragged admirer of Racine and Rameau, intrusive; for my part I took his remarks for disinterested politeness, for he neither knew me, nor wanted any thing of me; and as a proof of the generality of taste and information amongst the French, I think the anecdote worthy of notice.

Mr. Biggin, who was once called in London the handsome Biggin, and who ascended in a balloon from Sloane Street, with the pretty Mrs. Sage, was at that time in Paris: he was a literary man, and had a great taste for the fine arts. He was appointed, by Mr. Taylor, his trustee for the Opera House, during the period that Lord Kinnaird and Mr. Sheldon managed that concern. In conjunction with Mr. Biggin, I engaged the celebrated Winter, to compose three Italian operas, and three grand ballets, for our Opera. I agreed to pay half his salary for the exclusive right of publishing his music for my own emolument; and had I not been pillaged, that engagement alone would have been a fortune to me, so popular were his works, and so very extensive the sale of them.

I left Viganoni in Paris to finish his engagement,

and returned to England with Mr. Small, a young Irish singing master settled in London, who had been a scholar of the celebrated Millico at Naples, and was a very pleasant fellow.

On the 25th October, 1802, the burletta of "Midas" was revived at Drury Lane Theatre, with unqualified approbation. It had a run, the first season, of twenty-seven nights. From my earliest days, I was fond of the music of "Midas," which, in my humble opinion, is delightful. It was entirely selected by Kane O'Hara, who was a distinguished musical amateur; his adaptations were not alone elegant and tasteful, but evinced a thorough knowledge of stage effect. I have heard him, when a boy, sing at his own house in Dublin, with exquisite humour, the songs of Midas, Pan, and Apollo's drunken song of, "Be by your friends advised, too harsh, too hasty Dad." When I acted the part of Apollo at Drury Lane, I formed my style of singing and acting that song from the recollection of his manner of singing it*.

* O'Hara was so remarkably tall, that, among his intimate friends in Ireland, he was nick-named St. Patrick's Steeple. At one time, Giardini's Italian glee was extremely popular, and sung every where, in public, and in private. The words in Italian are,—

"Viva tutte le vezzose
Donne, amabile, amorose,
Che non hanno crudeltà."

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The simple and pretty melody of, "Pray Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue," (before I sang it at Drury Lane,) was always sung in a quick jig time;—it struck me, that the air would be better slower, and I therefore resolved to sing it in the "andantino grazioso" style, and added a repetition of the last bars of the air, which I thought would give it more stage effect. When I rehearsed it the first time, as I had arranged it, Mr. Kemble was on the stage, who, with all the performers in the piece, as well as the whole band in the orchestra, *unâ voce*, declared, that the song ought to be sung in quick time, as it ever had been; but I was determined to try it my own way, and I did so: and during the run of the piece, it never missed getting a loud and unanimous encore. When "Midas" was revived at Covent Garden Theatre, it was sung by Mr. Sinclair in the exact time in which I sang it, and with deserved and additional success. It is not, I believe, generally understood, that Rousseau was the composer of it.

It was parodied, and for the last line—

"Che non hanno crudeltà,"

they substituted this,—

"*Kane O'Hara's cruel tall:*"

a combination of sounds which, from early association, I am unable entirely to overcome whenever I hear the glee.

On the 17th November, "A House to be Sold," was brought out at Drury Lane, and received with much applause. Bannister and Miss Decamp were excellent in their parts, so were Suett and Wewitzer; and I acted in it the Manager of an Italian Opera;—the piece had a run of several nights. There was a supper scene, in which I was obliged to eat part of a fowl. Bannister told me, at rehearsal, what then I could hardly believe, that it was very difficult to eat and swallow food on the stage. But, strange as it may appear, I found it a fact, for I could not get down a morsel; my embarrassment was a great source of fun to Bannister and Suett, who were both gifted with the accommodating talent of stage feeding; whoever saw poor Suett in the Lawyer, in "No Song, no Supper," tucking in his boiled leg of lamb; or in the "Siege of Belgrade," will be little disposed to question my testimony to the fact.

The next novelty at Drury Lane, was an historical musical drama, called the "Hero of the North," produced on the 19th February, 1803. I composed the music, and also performed in it. It was received with distinguished applause.

On the 16th of May, I went to see the first appearance of my friend Mathews, at the Haymarket, in the characters of Jabel, in Cumberland's comedy of the "Jew," and Lingo, in the "Agreeable Surprise:" he was received by a crowded house

with unanimous applause. He came from the York Theatre, where he had been a distinguished favourite of the eccentric Tate Wilkinson (who knew well how to value his talents), as well as of the York audience, and the other theatres of the circuit he belonged to.

He married a favourite pupil of Mrs. Crouch's, a Miss Jackson, who is half-sister of Miss Fanny Kelly; she had a sweet voice, was extremely pretty, with a beautiful figure; possessing amiable manners, and good sense. Mrs. Crouch recommended her strenuously to Tate Wilkinson, as his first singer, and she was very successful. Her exemplary conduct, and unassuming deportment, induced the principal people in Yorkshire to take great notice of her, and introduce her into the best society. She there became the second wife of Mathews; and, having accompanied him to London, made her first appearance at the Haymarket, in 1803, as Emma, in "Peeping Tom;" her *début* was very successful, and she continued for several years to fill many of the principal vocal characters at that theatre and Drury Lane. She has now retired from the stage, and plays her part in private life, in a manner which secures her the esteem and affection of all who know her.

On the 25th July, Colman produced his translation from "La Folie," of "Love laughs at Lock-

smiths," for which I composed the music. It was very strongly cast, and well represented in all its parts. Elliston's Captain Beldair was full of buoyant gaiety. Mathews's Risk was an inimitable piece of acting; he had two songs, "The Farm Yard," and "Miss Bailey," both of which were always encored; "Miss Bailey" was a universal favourite, and the piece ran the whole of the season.

Mrs. Billington and I were engaged this year by Mr. Francis Aickin, for Edinburgh and Liverpool. Accompanied by her brother, Charles Weichsell, we left London in a post coach and four for Liverpool. Her fame drew crowded houses every night during a fortnight. "Artaxerxes" was performed several nights; she was the Mandane, I, the Artabanes, and Miss Duncan (now Mrs. Davison) the Arbaces; and it was really surprising how well that lady sang and acted the part, considering that she had never been accustomed to recitative. I took a great deal of pains to instruct her, and was highly repaid, by her assiduity and truly amiable manners.

In my intercourse with theatrical ladies, I never met with more equanimity of temper and good nature than in Mrs. Davison. Her mother was then with her, and played the old ladies in comedy and opera extremely well, and bore the character of an excellent parent, and kind-hearted woman.

Mrs. Billington and I took our benefits, and both

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had crowded houses. After finishing our engagements at Liverpool, we went to Edinburgh. On our way thither we passed through Dunbar, where we dined; but, when we offered to pay the innkeeper his bill, he refused English Bank notes, and informed us, that they would be of no use to us on the road, as they would not be taken at any of the inns between Dunbar and Edinburgh. The reason he gave was, that a few days previous, a gentleman and lady, who came in their carriage, had paid their bill with a forged ten-pound note; and at all the inns, till they got to Edinburgh, defrayed their expenses by changing forged five and ten pound notes. So that with a *quantum sufficit* of bank notes in our pocket, we were absolutely in pawn at a little Scotch inn. Weichsell and I went to a banker's in the place (who, by the way, kept a whiskey shop), and told him our situation; he turned out to be a good kind of fellow, and agreed to advance us 25*l.* in *Scotch* Bank notes, on our depositing 100*l.* English until we returned them. This bargain, singular as it may sound, we were forced to make, and accordingly restored his provincial paper, when we got to Edinburgh. When we arrived in the Scotch metropolis it was the time of Leith races, and the place was crowded, as was the theatre nightly.

We were most hospitably entertained at that

beautiful sea-bathing place, Musselburgh, by Mrs. Esten, (the present Mrs. Scott Waring,) who had then quitted the stage, of which she had been a distinguished ornament; she had a lovely, amiable, and highly-accomplished daughter, since married, to whom I had the pleasure of giving lessons in singing.

Mrs. Powell, of Drury Lane Theatre, was at Edinburgh; I accompanied her in a carriage to the races. Amongst the throng of fashionables, on the Sands, was the present King of France, on horseback, who was then residing at Holyrood House. He came up to the carriage in which we were, and discoursed nearly an hour with us, with the most condescending affability.

After reaping a golden harvest, in the fields of Thespis, we took leave of Scotland, and agreed, on our way to London, to play two nights at Newcastle. Stephen Kemble was the manager, who received us kindly, and we had two overflowing audiences. It was at Newcastle, I first had the pleasure of meeting that genuine child of Momus, Liston; and, on my return to London, strongly recommended Messrs. Sheridan and Richardson to engage him for Drury Lane: but procrastination was their motto; and it is to George Colman's discernment, that the public are indebted for the invaluable acquisition of Liston's unrivalled talents to

the London stage: he made his first appearance in Zekiel Homespun, in the "Heir at Law," at the Haymarket Theatre (14th June, 1805).

I this year had the pleasure of spending some weeks in Wales, with my kind friend Mr. William Maddocks, M.P. at his beautiful seat at Tre Maddock, where there was a large party of ladies and gentlemen assembled. All was hospitality, frolic, and fun, which the brilliant wit of our host contributed in a great degree to promote. We had horse-racing, balls, concerts, plays, and every kind of amusement.

Mrs. Billington was engaged this year as prima donna at the Opera House. She made her first appearance in the serious opera of "Ferdinand in Mexico," by Nassolini, a charming composer; and in the month of May, Winter composed, expressly for her, the opera of "Calypso," the music of which she sang delightfully, and looked the character divinely.

My next musical production at Drury Lane, was "Cinderella; or, the Glass Slipper." The piece was written by a Mr. James; the story was well told in action, and the poetry of the songs appropriate. I was rather fortunate in composing the music. The scenery, machinery, and decorations, were profusely splendid; and nothing could surpass the fine acting of Miss Decamp, as Cinderella. It

was produced in January 1804, and performed, during its first season, fifty-one nights.

In the midst of all the *éclat* and success of this season, I had returned my income to the Commissioners of Income Tax, at 500*l*. per annum, which, it appeared, they did not think a sufficient return, and sent me a summons to appear before them on their next day of meeting. In consequence of receiving this, I consulted a kind friend, who was my counsellor on all occasions, who advised me, if I felt myself justified by the truth, to adhere firmly to the amount which I had at first fixed. He promised to accompany me, which he did, and was witness to the following conversation between the Commissioners and myself:—

"So, Mr. Kelly," said one of the men of authority, "you have returned your income to us, at 500*l*. per annum:—you must have a very mean opinion of our understandings, Sir, to think that you could induce us to receive such a return, when we are aware that your income, from your various professional engagements, must amount to twice or three times that sum."

"Sir," said I, "I am free to confess I have erred in my return; but vanity was the cause, and vanity is the badge of all my tribe. I have returned myself as having 500*l*. per annum, when, in fact, I have not five hundred pence of certain income."

"Pray, Sir," said the Commissioner, "are you not stage-manager of the Opera House?"

"Yes, Sir," said I; "but there is not even a nominal salary attached to that office; I perform its duties to gratify my love of music."

"Well, but Mr. Kelly," continued my examiner, "you teach?"

"I do, Sir," answered I; "but I have no pupils."

"I think," observed another gentleman, who had not spoken before, "that you are an oratorio and concert singer?"

"You are quite right," said I to my new antagonist; "but I have no engagement."

"Well, but at all events," observed my first inquisitor, "you have a very good salary at Drury Lane."

"A very good one, indeed, Sir," answered I; "but then it is never paid."

"But you have always a fine benefit, Sir," said the other, who seemed to know something of theatricals.

"Always, Sir," was my reply; "but the expenses attending it are very great, and whatever profit remains after defraying them, is mortgaged to liquidate debts incurred by building my saloon. The fact is, Sir, I am at present very like St. George's Hospital, supported by voluntary contri-

butions; and have even less certain income, than I felt sufficiently vain to return."

This unaffected exposé made the Commissioners laugh, and the affair ended by their receiving my return. The story is not very dissimilar to one told of the celebrated Horne Tooke, who, having returned to some Commissioners under the same Act, his income at two hundred pounds per annum, was questioned much in the same manner as myself; till at last one of the inquisitors said,

"Mr. Horne Tooke, you are trifling with us sadly; we are aware of the manner in which you live, the servants you keep, the style you maintain; this cannot be done for five times the amount you have returned.—What other resources have you?"

"Sir," said Horne Tooke, "I have, as I have said, only two hundred pounds a year; whatever else I get, I beg, borrow, or steal; and it is a perfect matter of indifference to me to which of those three sources you attribute my surplus income." And thus ended the examination.

On the 5th December of this year, Mr. Reynolds, the prolific dramatist, produced a musical afterpiece at Drury Lane, entitled "The Caravan; or, the Driver and his Dog." There was some pretty music in it, composed by Reeve, and it had a very great run, and brought much money to the treasury. The chief attraction of the piece was a

dog called Carlo; and when he leaped into some real water and saved a child, the most unbounded tumults of applause followed. It was truly astonishing how the animal could have been so well trained to act his important character.

One day Mr. Sheridan having dined with me, we went to see the performance of this wonderful dog: as we entered the green-room, Dignum (who played in the piece) said to Mr. Sheridan, with a woeful countenance, "Sir, there is no guarding against illness, it is truly lamentable to stop the run of a successful piece like this; but really"——"Really what?" cried Sheridan, interrupting him.

"I am so unwell," continued Dignum, "that I cannot go on longer than to-night."

"You!" exclaimed Sheridan, "my good fellow, you terrified me; I thought you were going to say that the dog was taken ill."

Poor Dignum did not relish this reply half so much as the rest of the company in the green-room did.

In the year 1804 the Opera House was opened by Mr. Francis Goold, who had been a schoolfellow of mine at the Rev. Dr. Burke's academy in Dublin; he had passed the greatest part of his life on the Continent, and was extremely well acquainted with the arts, and theatrical matters in particular. He was well suited for the management of an extensive

theatre, and knew music scientifically; and was, moreover, a truly honest, friendly man. From the day of his entering on the management, until the day of his death, I was his stage-manager, his confidential friend and adviser.

He had the merit of engaging, for his prima donna, the celebrated Grassini, who made her first appearance in the serious opera of "La Virgine del Sole:" she possessed a fine counter-tenor voice, the lower tones of which were sublimely pathetic. In the sweet duet composed by Meyer, "Parto, ti lascio," with Viganoni, she was delightful. The melody of the effective grand chorus, "Qual orror," in the opera, was extolled by the amateurs for its peculiar beauty and originality. The production of this melody by Meyer is rather curious, as it was recounted to me by Madame Grassini herself. Meyer, while composing the opera of "La Virgine del Sole," at Venice, was at a supper party, where a young Englishman was present; after supper there was some singing, and the young Englishman was asked to sing in his turn; he sang the Scotch ballad to O'Keefe's words, in the musical entertainment of "Peeping Tom,"—"Pretty Maud, pretty Maud." Meyer was so pleased with the melody that he got pen and ink, and having requested to hear it again, wrote it down; and from that simple melody, produced the effective chorus in question.

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Grassini was an admirable actress, and a beautiful woman; her merits obtained for her the society and countenance of people of the highest rank in this country. Mrs. Siddons, amongst others, has often been heard to express her admiration of her acting, and has repeatedly visited the Opera expressly to see her action; and she once told Grassini so.

When she was a performer at the theatre of St. Carlos at Naples, and a great favourite there, in the year 1796, she was honoured by the patronage of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, whose name, in the various countries through which he has travelled, will be remembered with gratitude by those artists whom he liberally supported and protected. His Royal Highness is a perfect linguist, an excellent judge of music, and sings with taste. I have often had the honour of being admitted into his society, and always found him full of condescending good nature and affability.

The grand triumph of the Opera House, however was, when Mrs. Billington and Grassini sang together in "Il Ratto di Proserpina," composed expressly by Winter, for those two beautiful women and exquisite performers. The charming duet, sung by them, "Vagi colli," was always loudly encored; the beautiful trio, also sung by them, accompanied by Viganoni,—the cavatina, "Che farò senza la

madre?" in which Grassini's fine pathos shone so conspicuous, and Mrs. Billington's brilliantly executed air, "Apri la madre il core," will ever be remembered by the musical world; indeed, the whole of the opera was admirable, and Winter's *chef-d'œuvre;* he had only three weeks to write it, and to keep his time, had the able assistance of his countryman, Mr. Cramer, the excellent master of His Majesty's private band, as well as composer. He instrumented a great part of the opera; and in what he did, proved himself perfectly competent to the task.

The attraction of the beautiful Proserpine (Grassini), and her mother, the lovely Ceres (Billington), drew great houses. "Il Ratto di Proserpina" was the only opera in which these theatrical divinities appeared together; for Mr. Goold, contrary to all advice, engaged them on condition that (with the exception of the one opera,) they should appear singly, on alternate Tuesdays and Saturdays; and it was a *sine qua non* with these goddesses, that their Saturdays should be held sacred; for, strange as it may appear, (such is the power of fashion) with the same performers and the same opera in the same week, I have known five hundred pounds taken at the doors on the Saturday, and the Tuesday's receipts under sixty. If any thing were wanting to prove the influence of fashion, and how very

secondary, after all, the attraction of talent at that theatre is, this fact perhaps would be decisive.

This silly engagement had, one Tuesday night, nearly shut up the house. It was Mrs. Billington's turn to perform, but she was taken with so severe a hoarseness that she could not sing a note, nor, indeed, leave her bed. Grassini was entreated by Mr. Goold to sing in her stead, but she declared that no power on earth should induce her to do so, as Saturday was her night, and not Tuesday. I did all in my power, by every argument, to prevail upon her, but the inexorable Syren was deaf to my entreaties. I found there was no method to gain my point but by a *ruse de guerre*, and to fib through thick and thin.

Fibbing, as I delicately call it, is a necessary accomplishment for the stage-manager of an Italian Opera House; without it, one of the most difficult and necessary objects could never be attained, (I mean, keeping the ladies quiet). The art is only to be acquired by practice, aided by a certain proportion of impudence; in neither of which I was altogether deficient. For instance, I said, upon this occasion, "My dear Grassini, as manager I ought to prevail upon you to perform, but as a performer myself, I enter certainly into your feelings, and think you perfectly right not to sing out of your turn—the Saturday is yours—but what I

say to you, I trust you will not repeat to Mr. Goold, as it might be of serious injury to me."

"Depend upon it, my dear Kelly," said Grassini, "I will not; I look upon you, by what you have just said, to be my sincere friend."

As I was leaving the room, I said, "To be sure, it is rather unlucky you do not sing to-night, for this morning a message came from the Lord Chamberlain's Office, to announce the Queen's intention to come *incog.*, accompanied by the Princesses, purposely to see you perform; and a *loge grillée* is actually ordered to be prepared for them, where they can perfectly see and hear without being seen by the audience; but of course, I'll step, myself, to the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and state that you are confined to your bed, and express your mortification at disappointing the Royal Party."

"Stop, Kelly," said she; "what you now say alters the case; if Her Majesty Queen Charlotte wishes to see "La Virgine del Sole," and to hear me, I am bound to obey Her Majesty's commands:—go, then, to Goold, and tell him I *will* sing."

She accordingly did perform on the Tuesday. When I went into her dressing-room after the first act, Her Majesty not having arrived, Grassini, suspecting that I had made up a story to cajole her, taxed me with the trick, and when I confessed it, she took it very good naturedly, and joined in the

laugh at her own credulity. The feeling of respect to the wishes of our excellent Queen Charlotte which she evinced, did her infinite credit.

On the 3rd July, 1804, I produced a musical piece, called "The Hunter of the Alps." It was a very pleasing drama, and was received with the greatest applause, having run thirty nights the first season; it is occasionally acted even now at different theatres. Independent of its merit, the admirable acting of Elliston must have ensured its success. I must here observe, that Harry Horrebow, when in his fifth year, played the Boy; and his bye-play with Elliston was excellent, and always received with laughter and applause. He is the son of Captain Horrebow, of the Danish naval East India Service. His mother is a sister of Mrs. Crouch. She married while very young, and very handsome, and went to India with her husband; and his ship having been wrecked on the Indian coast, she appeared professionally at the Calcutta Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Rundell, a favourite actor, and near relation of Mrs. Bannister. Mrs. Horrebow subsequently returned to England with a small independence.

Harry Horrebow performed also in a Grand Ballet at the Opera House, and in a Ballet of Action at Covent Garden Theatre, entitled "Aggression!" The piece was chiefly indebted, for its reception,

to the fine acting of Mrs. St. Leger. Little Harry was her son in the piece; she held him aloft in one hand, while she fought her assailant with a tomahawk. The whole of the action was picturesque and beautiful, and always ardently applauded. Harry's performance in one scene, in which he was preparing his bow and arrow for action, was as beautiful as any thing ever seen on the stage.

One of those whimsical errors, which in *my* countrymen are called blunders, occurred on the first representation of "The Hunter of the Alps," which is sufficiently whimsical to be recorded here.

It was rumoured (why, it would be difficult to say) that a party had been made to oppose the piece at its production; and I told the circumstance to an intimate friend, an Irish gentleman, who took fire at the bare mention of such under-handed treachery. —"Just give me," said he, "half a dozen orders, and I'll send in a few regular Geary Owen boys, who shall take their shilelahs under their arms; and we'll see who'll be after trying to hiss your music."

I accordingly furnished him with the necessary passports; and, being quite aware of the presence of my adherents, sat in perfect security during the performance, although it must be confessed I occasionally heard the discordant whizzings of hisses;

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however, the applause predominated, and the piece was entirely successful.

After quitting the theatre, I had some friends to sup with me in Pall Mall, and amongst them, the author of the piece. We were enjoying ourselves with all sorts of merriment, when in bolted my Hibernian supporter, who, as he entered the room, vociferated exultingly,

"Here we are, Mic, here we are! We are the boys! We did it, Mic! Oh, Sir, the music is movingly beautiful; and when the fellow in green howled about the Hill of Howth (a hunting chorus, "Hilloa ho!") we made no small noise. Beautiful indeed was the tune: but as for the play—may I never stir if ever I saw such stuff and botheration; by my honour and soul I think nobody hissed the speaking part half so much as we did."

It never entered the head of my exclusive friend, that the success of the piece and of the music were identified; on the contrary, he thought the effect of contrast would heighten the personal compliment to me. The author, whom he had never seen, and who was present, bore the explanation of his discernment with very good humour; and we washed down the subject in copious draughts of that universal panacea, whiskey punch.

On the 22nd of August Colman wrote a piece for

his own theatre, called "Gay Deceivers," for which I composed the music. It had many comic incidents, smart dialogue, and some sweet songs. One called "The Spartan Boy," was truly poetical; the piece was performed a number of nights, and was much liked. Colman grounded it upon a French comic opera, entitled "Les Evénemens Imprévus," one of the pieces I had brought with me from Paris. The author of the French drama, strange to say, was an Irishman of the name of Hale, an officer in the French military service; all his songs were versified for him, as he could not compose French poetry, though he furnished all the subjects.

He wrote a very pretty comic opera, entitled "L'Amant Jaloux," and "Midas," which was in high favour with the Parisians. I saw it twice played at the Théâtre Rue Favart: the subject is differently treated from ours; and, in my opinion, Kane O'Hara's burletta is worth a million of it. In Paris, it in a great degree gained its popularity by the acting of the inimitable Monsieur Trial, who represented the Singing Shepherd; his imitation of the old school of French singing (which he caricatured with irresistible humour) was admirable. "L'Amant Jaloux," "Les Evénemens Imprévus," and "Midas," were all composed by Grétry, and beautiful music he gave them, although not sufficiently effective for the English taste; which, in the musical

way, requires more Cayenne than that of any other nation in the world.

At this period of my life, although eminently successful in my professional career, my mind was deeply embarrassed by perceiving the gradual decline of the health of my dearest friend, Mrs. Crouch. I prevailed upon her to accompany me to Brighton, but grieved to find that she derived no benefit from change of air.

On the 31st January, 1805, Tobin's popular and successful play of the "Honey Moon" was produced at Drury Lane Theatre. It had lain for several seasons on the shelf, and would have remained there, had not Wroughton, who was then stage-manager of Drury Lane (having nothing in the shape of a new comedy to produce), rummaged the prompter's room, where many other plays lay neglected,—it may be, never looked at. Luckily, one of the first that came to hand was "The Honey Moon," which Wroughton took home to read, and on his own judgment and at his own risk, had it copied, cast, and put into rehearsal. Thus did chance bring to light one of the most popular comedies that had been produced for many years.

It was finely performed in all its parts, particularly the Duke by Elliston, Juliana by Miss Duncan, and Jaques by young Collins, who was a true disciple of Nature; and, in my opinion, had not

death cut short his career, would have been an ornament to the stage. There was a country dance at the close of the fourth act, in which Elliston and Miss Duncan displayed such grace and agility, that it was always encored. There were also two songs, one sung by Miss Duncan, and the other by Miss Decamp, both composed by me. Poor Tobin had not the satisfaction to see his play performed. Before it was produced he took a voyage to the Mediterranean, in hopes that change of climate and sea air would restore his health, which was very delicate, but death struck him in the flower of his youth. I had the pleasure of being well acquainted with him, and was introduced to him by one of his dearest friends, the late Miss Pope, the admirable actress of Drury Lane, who wished very much that we should write an opera together, which we had agreed to do. Many and many a time have I accompanied him to Mr. Joseph Richardson's house in Argyll Street, to get back his comedy of "The Honey Moon" from Drury Lane; but he never succeeded even in obtaining a glimpse of it; excuse upon excuse was made for not restoring it; and no wonder, for, in fact, they were ignorant that it was in their possession; and after repeated calls, waiting jobs, and denials, the unfortunate and disappointed author gave up the piece as lost.

Mr. Richardson was a good man, and one of my

most intimate friends, but, like his great prototype and bosom friend, Sheridan, was indolence personified; and *to-morrow* was, as with Sheridan, his day of business. He even seemed ambitious of imitating the foibles of Sheridan, which was bad taste, considering the disparity of their talents; for, as the Spanish poet Garcia observes, "the eagle may gaze stedfastly at the sun, while the butterfly is dazzled by the light of a taper;" not but that Richardson possessed considerable literary talent. He was one of the chief writers in the "Rolliad," and author of that elegant comedy, "The Fugitive." He lived in intimate friendship with Lord John Townsend, the Earl of Thanet, and Mr. Tickell, Mr. Sheridan's brother-in-law, who was the author of a comic opera called "The Carnival of Venice," and the adapter of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd."

Sheridan had assigned to Richardson a quarter share of Drury Lane Theatre, said to be worth twenty-five thousand pounds. The Dukes of Northumberland and Bedford, Earls Fitzwilliam and Thanet, raised fourteen thousand pounds to enable him to complete his purchase. He was in high favour with the late Duke of Northumberland, who brought him into Parliament for the borough of Newport in Cornwall.

When last in Paris, I had been to the Théâtre Français to see a petite comedy performed, entitled

"Les Deux Postes," and delighted I was with the manner in which it was acted. Baptiste, the elder, played the Blind Old Man to admiration. Indeed, the whole dramatis personæ were perfect. I procured a copy of the piece, and gave it to my friend George Colman, who, being pleased with the subject, resolved to write a musical afterpiece from it; and his adaptation was far superior to the original, as indeed was every thing he did in the same way.

It was brought out on the 28th January, under the title of "We Fly by Night; or, Long Stories," at Covent Garden Theatre. I composed the whole of the music. Munden's personification of the Old Story-teller was perfect; indeed, all the performers in the piece gave it their best support; it was strongly cast. Liston and Fawcett were exquisitely comic; the part of the Englishman (in the French original so well performed by Baptiste the younger) was transposed into a Frenchman, and very well acted by Farley; Miss Tyrer, now Mrs. Liston, was truly comic in the Landlady, and sang with her usual sweetness; Miss Davies was the Heroine. The piece was eminently successful, and had a great run. Both Miss Tyrer and Miss Davies were pupils of Mrs. Crouch and myself. Mrs. Liston was always attentive to her profession, and scrupulously honourable in fulfilling all her engagements.

A musical entertainment, written by Mr. Dimond

for my benefit, was produced on the 23rd May, 1805, entitled "Youth, Love, and Folly." I composed the whole of the music. It combined the talents of Elliston, Dowton, Mrs. Bland, and Mrs. Mountain; and I had an excellent part in it. Miss Decamp acted a Jockey with such vivacity, dressed it, and looked it, so completely, that she might have passed as having been brought up at Newmarket. The versatility of this lady's talent was very great; as was, to my knowledge, her zeal for her employers, and affability of manners to every person in the theatre. When she quitted her home, Drury Lane, her departure was regretted by all.

My management at the Opera this season was going on triumphantly. Winter produced a new serious opera, entitled "L' Amore Fraterno." The music was very fine. Mrs. Billington was the Heroine, and sang with all her usual fascination, ably supported by the two tenor singers, Viganoni and Braham. Winter also composed the music of the grand ballet of "Achilles," which was excellent; as well as the ballet itself, composed by D'Egville, who in this, as well as many other pieces of a similar nature, has proved himself a great master of his art. His powerful acting, and that of the graceful and handsome Deshayes, will long be remembered.

The "Orazj," or, "Gli Orazj ed i Curiazj," was got up for Grassini with all care and attention: the music (the finest serious opera Cimarosa ever produced) was delightful, and drew crowded houses to the King's Theatre, as it did at Venice, where it had been originally produced. In my opinion, the acting of Grassini in this opera was almost as fine as Mrs. Siddons': higher praise she could not wish for; the passage, where she exclaimed, "O, Orazio, mio bene," leaning over her dead husband, was positively heart-rending.

On account of the length of the operas and ballets, and never being able to get the lady-singers ready to begin in time, the operas seldom finished till after twelve o'clock on Saturdays. The Bishop of London sent to inform me, that if the curtain did not drop before the twelfth hour, the licence should be taken away, and the house shut up. Against his fiat there was no appeal, and many nights have I been obliged to order the dropping of the curtain in the midst of an interesting scene in the ballet. This, for a few nights, passed on without any notice being taken of it by the subscribers and the public; but on Saturday, the 15th of June (Oh! fatal night!), the demon of discord appeared with all his terrors in this hitherto undisturbed region of harmony. The curtain fell before twelve o'clock, just as Deshayes and Parisot

were dancing a popular pas de deux. This was the signal for the sports to begin; a universal outcry of "Raise the curtain!—"Finish the ballet!" resounded from all parts of the house; hissing, hooting, yelling, (in which most of the ladies of quality joined) commenced.

The ballet-master, D'Egville, was called for, and asked, "Why he allowed the curtain to drop before the conclusion of the ballet?" He affirmed, that he had directions from me to do so. I was then called upon the stage, and received a volley of hisses, yellings, &c. I stood it all, like bricks and mortar; but at last, thinking to appease them, I said the truth was, that an order had been received from the Bishop of London, to conclude the performance before midnight. Some person from the third tier of boxes, who appeared to be a principal spokesman, called out, "You know, Kelly, that you are telling a lie." I turned round very coolly, and, looking up at the box from whence the lie came, I said, "You are at a very convenient distance; come down on the stage, and use that language again, if you dare!"

This appeal was received by the audience with a loud burst of applause, and a universal cry of "Bravo, bravo, Kelly; well replied!—Turn him out! Turn the fellow out of the boxes!" The gentleman left the box, but did not think proper

to make his appearance on the stage. This was a lucky turn as it regarded myself, but did not appease the rioters; for, finding their mandate for drawing up the curtain and finishing the ballet not obeyed, they threw all the chairs out of the boxes into the pit, tore up the benches, broke the chandeliers, jumped into the orchestra, smashed the piano-forte, and continued their valorous exploits, by breaking all the instruments of the poor unoffending performers. Having achieved deeds so worthy of a polished nation, and imagining no more mischief could be done, they quitted the scene of their despoliation with shouts of victory; but there was a finale to the drama, which they did not expect. Mr. Goold identified some of the ringleaders, and commenced actions against them for damages, which cost them many hundreds of pounds. Mr. Goold gave up the actions; (for, as Gay says, "Goold from law could take out the sting;") on condition of their acknowledging their ill-behaviour, and amply satisfying those who had been injured.

At the close of the season I went to Brighton, and took a house on the West Cliff, for Mrs. Crouch; but she gradually grew worse. She was attended first by Sir Charles Blicke, and afterwards by Dr. Bankhead, and by my worthy friend and countryman, Sir Matthew Tierney, whose assiduous

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attentions on that trying occasion, must ever call for my warmest gratitude. But alas! the decree had gone forth.

When her immediate danger was known, friends flocked in from all quarters. Her sister, Mrs. Horrebow, arrived from London, and our faithful and attached friend, Mr. Rose, the merchant, with whose family we had been for many years on the most affectionate and confidential terms. With him she at all times communicated unreservedly, and to him confided her cares and anxieties for my future prosperity; for, to the last, she was utterly incapable of a selfish feeling. She arranged every thing relative to her affairs and her funeral as if she had been going a journey, and was to return and reap the benefit of her care.

At length the dreadful hour arrived, over the occurrences of which, feelings of affection, still unsubdued, prompt me to draw a veil.

The grief, however deep and sincere, of affectionate relatives and friends, can afford no interest to a common reader; but I hope that I, who knew her best, may be permitted to say, that had she been so fortunate as to meet with a husband capable of appreciating and cherishing her estimable qualities and superior talents, she would have lived and died without a blemish on her fame.

The following year, I caused a monument to

be erected to her memory, bearing the inscription which follows :—

THE REMAINS OF

ANNA MARIA CROUCH,

During many Years a Performer at Drury Lane Theatre.

She combined with the purest Taste, as a Singer, the most elegant Simplicity as an Actress: beautiful almost beyond parallel in her Person, she was equally distinguished by the Powers of her Mind.

They enabled her,
when she quitted the Stage,
to gladden Life by the Charms of her Conversation, and refine it by her Manners.

She was born April 20th, 1763, and
died October 2nd, 1805.

THIS STONE
is Inscribed to her beloved Memory, by him whom she esteemed the most faithful of her Friends.

At a period so painfully distressing as this, I received the greatest kindness and attention from my friends Major and the first Mrs. Scott Waring. I left Brighton with an aching heart, and went to my friend Rose, at Richmond, where I received a letter from Lord Guilford, inviting me to Wroxton Abbey; to such an invitation, so warmly pressed, there was but one reply; and I set off for that delightful spot, where I knew consolation and kindness

awaited me. I wrote thence to Mr. Graham, then at the head of the Board of Management of Drury Lane, to say, that I could not return to the theatre for some time; and received a very kind letter in reply, conveying permission to absent myself as long as I thought fit. I remained at Wroxton Abbey for two months.

On leaving the Earl of Guilford's, I went to pass a week with the Marquis of Ormonde, at Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, which his Lordship rented of Lord Dillon. The Marquis was a great lover of the drama, and well versed in all our dramatic poets. The Marchioness was a most accomplished woman. Every kindness and hospitality were shewn me by my noble host and hostess, who were too suddenly and shortly after snatched from this world themselves.

My two months having passed, I took my departure for London, and played Henry, in "The Deserter." On my first appearance, I was received, as I thought, with kind and sympathetic applause, by my friends and the audience; but I took a thorough dislike to the stage, and resolved to quit the profession, so soon as I had made some necessary arrangements to enable me to do so. In the interim, I composed the music to the splendid spectacle of "The Forty Thieves," produced at Drury Lane,

in April 1806, which had a very great run. Miss Decamp acted, sang, and danced, in the character of Morgiana, with wonderful effect.

The same season, in conjunction with Attwood, I composed for Covent Garden, an operatic, play, called "Adrian and Orrila." Cooke played the part of the Prince in it, and the very deuce he had liked to have played with it: for, on the morning of the day on which the piece was to be performed, he came to rehearsal so intoxicated, that he could scarcely stand. Both the author and myself were on the stage, alarmed, as may well be imagined, for the fate of a play, the principal serious character of which, was to be performed by a man dead drunk.

We were determined not to let our play be acted. Mr. Kemble, on the contrary, (who then was stage-manager, as well as co-proprietor with Mr. Harris,) insisted, that the play should be done, at all risks. Mr. Harris was sent for, to decide. In the interim, Cooke was pouring out a volley of abuse against Kemble, calling him, "Black Jack," &c. all which Kemble bore with Christian patience, and without any reply. At length Mr. Harris, with his faithful ally on all emergencies, the late James Brandon, the box book-keeper, on seeing Cooke's situation, decided that the play should not be performed on that night; but that Kemble should make an apology to

the audience, on the plea of Cooke's sudden indisposition; which Kemble refused to do.—"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

Harris declared he would have the play changed. Kemble, on the contrary, was as peremptory to have it performed; and vowed, that if it were changed, under the pretence of Cooke's indisposition, he would go forward to the audience, and inform them of the true cause of their disappointment.

Harris said, "Mr. Kemble, don't talk to me in this manner. I am chief proprietor here, and will have whatever orders I give, obeyed."

I shall always remember Kemble's countenance, when, with the greatest calmness, he replied:—

"Sir,—you are a proprietor—so am I. I borrowed a sum of money to come into this property. How am I to repay those who lent me that money, if you, from ill-placed lenity towards an individual, who is repeatedly from intoxication disappointing the public, choose to risk the dilapidation of the Theatre, and thereby cause my ruin? By Heavens, I swear, the play shall be acted."

Words were getting to a very high pitch, when Brandon coaxed Cooke into his house, put him to bed, and applied napkins, steeped in cold water, to his head, in the hopes of sobering him. He slept from twelve till five o'clock, when he took some very strong coffee, which brought him to his senses, and

he consented to play the part; and, considering all circumstances, I was struck with astonishment to see how finely he acted it. To be sure, he had nearly made one trifling omission, namely, cutting out the whole plot of the piece. And had it not been for the promptness and presence of mind of the then Miss Smith (the present Mrs. Bartley), who played the character (and finely she did play it,) of Madame Clermont, he would have succeeded in doing so.— "Oh! that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains!"

No man, when sober, was better conducted, or possessed more affability of manners, blended with sound sense and good nature, than Cooke; he had a fine memory, and was extremely well informed. I asked him, when he was acting at Brighton one day, to dine with me and Mrs. Crouch; and we were delighted with his conversation and gentleman-like deportment. He took his wine cheerfully; and as he was going away, I urged him to have another bottle; his reply was, "Not one drop more. I have taken as much as I ought to take; I have passed a delightful evening, and should I drink any more wine, I might prove a disagreeable companion; therefore, good night;" and away he went. Nor could I then prevail upon him to stop.

In the memorable time of the O. P. riot, some of the actors belonging to Covent Garden seemed to

enjoy the disagreeable situation in which Kemble, as manager, stood. I was one night in Covent Garden Theatre, when one of them absolutely and roundly asserted, that Kemble was but an indifferent actor. Cooke was in the green-room at the time, and I said, "What do you think of the assertions of those gentlemen, Mr. Cooke; do you think Kemble an indifferent actor?"

"No, Sir," he replied; "I think him a very great one; and those who say the contrary are envious men, and not worthy, as actors, to wipe his shoes." It gave me unspeakable pleasure, to hear him give so liberal an opinion of my esteemed friend, even though the expression of it was somewhat of the coarsest.

In the same season, the Italian Opera acquired a powerful acquisition in Naldi, the celebrated buffo singer, who made his *début* in a comic opera, entitled "Le Due Nozze ed un sol Marito," and was received with great and deserved applause;—he was a fine comic actor. His performance in "Il Fanatico per la Musica," was unique; he was, besides, an excellent musician, and a good performer on the violoncello. I always had a strong partiality for Naldi,—he was a fine generous fellow. When he was engaged at the Opera House, Morelli, the *once* fine bass singer, was discharged; and from an inordinate passion which he had for insuring in the

lottery, was steeped in poverty. Naldi, until the day of his death, furnished him with every necessary of life, and allowed him a weekly stipend of two guineas for his pocket, which was regularly transmitted to him every Saturday night.

Naldi, previous to the Revolution, was a lawyer of considerable eminence at Bologna; he was an excellent scholar, and his manners were those of an extremely well-bred man. Like many others of his ill-fated countrymen, he was obliged to quit his native city, and make a profession of that, which he had only studied as an accomplishment. Whilst performing at Venice, the beauteous eyes of Madame Vigano, a celebrated dancer, enslaved his heart. They went to Lisbon, both having an engagement at the Italian Opera House there. He remained many seasons in London, a justly deserved favourite. His ill stars took him to Paris, where, one day, just before dinner, at his friend Garcia's house, in the year 1821, he was shewing the method of cooking by steam, with a portable apparatus for that purpose; unfortunately, in consequence of some derangement of the machinery, an explosion took place, by which he was instantaneously killed. The awful and untimely fate of this worthy man was lamented by all, but by none more than myself, for I had always lived with him on terms of the most cordial and sincere friendship.

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I have often heard him describe the great hatred he felt for the French nation, and every thing belonging to it; indeed, he carried his dislike so far, that although often offered the most tempting engagements at Paris, as first buffo at the Italian Opera, nothing could prevail upon, or induce him to go thither, until urgent business took him there to meet his death. His principal inducement for visiting Paris, was to see Madame Naldi's daughter (whom he loved as his own child) make her *début*, which she did previous to his untimely end, and was much liked. She is still at the theatre, and a favourite of the Parisians.

On the 13th December, 1806, Madame Catalani, and Signor Siboni, made their *début* in the serious opera of "La Semiramide." Madame Catalani's personification of Semiramide was a powerful effort of the scenic art—she looked beautiful, and a queen;—her songs were given in a manner which electrified her audience;—she possesses, in truth, what the Italians call the *novanta nove*, *i. e.* the ninety-nine. When a singer possesses a superior fine voice, the Italians say, he, or she, has got the ninety-nine points out of the hundred, to make a fine singer. Her reception, by a crowded audience, was enthusiastic. Siboni, in addition to a fine tenor voice, and a commanding figure, was a tasteful singer, and a good musician; his reception was also

very flattering. At the close of the season, Mademoiselle Parisot, who had been a popular dancer for some years, took leave of the stage, and married a Mr. Hughes, a man of property.

In April 1807, Mr. M. G. Lewis brought out, at Drury Lane Theatre, his romantic drama, called the "Wood Dæmon." It was, unquestionably, a work of genius;—I composed the music to it. It was brought forward with magnificent scenery, and was a favourite.

On the 12th May, Mr. Dimond's operatic piece, in two acts, called the "Young Hussar," was produced at Drury Lane Theatre. I also composed the music to that, and it was, on the whole, successful.

Musical pieces were often performed at Drury Lane: among others, Mr. Sheridan's opera of "The Duenna," in which I performed the part of Ferdinand. It was customary with me, when I played at night, to read my part over in the morning, in order to refresh my memory. One morning, after reading the part of Ferdinand, I left the printed play of "The Duenna," as then acted, on the table. On my return home, after having taken my ride, I found Mr. Sheridan reading it, and with pen and ink before him, correcting it. He said to me, "Do you act the part of Ferdinand from this printed copy?"

I replied in the affirmative, and added, "that I had done so for twenty years."

"Then," said he, "you have been acting great nonsense." He examined every sentence, and corrected it all through before he left me; the corrections I have now in his own hand-writing. What could prove his negligence more, than correcting an opera which he had written in 1775, in the year 1807; and then, for the first time, examining it, and abusing the manner in which it was printed?

I know, however, of many instances of his negligence, equally strong, two of which I will adduce as tolerable good specimens of character. I can vouch for their authenticity.

Mr. Gotobed, the Duke of Bedford's attorney, put a distress into Drury Lane Theatre, for non-payment of the ground rent; and the chandeliers, wardrobe, scenery, &c. were to be sold to satisfy his Grace's claim. Sheridan, aroused and alarmed at the threat, wrote a letter to the Duke, requesting him to let his claim be put in a state of liquidation, by Mr. Gotobed's receiving, out of the pit door money, 10*l.* per night, until the debt should be paid; this was agreed upon by his Grace. More than a twelvemonth passed, and Sheridan was astonished at receiving no reply to his letter. In an angry mood he went to Mr. Gotobed's house, in Norfolk-street (I was with him at the time), com-

plaining of the transaction; when Mr. Gotobed assured him, on his honour, that the Duke had sent an answer to his letter, above a year before. On hearing this, Sheridan went home, examined the table on which all his letters were thrown, and amongst them found the Duke's letter, unopened, dated more than twelve months back. To me, this did not appear very surprising; for, when numbers of letters have been brought to him, at my house, I have seen him consign the greatest part of them to the fire, unopened.

No man was ever more sore and frightened at criticism than he was, from his first outset in life. He dreaded the newspapers, and always courted their friendship. I have many times heard him say, "Let me but have the periodical press on my side, and there should be nothing in this country which I would not accomplish."

This sensitiveness of his, as regarded newspapers, renders the following anecdote rather curious:—after he had fought his famous duel at Bath, with Colonel Matthews, on Mrs. Sheridan's (Miss Linley's) account, an article of the most venomous kind was sent from Bath, to Mr. William Woodfall, the editor of the Public Advertiser, in London, to insert in that paper. The article was so terribly bitter against Sheridan, that Woodfall took it to him. After reading it, he said to Woodfall, "My good

friend, the writer of this article has done his best to vilify me in all ways, but he has done it badly and clumsily. I will write a character of myself, as coming from an anonymous writer, which you will insert in your paper. In a day or two after, I will send you another article, as coming from another anonymous correspondent, vindicating me, and refuting most satisfactorily, point by point, every particle of what has been written in the previous one."

Woodfall promised that he would attend to his wishes; and Sheridan accordingly wrote one of the most vituperative articles against himself, that mortal ever penned, which he sent to Woodfall, who immediately inserted it in his newspaper, as agreed upon.

Day after day passed; the calumnies which Sheridan had invented against himself got circulation, and were in every body's mouth; and day after day did Mr. Woodfall wait for the refutation which was to set all to rights, and expose the fallacy of the accusations; but, strange to say, Sheridan never could prevail upon himself to take the trouble to write one line in his own vindication; and the libels which he invented against himself, remain to this hour wholly uncontradicted.

I was well acquainted with Mr. Woodfall, who declared to me that this was the fact.

Another instance of his neglect for his own

interest, came (amongst many others) to my knowledge. He had a particular desire to have an audience of his late Majesty, who was then at Windsor; it was on some point which he wished to carry, for the good of the theatre.—He mentioned it to his present Majesty, who, with the kindness which on every occasion he shewed him, did him the honour to say, that he would take him to Windsor himself; and appointed him to be at Carlton House, to set off with His Royal Highness precisely at eleven o'clock. He called upon me, and said, "My dear Mic. I am going to Windsor with the Prince the day after to-morrow; I must be with him at eleven o'clock in the morning, to a moment, and to be in readiness at that early hour, you must give me a bed at your house; I shall then only have to cross the way to Carlton House, and be punctual to the appointment of His Royal Highness."

I had no bed to offer him but my own, which I ordered to be got in readiness for him; and he, with his brother-in-law, Charles Ward, came to dinner with me. Amongst other things at table, there was a roast neck of mutton, which was sent away untouched. As the servant was taking it out of the room, I observed, "There goes a dinner fit for a king;" alluding to his late Majesty's known partiality for that particular dish.

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The next morning I went out of town, to dine and sleep, purposely to accommodate Mr. Sheridan with my bed; and got home again about four o'clock in the afternoon, when I was told by my servant, that Mr. Sheridan was up-stairs still, fast asleep—that he had been sent for, several times, from Carlton House, but nothing could prevail upon him to get up.

It appears that, in about an hour after I had quitted town, he called at the saloon, and told my servant-maid, that "he knew she had a dinner fit for a king in the house,—a cold roast neck of mutton," and asked her if she had any wine. She told him there were, in a closet, five bottles of port, two of madeira, and one of brandy; the whole of which, I found that he, Richardson, and Charles Ward, after eating the neck of mutton for dinner, had consumed:—on hearing this, it was easy to account for his drowsiness in the morning. He was not able to raise his head from his pillow, nor did he get out of bed until seven o'clock, when he had some dinner.

Kemble came to him in the evening, and they again drank very deep, and I never saw Mr. Sheridan in better spirits. Kemble was complaining of want of novelty at Drury Lane Theatre; and that, as manager, he felt uneasy at the lack of it. "My dear Kemble," said Mr. Sheridan, "don't talk of

grievances now." But Kemble still kept on saying, "Indeed we must seek for novelty, or the theatre will sink;—novelty, and novelty alone, can prop it."

"Then," replied Sheridan, with a smile, "if you want novelty, act Hamlet, and have music played between your pauses."

Kemble, however he might have felt the sarcasm, did not appear to take it in bad part. What made the joke tell at the time, was this: a few nights previous, while Kemble was acting Hamlet, a gentleman came to the pit door, and tendered half-price. The money-taker told him, that the third act was only then begun.

The gentleman, looking at his watch, said, It must be impossible, for that it was half-past nine o'clock.

"That is very true, Sir," replied the money-taker; "but recollect, Mr. Kemble plays Hamlet to-night."

Mr. Sheridan, although a delightful companion, was by no means disposed to loquacity—indeed, quite the contrary; but when he spoke, he commanded universal attention; and what he said, deserved it. His conversation was easy and good-natured, and so strongly characterised by shrewdness, and a wit peculiarly his own, that it would be hard, indeed, to find his equal as a companion. That he had failings, who will deny? but then, who

amongst us has not? One thing I may safely affirm, that he was as great an enemy to himself as to any body else.

One evening that their late Majesties honoured Drury Lane Theatre with their presence, the play, by royal command, was the "School for Scandal." When Mr. Sheridan was in attendance to light their Majesties to their carriage, the King said to him, "I am much pleased with your comedy of the 'School for Scandal;' but I am still more so, with your play of the 'Rivals;'—that is my favourite, and I will never give it up."

Her Majesty, at the same time, said, "When, Mr. Sheridan, shall we have another play from your masterly pen?" He replied, that "he was writing a comedy, which he expected very shortly to finish."

I was told of this; and the next day, walking with him along Piccadilly, I asked him if he had told the Queen, that he was writing a play? He said he had, and that he actually was about one.

"Not you," said I to him; "you will never write again; you are afraid to write."

He fixed his penetrating eye on me, and said, "Of whom am I afraid?"

I said, "You are afraid of the author of the 'School for Scandal.'"

I believe, at the time I made the remark, he thought my conjecture was right.

One evening, after we had dined together, I was telling him, that I was placed in a dilemma by a wine-merchant from Hockheim, who had been in London to receive orders for the sale of hock. I had commissioned him (as he offered me the wine at a cheap rate) to send me six dozen. Instead of six dozen, he had sent me *sixteen*. I was observing, that it was a greater quantity than I could afford to keep, and expressed a wish to sell part of it.

"My dear Kelly," said Mr. Sheridan, "I would take it off your hands with all my heart, but I have not the money to pay for it; I will, however, give you an inscription to place over the door of your saloon:—Write over it, 'Michael Kelly, composer of wines, and importer of music.'"

I thanked him, and said, "I will take the hint, Sir, and be a composer of all wines except old Sherry; for that is so notorious for its intoxicating and pernicious qualities, that I should be afraid of poisoning my customers with it."

The above story has been told in many ways; but as I have written it here, is the fact. He owned I had given him a Roland for his Oliver, and very often used to speak of it in company.

About this time, my good friend Major Waring bought Peterborough House, at Parson's Green, which before had been the property of Mr. Meyrick; and certainly there never was a more hospitable one.

The society consisted chiefly of persons of genius. There have I met, month after month, Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Billington, the Abbé Campbell; the Irish Master of the Rolls, Mr. Curran; and a worthy countryman of mine, Mr. John Glynn, of the Commissariat Department; and many a time and oft have we heard the chimes of midnight, for that was the hour at which Curran's lamp burned brightest; and round the social board, till morning peeped, all was revelry and mirth.

While I am on the subject of revelry and mirth, it may not be amiss to give the reader an idea of the extraordinary mixtures of serious splendour and comical distress, which occasionally take place in the world.

Every body knows, that during the short administration of Mr. Fox's party, Mr. Sheridan held the office of Treasurer of the Navy, to which office, as every body also knows, a handsome residence is attached. It was during his brief authority in this situation, that he gave a splendid fête, to which, not only the ministers and a long list of nobility were invited, but which, it was understood, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, his present Most Gracious Majesty, would honour with his presence:—a ball and supper followed the dinner. Morelli, Rovedino, and the Opera company, appeared in masks, and sang complimentary verses to the Prince, which

Pananti wrote, and I composed. The music in "Macbeth" was then performed; and, in short, nothing could surpass the gaiety and splendour of the entertainment, which went off as well as was anticipated.

But, previous to the great consummation of all the hopes and wishes of the donor, I happened to call at Somerset House, about half-past five; and there I found the brilliant, highly-gifted Sheridan, the star of his party, and treasurer of the Navy, in an agony of despair. What was the cause?—had any accident occurred?—bad news from the Continent?—was the Ministry tottering?—In short, what was it that agitated so deeply a man of Sheridan's nerve and intellect, and temporary official importance? He had just discovered that there was not a bit of cheese in the house—not even a paring—What was to be done? Sunday, all the shops shut—without cheese, his dinner would be incomplete.

I told him I thought some of the Italians would be prevailed upon to open their doors and supply him; and off we went together in a hackney-coach, cheese-hunting, at six o'clock on a Sunday afternoon—the dinner-hour being seven, and His Royal Highness the Prince expected.

After a severe run of more than an hour, we prevailed upon a sinner, in Jermyn Street, to sell us

some of the indispensable article, and got back just in time for mine host to dress to receive his company. I forget now who paid for the cheese, but the rest of the story I well remember, and have thought worth recording.

It was during this season, that Mr. Frederick Jones, the proprietor of the Dublin Theatre, induced by the extraordinary popularity of Madame Catalani, came to London, for the purpose of engaging her. He also came to me, to engage me to perform with her, and conduct the operas and concerts, and make up an Italian Company for the Rotunda, and the Dublin Theatre, which I did. The company consisted of Madame Catalani, Signors Morelli, Rovedino, Deville, and myself. There were two operas to be performed; "Semiramide," and "Il Fanatico per la Musica." I was to have for my engagement, a free benefit. Madame Catalani was to have a clear half of the receipts of each night's performance; and Mr. Jones the other half, for paying all the performers, orchestra, &c. The agreement was signed and sealed in my saloon in Pall Mall. M. Valabrique, Madame Catalani's husband, was kind enough to offer me a seat in their travelling-carriage to Dublin, which I accepted.

I was their guest throughout the whole journey, which was really delightful: indeed, their attention on this and every other occasion to me, can never

be forgotten by me. I always found Monsieur Valabrique a very good-natured man; aware, certainly, that he possessed an inestimable gem in the splendid talents of his wife. He was a strict guardian of those talents, and very properly turned them to the best advantage for their lovely possessor.

Of Madame Catalani herself, I could relate numberless traits of goodness; no woman was ever more charitable or kind-hearted; and as for the quality of her mind, I never knew a more perfect child of nature. She was delighted with the beauties of Wales, and I remember was particularly struck by the vale of Langollen.

At Bangor, she heard the Welsh harp for the first time. The old blind harper of the house was in the kitchen; thither she went, and seemed delighted with the wild and plaintive music which he played. But when he struck up a Welsh jig, she started up before all the servants in the kitchen, and danced as if she were wild. I thought she never would have ceased. At length, however, she finished; and, on quitting the kitchen, gave the harper two guineas.

When we arrived in Dublin, she was received and caressed in every society. The concerts at the Rotunda, which I conducted, and in which I sang, were nightly crowded. The orchestra was ably led by

my friend Tom Cooke, whose versatility and genius, in my opinion, cannot be too highly appreciated.

One morning, at a rehearsal at the Rotunda, Madame Catalani was so ill with a sick headache, that she could not rehearse her song; and as it was extremely difficult for the orchestra, she begged of me to have it rehearsed by the band. Cooke asked me for the part from which Madame Catalani sang; I gave it him. He placed it on one side of his music desk, and on the other, his first violin part, from which he was to play; and to my great astonishment, Madame Catalani's, and that of all present, he sang every note of the song, at the same time playing his own part on the violin, as leader; thus killing, as it were, two birds with one stone, with the greatest ease.

The song was one of Portogallo's, in manuscript, and had never been out of Madame Catalani's hands; therefore, it was impossible that he could have seen it previously; it was full of difficult divisions, of which he did not miss one. Had I not been an eye-witness of this extraordinary exhibition, I could not, as a musical man, have believed it.

The prices at the theatre, on the nights Catalani performed, were raised to half a guinea for the pit and boxes, and five shillings for the gallery. At the piano-forte sat my old, revered, and first teacher,

Dr. Cogan. Madame Catalani was received, and hailed by the Irish audience, with rapturous applause. She sang divinely, both in the serious and comic operas. I always acted with her, and had a hearty reception from my generous countrymen. I had the honour of dining with her and her husband, at the Earl of Harrington's, Commander-in-Chief; amongst others, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at his Lordship's, were Mr. W. Browne, of Castle Browne, whom I first met at Venice; and Major Kelly, who was then Lord Harrington's Aide-de-camp, and whose gallantry at the Battle of Waterloo, will long be remembered, and duly appreciated by his country.

I was also particularly honoured by the notice of his Grace the Duke of Richmond, then Lord Lieutenant. When, accompanied by the Duchess and family, his Grace honoured the Opera with his presence, it was my duty, as director, to light the vice-regal party to their box, as they came in state. His Grace was particularly kind in his conversation and remarks; and at the conclusion of the opera, when again lighting them to their carriages, her Grace the Duchess would not permit me to attend them beyond the box. I had the honour of being invited to the Lodge, at the Phœnix Park, and there found the Viceroy the same accomplished

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gentleman I knew him at Vienna, when he was the gay and lively Colonel Lennox.

From Mr. Jones, the patentee of the theatre, his amiable wife, and charming family, I experienced the greatest hospitality and kindness; their house was my home, and every thing was done for my comfort. Indeed, it would be invidious in me to particularise the many acts of kindness I received from my friends in Ireland.

I went one day to dine with my witty countryman, Curran, the Master of the Rolls, at his pretty place at Rathfarnham. Among his guests was Counsellor Mac Nally, the author of the opera of "Robin Hood." I passed a delightful day there. Many pleasant stories were told after dinner; among others, one of Mac Nally's, to prove the predilection which some of our countrymen formerly had for getting into scrapes, when they first arrived in London.

The night his opera of "Robin Hood" was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, a young Irish friend of his, on his first visit to London, was seated on the second seat in the front boxes; on the front row were two gentlemen, who, at the close of the first act, were saying how much they liked the opera, and that it did great credit to Mrs. Cowley, who wrote it. On hearing this, my Irish friend got

up, and tapping one of them on the shoulder, said to him,

"Sir, *you* say that this opera was written by Mrs. Cowley; now, *I* say it was not: this opera was written by Leonard Mac Nally, Esq. Barrister at Law, of No. 5, Pump Court, in the Temple.—Do you take my word for it, Sir?"

"Most certainly, Sir," replied the astonished gentleman; "and I feel very much obliged for the information you have so politely given me."

"Umph! very well, Sir," said he, and sat down.

At the end of the second act, he got up, and again accosted the same gentleman, saying, "Sir, upon your honour, as a gentleman, are you in your own mind perfectly satisfied that Leonard Mac Nally, Esq. Barrister at Law, of No. 5, Pump Court, in the Temple, has actually written this opera, and not Mrs. Cowley?"

"Most perfectly persuaded of it, Sir," said the gentleman, bowing.

"Then, Sir," said the young Irishman, "I wish you a good night;" but just as he was leaving the box, he turned to the gentleman whom he had been addressing, and said,

"Pray, Sir, permit me to ask, is your friend there convinced, that this opera was written by Mr.

Mac Nally, Barrister at Law, of No. 5, Pump Court, in the Temple?"

"Decidedly, Sir," was the reply; "we are both fully convinced of the correctness of your statement."

"Oh, then, if that is the case, I have nothing more to say," said the Hibernian, "except that if you had not both assured me you were so, neither of you should be sitting quite so easy on your seats as you do now."

After this parting observation, he withdrew, and did not return to the box.

I have often heard it said, that Irishmen are generally prone to be troublesome and quarrelsome. Having, in the different countries I have visited, had the pleasure of mixing much with them, I can aver, from experience, that the contrary is the case, and that, generally speaking, they are far from being either the one or the other; and if they find that an affront is not intended, no nation in the universe will join more freely in the laugh, if even against themselves. I will take leave to quote an example,—Curran versus Mac Nally:

Mac Nally was very lame; and when walking, had an unfortunate limp, which he could not bear to be told of. At the time of the Rebellion, he was seized with a military ardour; and when the different

volunteer corps were forming in Dublin, that of the lawyers was organized. Meeting with Curran, Mac Nally said, "My dear friend, these are not times for a man to be idle; I am determined to enter the Lawyers' Corps, and follow the camp."

"You follow the camp, my little limb of the law?" said the wit; "tut, tut, renounce the idea; you never can be a disciplinarian."

"And why not, Mr. Curran?" said Mac Nally.

"For this reason," said Curran; "the moment you were ordered to march, you would *halt*."

But I fear I am digressing somewhat too wildly. To resume:—

After spending a delightful summer, which was productive both of pleasure and profit, I returned to London about the end of September 1807. On the 3rd May, 1808, Mr. Cumberland produced, at Drury Lane Theatre, a piece entitled "The Jew of Mogadore," to which I composed the music. It was with great reluctance that the Board of Management at Drury Lane accepted it: therefore, when I had finished the music of the first act, I rested upon my oars until I knew their final determination. I met Mr. Sheridan one day in Essex Street in the Strand, and told him of it. He desired me to go on with it by all means; "For," said he, "if the opera should fail, you will fall with a fine classical scholar, and elegant writer, as well as a

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sound dramatist," (such was his expressed opinion of Cumberland's abilities.) "Go, instantly," continued he, "to those discerning critics, who call themselves the 'Board of Management,' and tell them, from me, if you please, that they are all asses, to presume to sit in judgment on the writings of such a man as Cumberland; and say, further, that *I order* the opera to be accepted, and put into rehearsal."

"And pray, Sir," said I, "in what light am I to view this 'Board of Management?'—What are they?"

"Pegs to hang hats upon," said Sheridan.

I went to the *pegs*, communicated Mr. Sheridan's command, and the opera was performed accordingly. Braham sang in it charmingly.

On the 26th May, 1808, my friend, Miss Pope, quitted Drury Lane stage, as Deborah Dowlas, in the "Heir at Law," and spoke a farewell address in the character of Audrey. I went there to witness it. No lady, on or off the stage, bore a higher character than Miss Pope. She was an actress of the old school, and had the honour of being patronised by his late Majesty George the Third. She made her first *entrée* at Drury Lane Theatre in the year 1759, in the part of Corinna, in the comedy of "The Confederacy." She had been the favourite pupil of the celebrated Kate

Clive, and was brought forward under the auspices of that great comic actress.

On the 30th May, 1808, I witnessed the retirement of my friend, Madame Storace, from the stage, in her favourite part of Margaretta, in "No Song, no Supper." Colman wrote a farewell address for her, which she sang in character; and quitted public life, esteemed and regretted by all those who were acquainted with her. I continued in intimate friendship with her to the day of her death.

One Thursday she dined with me in Russell-street. Signor Ambrogetti, the comic singer, and my friend, Mr. Savory, of Bond-street, met her at dinner; in the course of the evening, she was all at once taken with a shivering fit, and appeared very ill. When her carriage came to take her home, Mr. Savory requested her to be bled, and to send for Dr. Hooper. On the following day Dr. Hooper went to her country-house at Herne Hill, and advised her by all means to be bled, but she would not consent because it was Friday; thus, in fact, she sacrificed herself to superstition. It was confidently asserted, that had she lost blood, her life might have been saved.

Superstition often takes possession of the strongest minds. A more powerful instance of the truth of this cannot be cited than that of Mr. Sheridan. No mortal ever was more superstitious than he, as I can aver from my own knowledge. No

power could prevail upon him to commence any business, or set out upon a journey, on a Friday; nor would he allow, if he possibly could avoid it, a piece to be produced at his theatre on a Friday night. It is a well-known fact (which he never denied), that when Tom Sheridan was under the tuition of Doctor Parr, in Warwickshire, his father dreamt that he fell from a tree in an orchard, and broke his neck. He took alarm, and sent for his boy to London, instanter. The Doctor obeyed the mandate, and brought his pupil to town; and I had the pleasure to meet him at Mr. Sheridan's, at dinner. I thought him (though an oddity) very clever and communicative: he was a determined smoker, and, on that day, not a little of a soaker; he drank a great deal of wine, to say nothing of a copious exhibition of hollands and water afterwards.

I remember, when he was asked whom he considered the first Greek scholar in Europe, he answered, "The first Grecian scholar living is Porson, the third is Dr. Burney,—I leave you to guess who is the second."

On the 13th June, 1808, Madame Catalani performed a scena from "Semiramide," at Drury Lane Theatre, for my benefit, in which I also performed On the 17th June, 1808, I played in "No Song, no Supper," which was my last appearance on the Drury Lane stage, where I had been chiefly the principal male singer for twenty

years, but I did not think myself of sufficient consequence to take a formal leave of the public.

I then made an arrangement with Mr. Sheridan, to be Musical Director of Drury Lane Theatre, and to continue Stage Manager of the Opera House. While on the stage, I did every thing in my power, by persevering industry in my profession, to merit the patronage and liberality which I experienced from an indulgent public. From the first moment I trod the boards of Drury Lane to the moment I quitted it, as far as my feeble efforts went, I endeavoured to support it, through all its perplexities. I had a veneration for the theatre where Garrick and Sheridan had presided, and its best interests were nearest my heart. I felt a proud distinction at having been so fortunate, as for five and twenty years to have enjoyed the most friendly intimacy and unreserved confidence of its highly-gifted proprietor; whom I look upon, take him for all in all, to have been one of the most extraordinary men of the age in which he lived. Mr. Sheridan did me the honour (as his friend,) to introduce me to the best society, and the first literary men in the kingdom, who all sought his company. They were sure to find him almost every night at my house, where he was the great magnet of attraction.

One day, I had the pleasure of having at my table to dinner, the Marquis of Ormonde, the

Earl of Guilford, Sir Charles Bampfylde, Messrs. Sheridan, Richardson, Colman, my countryman Curran, John Kemble, and Tom Sheridan. A greater power of talent seldom or ever was congregated; but, alas! every one of those highly-distinguished individuals (my valued friend George Colman excepted) has been taken from us.

Some time previous to my retirement from Drury Lane stage, I had made Madame Catalani a promise to accompany her, for the second time, to Dublin. I set off with them on the 1st of August, 1808; she was engaged by Mr. Jones, on similar terms to those she received on her first engagement there; mine, too, were the same. Signor Siboni and Signor Spagnoletti were also engaged. We had to perform two grand serious operas, "La Mitridate," and "La Didone Abbandonata," in both of which Madame Catalani exerted herself beyond her former efforts; but "La Didone" was her *triomphe*, both as an actress and a singer. Siboni performed the haughty Iarbas, the Moorish king; and I, the pious Eneas. After performing six nights in Dublin, we proceeded to give six performances at Cork. The Cork audience are passionately fond of music, and Catalani's reception was enthusiastic; and I experienced the most hospitable reception from numerous friends.

Walking on the Parade, on the second morning

of my arrival, with Mr. Townsend, proprietor of the Correspondent newspaper, he pointed out a very fine-looking elderly gentleman, standing at the club-house door, and told me that he was one of the most eccentric men in the world—his name was O'Reilly; he had served many years in the Irish Brigade, in Germany and Prussia, where he had been distinguished as an excellent officer. Mr. Townsend added, "We reckon him here a great epicure, and he piques himself on being a great judge of the culinary art, as well as of wines. His good nature and pleasantry have introduced him to the best society, particularly among the Roman Catholics, where he is always a welcome guest. He speaks German, French, and Italian, fluently; and constantly, while speaking English, with a determined Irish brogue, mixes all those languages in every sentence. It is immaterial to him, whether the person he is talking to understand him or not—on he goes, stop him who can. He is a great friend of Frederick Jones; and it is an absolute fact, that Jones took such a liking to him the first day he came to dine with him, that he made him stay at his house all night, and he has lived with him ever since—that is to say, for seven years. Jones now never comes to Cork, but sends the Captain down when the Dublin company perform here. He is extremely useful, keeps a strict look-out for every

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thing that concerns his friend's interests, and is a perfect Cerberus among his door-keepers at the theatre; but let us cross over, and I will introduce you,—I am sure you will be pleased with him."

I was accordingly presented to him. No sooner had the noble Captain shaken me heartily by the hand, than he exclaimed,

"*Bon jour, mon cher Mic, je suis bien aise de vous voir*, as we say in France. *J'étois fâché* that I missed meeting you when you was last in Dublin; but I was obliged to go to the County Galway to see a brother officer, who formerly served with me in Germany, as *herlick à carle*, as we say in German, as ever smelt gunpowder. By the God of war, *il est brave, comme son épée—c'est-à-dire*, as brave as his sword. Now tell me, how go on your brother Joe, and your brother Mark;—your brother Pat, poor fellow, lost his life I know in the East Indies, but *c'est la fortune de la guerre*, and he died *avec honneur*. Your sister Mary, too, how is she? By my soul, she is as good a hearted, kind creature, as ever lived; but *entre nous, soit dit*, she is rather plain, *ma non è bella, quel ch' è bella, è bella quel che piace*, as we say in Italian."

"Now, Captain," said I, "after the flattering encomiums you have bestowed on my sister's beauty, may I ask how you became so well acquainted with my family concerns?"

"*Parbleu!* my dear Mic," said the Captain; "well I may be, for sure *your* mother and *my* mother were sisters."

On comparing notes, I found that such was the fact. When I was a boy, and before I left Dublin for Italy, I remember my mother often mentioning a nephew of hers, of the name of O'Reilly, who had been sent to Germany when quite a lad (many years before) to a relation of his father, who was in the Irish Brigade at Prague. Young O'Reilly entered the regiment as a cadet; he afterwards went into the Prussian service, but my mother heard no more of him.

The Captain told me, furthermore, that he had been cheated some years before out of a small property which his father left him in the County Meath, by a man whom he thought his best friend. "However," said the Captain, "I had my satisfaction by calling him out, and putting a bullet through his hat; but, nevertheless, all the little property that was left me is gone. But, *grace au ciel,* I have never sullied my reputation, nor injured mortal, and for that, 'the gods will take care of Cato.' In all my misfortunes, cousin, I have never parted with the family sword, which was never drawn in a dirty cause; and there it hangs now in a little cabin which I have got in the County Meath. Should ever Freddy Jones discard me, I will end my days in *riposo e pace* with the whole universal world."

I have often thought, if Mr. Sheridan or Colman had been acquainted with this worthy, yet eccentric man, he would have served them as a model for an Irish character; and how Jack Johnstone would have acted it. One of the Captain's eccentricities I had nearly forgotten to mention:—he was never without lemons, shalots, and Cayenne pepper, in a case in his pocket, which he always produced at table. The lemons, he said, were to squeeze over his oysters, *à la Française.* The shalots for a beef-steak, *à l'Anglaise*; and the Cayenne for every dish, foreign and domestic: nor should I, in justice to my relation, omit a joke of his which is almost as piquant as his sauce.

One day he was in the streets of Clonmel, when the Tipperary militia were marching out of that town; their Colonel's father had formerly been a miller, and amassed a large fortune, which he had bequeathed to the colonel himself. O'Reilly seeing the gallant officer at the head of the corps, exclaimed, "By the god of war, here comes Marshal *Sacks*, with the *flour* of Tipperary at his back."

I quitted Cork for Limerick, with gratitude for the many favours bestowed upon me by its warm-hearted inhabitants. I was delighted to see how much Limerick had improved since I last saw it. The new town is beautiful. We had only time to perform four nights there—the prices of the theatre were doubled,—the houses overflowed every night,

—all the nobility of the county of Clare poured into the city, and the hotels and inns were crowded to excess. I passed a delightful week there; and my cousin, the Captain, seemed as much at home in Limerick as he had been at Cork.

Mr. Logier, the inventor of a method of teaching music, to which he has given his name, was living in the barracks at Limerick at that time. He belonged to the Marquis of Ormonde's regiment of militia, which was quartered there. The finest trumpet player I ever heard in any country played in our orchestra; his execution on the instrument almost baffled belief;—his name was Willman, and he is the brother of Mr. Willman, the principal clarionet, and an equally talented perfomer on that instrument, at the King's Theatre.

On our last night in Limerick, just in the middle of a most impressive and beautiful duet, which Catalani and I were singing in "Didone," and at a moment when the whole house was wrapt in attention, a man vociferated from the gallery, "Mr. Kelly, will you be good enough to favour us with—'O thou wert born to please me?'" This unexpected request produced a loud laugh from the audience. Catalani asked me what the meaning of it was; I answered, that it was nothing but a peculiar manner of applauding. My gallery friend, I suppose, recollected poor Mrs. Crouch and myself, singing "Oh,

thou wert born to please me," at the same theatre many years previous, and wished to hear it again.

After concluding my engagement at Limerick, we returned to Dublin, where we were to perform six nights, previous to our quitting Ireland. Having no occasion for rehearsals, I used to visit the environs every day.

One morning, riding with an old friend of mine, we saw, near the Black Rock, two strapping, shirtless fellows, real *sans culottes*, on the back of a poor half-starved horse, which seemed to be sinking under the weight, hardly able to crawl along the road. On my friend saying, what a pity it was to load the poor beast with two outside passengers, one of the riders who overheard him, cried out, "Please your honour and glory, Sir, will you be pleased to tell us, are the hounds far before us?"

At the close of my engagements in Ireland, I set off for London, and in Wales, met my friend, Mr. William Maddocks, who joined me, and a delightful journey we had. I arrived in Pall-Mall on the 21st of September, and heard with real concern of the destruction of Covent Garden Theatre, the night previous, by fire. However, the managers opened the Opera House in six days (so that the performers suffered little or nothing), with the tragedy of "Douglas," and the musical entertainment of "Rosina."

My first production at Drury Lane this year was the music to "Venoni," a play by M. G. Lewis, Esq. It was produced on the 1st December, but was withdrawn after five nights, not meeting with success at first. The last act of this piece, as originally constructed, proved offensive to the feelings of the audience; and although the previous acts excited the deepest interest, and received sufficient applause, nevertheless the unlucky catastrophe was as constantly hissed. The author finding the public determined on this point, conceived the whimsical (and, I believe, unexampled) idea of withdrawing the play for a time, and reproducing it with an entirely new last act, constructed out of the most opposite materials from those of the original one. Strange as this scheme may appear, it succeeded. "Venoni" re-appeared with a bran-new catastrophe, and proved a favourite with the town through the remainder of the season.

Though the destruction of Covent Garden Theatre fell lightly on the performers, it was severely felt by the proprietors, particularly by Kemble, who had staked his all in the purchase of his share; however, the sympathy his loss excited was powerful, and the liberality he met with, noble; it was said that his present Majesty presented him with a thousand pounds, and that the Duke of Northumberland offered him ten thousand, which

he refused as a gift, but accepted as a loan, for a term of years, and gave his bond to his Grace for the re-payment.

There is a little history connected with this subject, which, from being highly creditable to all parties concerned, the public may feel pleased to know :—

Mr. Richard Wilson, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, (whom I am proud to call a friend of mine, having received many marks of kindness and hospitality from him, as well as from his lady and amiable daughter, now Mrs. Randolph,) was the solicitor and confidential man of business of his Grace the late Duke of Northumberland, who, knowing that he was on terms of intimacy with Kemble, wished him to prevail upon that great actor to give Earl Percy, the present Duke, some lessons in elocution.

Kemble, when the request was made, instantly acceded to it, making only one in return, which was, that no remuneration should be offered him, as he felt amply repaid by having it in his power to gratify the Duke.

The origin of this feeling in Kemble is curious, and from its trivial nature, not generally known. He told me himself, that in the year 1779 he was acting at York, where a play was in preparation, in the success of which he was deeply interested: the Duke of Northumberland commanded two troops of

the King's own Dragoons, then quartered in the city. Kemble applied to one of the officers to permit some of the men off duty to attend the theatre to walk in the processions, to which application he received a somewhat ungracious reply, accompanied by an observation that the soldiers had other duties to attend to. He then wrote to the Duke, to ask *his* permission, as commanding-officer, and immediately received a favourable answer.

"The handsome manner," said Kemble to me, "in which his Grace conferred the favour, enhanced the obligation, and never has been forgotten by me; to be able to evince the feeling I entertain, by shewing his Grace's son every attention in my power, is my highest gratification and sufficient inducement to me to become, as you facetiously call me, 'a master of scholars,' which no sum of money could induce me to do."

On the 31st of December, 1808, the first stone of the new theatre was laid by his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, as Grand Master of Freemasons; and a brilliant sight it was. On that day Kemble, it is reported, received a letter from the Duke of Northumberland, enclosing the bond for ten thousand pounds, which I have just mentioned, in which his Grace said, "That as it was a day of rejoicing, he concluded there would be a bonfire, and he requested that the enclosed obligation might

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be thrown in to heighten the flames." This magnificent donation was worthy of the house of Percy; and the delicate and handsome manner in which it was conferred, richly deserves to be recorded.

On the 24th February, 1809, Mr. Richard Wilson gave a dinner to the principal actors and officers of Drury Lane Theatre, at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. All was mirth and glee: it was about eleven o'clock when Mr. Wilson rose, and drank "Prosperity and Success to Drury Lane Theatre;" we filled a bumper to the toast; and at the very moment we were raising the glasses to our lips, repeating "Success to Drury Lane Theatre," in rushed the younger Miss Wilson, now Mrs. Montague Oxenden, and screamed out, that "Drury Lane Theatre was in flames!" We ran into the Square, and saw the dreadful sight; the fire raged with such fury that it perfectly illuminated Lincoln's Inn Fields with the brightness of day. We proceeded to the scene of destruction; Messrs. Peake and Dunn, the treasurers, dashed up stairs, at the hazard of their lives, to the iron chest, in which papers of the greatest consequence were deposited. With the aid of two intrepid firemen they succeeded in getting the chest into the street; —little else was saved.

I had not only the poignant grief of beholding the magnificent structure burning with merciless

fury, but of knowing that all the scores of the operas which I had composed for the theatre, the labour of years, were then consuming: it was an appalling sight; and, with a heavy heart, I walked home to Pall Mall.

At the door, I found my servant waiting for me, who told me that two gentlemen had just called, and, finding I was not at home, had said, "Tell your master, when he comes home, that Drury Lane is now in flames, and that the Opera House shall go next." I made every effort to trace these obliging personages, but never heard any thing more of them.

Mr. Sheridan was in the House of Commons when the dreadful event was made known, and the debate was one in which he was taking a prominent part; in compliment to his feelings, it was moved that the House should adjourn.

Mr. Sheridan said, that he gratefully appreciated such a mark of attention, but he would not allow an adjournment, for that "Public duty ought to precede all private interest;" and with Roman fortitude he remained at his post while his playhouse was burning.

The next morning, several of the principal performers called in Pall-Mall to consider what could be done in the dreadful position of affairs; and while we were debating, a message came from

Mr. Sheridan, to know where he could meet us? Wroughton, who was at that time our stage-manager, asked John Bannister, Dowton, myself, and a few more of the principal actors, to dine with him in Gower Street; and wrote to Mr. Sheridan to request he would meet us there, which he punctually did.

After dinner, lamenting the dreadful situation in which we, as well as himself, were placed by the conflagration, he said, that the first consideration was, to find a place where we could perform, under his "Drury Lane Patent;" for, though the theatre was destroyed, the patent was not, and that he would make every effort in his power to forward the interests and wishes of the company, without any private consideration of his own, until arrangements might be made to rebuild Drury Lane Theatre. The only request he would make, which was with him a *sine qua non*, was, that the whole of the company, with heart and hand, should stand by one another, and that there should be no separation; "For," said he, "I am aware that many of the principal performers may get profitable engagements at the different provincial theatres, but what then would become of the inferior ones, some of whom have large families? Heaven forbid that they should be deserted!—No: I most earnestly recommend and entreat, that every individual belonging

to the concern should be taken care of. Let us make a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether; and, above all, make the general good our sole consideration. Elect yourselves into a committee; but keep in your remembrance even the poor sweepers of the stage, who, with their children, must starve, if not protected by your fostering care."

Such were the sentiments delivered, in my presence, by Mr. Sheridan, who, on every occasion which called for the expression of his feeling towards our profession, shewed himself the warmest advocate and supporter of its reputation and prosperity; in confirmation of which, I cannot refrain from quoting the following passage from a letter which he wrote to me some years since, upon my consulting him as to some matters of importance to my professional interests:—

"In my way," he observes, "of viewing the profession, and treating its professors, I never considered it fit that the proprietors should, every year, weigh and gauge the decrease of theatrical power which time or accident may have occasioned; and, overlooking past services, hunt after every change and substitute which may, for the moment, be advantageous."

This feeling was highly honourable to Mr. Sheridan, not only in his character of manager of a

theatre, but as indicative of a filial feeling of respect for the profession of which his father had been a member, and by the exercise of which, he had been enabled to give the splendid abilities of his gifted son the advantages of the best cultivation.

On the 25th March, 1809, the Drury Lane company performed at the Opera House; Mr. Taylor, the proprietor, having granted the use of his theatre gratuitously for three nights to the performers.

About this period, Mr. Sheridan took me to dine with his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, who had a happy knack of telling a story. One, I remember, he told us with great *naiveté.*

Amongst his Grace's owls, at Arundel Castle, was one which was named by its keeper, Lord Thurlow, from an imaginary likeness between the bird and his Lordship. One morning, when the Duke was closeted with his solicitor, with whom he was in deep consultation upon some electioneering business, the old owl-keeper knocked at the library door, and said, "My Lord, I have great news to give your Grace."

"Well," said the Duke, "what is it?"

"Why, my Lord," said the man, "Lord Thurlow has laid an egg this morning."

Not recollecting, at the moment, that the owl had been nick-named "Lord Thurlow," the Duke was not a little astonished; and, until the keeper ex-

plained, the solicitor was dreadfully scandalized by such an audacious calumny upon a noble Lord, who had been so long sitting upon the woolsack.

The Drury Lane company, under a licence from the Lord Chamberlain, commenced, on the 11th of April, 1809, the regular drama, at the Lyceum, in the Strand. The opening play was "John Bull;" they closed their season there on the 12th of June, and re-opened on the 25th of September.

On the 18th of September, 1809, the new Covent Garden Theatre opened with "Macbeth," and the "Quaker."

On the 25th of October, Mr. Arnold brought out, at the Lyceum, a musical piece of his own writing, entitled "The Jubilee." I composed the music, and it ran a number of nights.

The Drury Lane company were performing at the Lyceum, under the firm of Tom Sheridan, the late Colonel Greville, and Mr. Arnold, and were very successful; and every person belonging to the establishment were regularly paid their full salaries. Tom Sheridan, for some part of the time, was manager, and evinced great talent and industry. I had the pleasure of living on terms of intimacy with him; and many a time, when he used to come to town from Cambridge, with his friend, the Honourable Berkeley Craven, have they favoured me with their company.

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Tom Sheridan did not "ape his sire" in all things; for whenever he made an appointment, he was punctuality personified. In every transaction I had with him, I always found him uniformly correct; nor did he unfrequently lament his father's indolence and want of regularity, although he had (indeed naturally) a high veneration for his talents.

Tom Sheridan had a good voice, and true taste for music, which, added to his intellectual qualities and superior accomplishments, caused his society to be sought with the greatest avidity.

The two Sheridans were supping with me one night after the opera, at a period when Tom expected to get into Parliament.

" I think, father," said he, " that many men, who are called great patriots in the House of Commons, are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into Parliament, I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead, in legible characters, ' To be let.'"

" And under that, Tom," said his father, " write —' Unfurnished.'"

Tom took the joke, but was even with him on another occasion.

Mr. Sheridan had a cottage about half a mile from Hounslow Heath.—Tom being very short of cash, asked his father to let him have some.

" Money I have none," was the reply.

"Be the consequence what it may, money I must have," said Tom.

"If that is the case, my dear Tom," said the affectionate parent, "you will find a case of loaded pistols up-stairs, and a horse ready saddled in the stable,—the night is dark, and you are within half a mile of Hounslow Heath."

"I understand what you mean," said Tom, "but I tried that last night. I unluckily stopped Peake, your treasurer, who told me, that you had been beforehand with him, and had robbed him of every sixpence he had in the world."

It is curious, after knowing such stories, and remembering the general habits and pursuits of Mr. Sheridan, to look at the effusions of his muse, in which he privately vented his feelings.

One day, waiting at his house, I saw under the table, half a sheet of apparently waste paper; on examining it, I found it was a ballad, in Mr. Sheridan's hand-writing; I brought it away with me, and have it now in my possession. On my return home, the words seemed to me beautiful, and I set them to music. It is, of all my songs, my greatest favourite, as the poetry always brings to my mind the mournful recollection of past happy days. It was also a great favourite with Mr. Sheridan, and often has he made me sing it to him. I here insert it:—

I.

No more shall the spring my lost pleasure restore,
Uncheer'd, I still wander alone,
And, sunk in dejection, for ever deplore
The sweets of the days that are gone.
While the sun as it rises, to others shines bright,
I think how it formerly shone;
While others cull blossoms, I find but a blight,
And sigh for the days that are gone.

II.

I stray where the dew falls, through moon-lighted groves,
And list to the nightingale's song,
Her plaints still remind me of long banish'd joys,
And the sweets of the days that are gone.
Each dew-drop that steals from the dark eye of night,
Is a tear for the bliss that is flown;
While others cull blossoms, I find but a blight,
And sigh for the days that are gone.

My kind friends, Major and Mrs. Waring, in the month of August 1810, were going to spend some time at Southampton, and make the tour of the Isle of Wight; they offered me a seat in their carriage, which I accepted. We spent a most agreeable fortnight at Southampton; the theatre was then open under the management of Messrs. Kelly and Maxwell, also managers of the Portsmouth theatre. Mrs. Siddons, who was in the neighbourhood, on a visit to Mrs. Fitzhugh, was performing, as were also my friends Jack Bannister and Pope.

I there saw Mrs. Brereton, an actress belonging

to the company, perform Mrs. Haller in the "Stranger," and thought so highly of it, that I recommended my friend, George Colman, to engage her at the Haymarket, which he did; and afterwards I recommended her to Drury Lane.

I was delighted with the tour of the Isle of Wight, where we staid till the beginning of October.

At this time I had frequent invitations from the late Lord Eardley, to visit his beautiful mansion, Belvidere, in Kent. I often experienced great hospitality from his Lordship there, as well as in London, and at Brighton; and had the pleasure of meeting Lord and Lady Say and Sele, and their amiable and accomplished daughter, the Honourable Miss Twiselton, who is a proficient in music, and speaks Italian in all its native purity. I did myself the pleasure, on the 21st of October, 1810, to commemorate the natal day of Lord Eardley, by composing the music of an ode, for three voices, written on the occasion. It was sung by my brother, Captain Kelly, Mr. Bellamy, and myself, at Belvidere, before a large company invited on the occasion, amongst whom were all the artillery officers from Woolwich:—their band was also in attendance. The day was passed with great hilarity, our noble host was in high spirits; and as the jovial glass went round, told a number of anecdotes; among others, one that seemed to amuse his visitors very much.

He told us that, a few days previous, he was walking in the Strand, going to his bankers, Messrs. Child, near Temple Bar, in company with a friend, an officer, who had served under the Duke of York, in Flanders. Walking along, they were followed by a middle-aged man, rather shabbily dressed, who, by his brogue, they found to be an Irishman. He kept close on the heels of the military gentleman, crying "God preserve your honour, may all blessings from above be showered down upon you; there is not a day that my wife, my children, and myself, do not offer up our prayers, that you may never lose the use of your legs."

"And pray, my good friend," said the man of war, "what good have I ever done you, to merit such unbounded gratitude?"

"Please your honour," said the man, "you saved my life, that's all."

"In what way, my good fellow?" asked the officer.

"Please your honour," said the Irishman, "when *you* served with the Duke of York, in Flanders, *I* was a private in your regiment; and one hot morning, you were so deucedly frightened, that you took to your heels like a lamplighter and ran away; and I, because you were my own particular officer, ran after you; and thereby saved my life; for which as I said before, the blessings of me and mine ever attend you."

His Lordship gave the above anecdote with genuine humour; and I joined with others in laughing at the story, but thought of the Italian proverb, "Se non è vero, è ben trovato."

In the month of February, 1811, "Blue Beard" was produced at Covent Garden Theatre; and Mr. Harris requested me to superintend the getting up of my music, which I did. On the first morning of my going to the theatre, at the back of the stage, I perceived a number of horses, and on inquiry, found they were to prance about in "Blue Beard." I was making my way to the green-room, when, in the middle of the stage, I came in contact with John Kemble, and pointing to the place where the horses stood, I thus accosted him,—

"Now are we in Arden!"

His reply was, "More fools we!" We bowed to each other, *à-la-mode de* Noodle and Doodle, in "Tom Thumb," and passed on without further remark.

This season, a musical drama, called "Gustavus Vasa," for which I composed the whole of the music, was produced. Mr. Young was the hero of the piece, and acted very finely. Mrs. Dickons was the heroine, and sang all the songs allotted to her with great effect. Few singers possessed so much

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science as Mrs. Dickons;—she, at different periods, held the situation of first singer at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Lyceum, and Italian Opera House; and wherever she was placed, was esteemed for her many valuable qualities. "Gustavus Vasa" met with approbation, and was performed a number of nights.

I went to pass the summer at Wroxton Abbey, with my kind friend, Lord Guilford. Mr. and Mrs. Kemble were there on a visit, as was his Lordship's sister, Lady Charlotte Lindsay; indeed, the house was full of visitors, amongst whom was Sir William Gell. At that time, Lord Guilford was preparing for his annual theatricals. Foote's "Mayor of Garratt," and the "Old Maid," were to be represented;—the part of the "Old Maid" was admirably acted by Lady Charlotte; but the favourite piece was the "Mayor of Garratt," which was thus cast:—

Major Sturgeon . . .	The EARL OF GUILFORD.
Sir Jacob Jollup . . .	Mr. KEMBLE.
Jerry Sneak	The Hon. BARRY ST. LEGER.
Mr. Bruin	The Hon. RICHARD ST. LEGER.
Crispin Heel-tap . . .	SIR WILLIAM GELL.
Roger	Mr. MICHAEL KELLY.
Mrs. Bruin	Mrs. KEMBLE.
Mrs. Sneak	LADY CHARLOTTE LINDSAY.

The noble Earl was an inimitable Major Sturgeon; Lady Charlotte, an excellent Mrs. Sneak;

the Honourable Barry St. Leger was extremely comical and effective; and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* were ably filled. But the *bonne bouche* of the whole, was the Sir Jacob Jollup of John Kemble, which he acted with the greatest gravity in a full bottomed wig. And never did he take more pains with Coriolanus at Covent Garden, than he did at Wroxton Abbey with Sir Jacob Jollup.

An old gentleman from Banbury, who had never seen Kemble act before, sat next him at supper; thinking to say something civil, he complimented him very much on his performance of Sir Jacob. "Sir," said he, "it was a fine piece of acting; but I always understood, that your powers lay more in the tragic than the comic line."

The sapient observation of this Banbury cake having been overheard, caused more laughter than even Kemble's performance.

There were two nights' performances at Wroxton; on the first, the theatre was open to his Lordship's tenantry, and the farmers and their daughters. After the performance there was a ball, where the servants exhibited high life below stairs, and tripped merrily away with their masters and mistresses; the Lord had, perhaps, a kitchen-maid for his partner —the Countess, a footman, or a groom,—a mélange which, it must be confessed, appeared highly agreeable to all parties;—then followed a plentiful sup-

per, at which they enjoyed themselves the remainder of the night.

The second day's performance was for the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood;—but the first audience was always the best pleased, and the loudest in applauding. The whole, however, was a scene of joy and hilarity; and his Lordship was delighted to witness the happiness which he diffused, and which was pourtrayed in every countenance.

Lord Guilford did not confine his theatricals solely to Wroxton Abbey. He treated his numerous tenants in Kent, and the nobility and gentry within many miles of his magnificent seat at Waldershare, with similar entertainments.

One time I was there, when O'Keefe's "Son-in-Law" was acted, in a manner to reflect credit on any regular theatre. Major Dawkins played the part of "Bowkit" admirably; indeed, he possesses a great deal of theatrical talent. My friend, Mr. Joseph Maddocks, was an excellent representative of "Arionelli," and "Orator Mum." I never on any stage witnessed a better representative in many of the scenes of "Falstaff." Had he made the stage his profession, in many characters he would have stood unrivalled. I have heard Mr. Sheridan say, that his performance of Sir Anthony Absolute was unique. I have seen him at the Marquis of Abercorn's, at the Priory, and thought Mr. Sheridan's

opinion very just. Lord Guilford's "Old Cranky," in "The Son-in-Law," was excellent; he gave the song with Stentorian lungs, and true humour. The whole fortnight I remained there, was nothing but festivity. Poor Mr. William Maddocks,* who was to have played the character of "Old Vinegar," was all the time laid up with the gout. But he wrote the following stanzas, which I set to music, and which were often sung in full chorus.

SONG.

Written by W. A. MADDOCKS, Esq. M.P., *and composed by* MICHAEL KELLY.

I.

I wish I had, I wish I had
  Some Muse as Clio fair,
My voice to raise, in lasting praise,
  Of festive Waldershare;
Here Comus and his jovial train
  Collect from day to day,
Reluctant all to part again,—
  Time only flies away.
        Chorus—I wish, &c.

II.

Here all the laughing Hours give birth
  To something ever new,
And Wisdom, in the mask of Mirth,
  Bids nonsense join the crew.

The Muses here the buskin fit,
  The Graces dance the hay,
Here gives the host to all, but wit,
  Eternal holiday.
Chorus—I wish, &c.

III.

Then sound the lay—then sound the lay,
  Aloud full chorus bear,
Commemorate this holiday,
  At festive Waldershare.
Long may the host and hostess know
  The same delight they give,
And may they, free from every woe,
  Long live, this life to live.
Chorus—Then sound the lay, &c.

On the 31st of January, 1811, a musical drama, called "The Peasant Boy," was brought out at the Lyceum Theatre, for which I composed the whole of the music. The piece had very good success.

In the middle of March, I composed the music to a ballet of Deshayes's composition, at the Opera House. It was a pretty pastoral, and pleased much.

On the 10th of June, 1811, an historical play, called "The Royal Oak," was produced at the Haymarket. To this drama, also, I composed the music. Elliston was the representative of the merry monarch, and it was an excellent piece of acting.

Connected with my recollections of this play,

is an anecdote relative to my deceased friend, Lady Hamilton, so characteristic of that talented, but unfortunate woman, and at the same time so demonstrative of her warmth of feeling, that I cannot suffer it to pass unrecorded.

I had composed a plaintive ballad in the second act, for a Miss Wheatley (formerly a pupil of Attwood's), who possessed a fine deep contre alto voice: —the poetry was descriptive of a warrior, who had fallen in recent battle. Upon the fifth representation of the new play, Lady Hamilton, with a party of friends, occupied one of the stage-boxes, appearing all gaiety and animation. Scarcely, however, had this ballad commenced, when she became tremulous and agitated; and at its conclusion, upon the *encore* being loudly demanded, she exclaimed, "For God's sake, remove me—I cannot bear it." Her terrified friends withdrew her from the box, whence she was immediately conveyed home in a fainting condition.

The following morning, Miss Wheatley received a note from her Ladyship, (to whom she had previously been unknown,) inviting her to her house, where, after complimenting her upon the force and feeling with which she had given the melody, she added, "The description brought our glorious Nelson with such terrible truth before my mind's eye, that you overwhelmed me at the mo-

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ment, but now I feel as if I could listen to you in that air for ever." She prevailed upon her visitor to repeat the ballad no less than four times at the piano-forte, "as if increase of appetite grew by what it fed upon."

Eventually, so powerful became this sentiment, that she induced Miss Wheatley to retire from the stage altogether, and accept, under her roof, the post of musical governess to the young Horatia Nelson, who had been confided to her Ladyship's guardianship. Not a day afterwards elapsed, but the favourite song was put in requisition. I published it under the title of "Rest, warrior, rest." It was generally esteemed one of my happiest efforts; and at the present day is perpetually performed at concerts and music-meetings, by that delightful singer, the charming Miss M. Tree, who has given it a renewed fashion and zest.

On the 1st of August, Mr. M. G. Lewis re-wrote his "Wood Dæmon;"—he only made use of the subject—several new characters were introduced;—nothing could be more effective. The piece was then called, "One o'Clock." In conjunction with M. P. King, I composed the music. It was got up with great splendour, and had a considerable run.

August 1811, Signora Bertinotti, Naldi, Signor Cavini, a very sweet tenor singer, and his wife, a very

pretty singer, and beautiful woman, Madame Naldi, Miss Naldi, and myself, were engaged by Mr. Jones to perform two Italian operas at the Dublin Theatre. One of them was "Il Furbo contro il Furbo;" the other, Mozart's "Così fan tutte." Signora Bertinotti, who was one of the most popular prima donnas on the Italian stage, pleased very much; but the houses not answering the expectations either of ourselves or Mr. Jones, we performed very few nights, and the party set off, *viâ* Belfast, for Scotland, to appear under the management of Corri, at Edinburgh; afterwards to go back to Liverpool for a few nights, and then return to London. It was proposed to me to accompany them, but I declined.

On the 5th of September, 1811, I made my last appearance on any stage, on the stage where I had made my first appearance, when a boy, in 1779. Mr. Bartlett Cooke accompanied me on the flute and hautboy, when I acted first in 1779, and when I last performed in 1811, both in my native city.

When I got to Shrewsbury, on my way from Holyhead to London, while supper was getting ready, I took up a London newspaper, and the first thing I saw struck me with astonishment; I read, in the Gazette, these portentous words—"Bankrupt, Michael Kelly, of Pall-Mall, music-seller,"—an announcement so unexpected, confounded me. I instantly wrote to my principal man of business,

who had the management of all my money transactions, (his name I shall not mention, for the sake of his family, part of which I know to be very respectable,) to know by whom the docket was struck. Unfortunately for me, I had reposed the greatest confidence in him, and would have trusted my life, as well as my property, in his hands. He was recommended to me by a particular friend, and came into my employ a poor man, but he left it amply stocked with every thing; and, *sans cérémonie*, took himself abroad.

I heard nothing more of him, until I was told that, from the badness of the climate to which he went, he was seized with illness, and there died.

When I got to town, I found the docket had been struck against me by a particular friend of his, on account of a dishonoured bill. It was certainly a planned thing: my solicitor, looking into my affairs (which I unluckily did not), found I was plunged, by my *fidus Achates*, deeper in the mire than I could possibly have imagined; and therefore advised me, though my property might have paid all demands three times over, and though I might have superseded the commission, to let the bankruptcy take its course,—and so I did,—and all the property in my saloon was disposed of, for one-tenth of its value.

To be a professional man, and a trader at the

same time, is, I believe, impossible; but this I found out too late; for if a man be fond of his profession, it must, and ought to engross all his time and thoughts; and, therefore, he is constantly liable to be cheated by his subordinates. To a man occupied in the service of the public, his mind fully occupied with the honourable ambition of standing well in their opinion, it is perfectly immaterial at the time, whether meat be four-pence or a shilling a pound, and so on in all other things; and from want of looking into his affairs, which prudence, not nearly allied to genius, requires him to do, he gets involved, and sinks deeper and deeper until he is gone past recovery, while those about him are revelling and fattening upon his credulity and inattention.

Locke says, in his "Conduct of the Human Understanding," that "let a man be much engaged in the contemplation of any one sort of knowledge, and that alone becomes every thing to him;" and from experience, in my own humble way, I found the philosopher's remark too true. It was, however, rather an odd coincidence, that the docket of my unconscious insolvency should have been struck against me, in London, on the 5th of September, 1811, the very day upon which I made my last appearance upon any stage, in Dublin.

The Drury Lane company ceased performing a

the Lyceum the 18th June, 1812, with the play of "John Bull," for the benefit of the British prisoners in France. On the 29th of the same month, that luminary of the British stage, Mrs. Siddons, took leave of the public at Covent Garden Theatre. I was determined to see her, and got into the orchestra. The play was "Macbeth;" she acted Lady Macbeth divinely, and looked as beautiful as ever: the house was crowded to excess. After her sleeping scene was concluded, the audience unanimously called for the curtain to drop, and would not allow the play to finish; a marked and just compliment to the most splendid actress the British stage ever possessed; and whose private character has little less contributed to the exaltation of the profession which she adorned, than the unrivalled greatness of her public talents.

On the 10th of October, 1812, New Drury Lane Theatre, built by Mr. Wyatt, one of the sons of the late well-known architect, opened with "Hamlet," under the immediate direction of the Honourable Thomas Brande, M.P. (now Lord Dacre,) Mr. Cavendish Bradshaw, the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird, Samuel Whitbread, Esq. William Adam, Esq. M.P. Alderman Coombe, M.P. Mr. Peter Moore, Richard Sharpe, Esq. M.P. Richard Wilson, Esq. Lord Holland, Captain Bennett, Launcelot Holland, Esq. Sir Robert Barclay, Bart. George

Templar, Esq. Thomas Hope, Esq. John Dent, Esq. M.P. the Right Honourable John Mac Mahon, M.P. Mr. Richard Ironmonger, Mr. Ward, Mr. Crawford, and George William Leeds, Esq. The novelty of the house drew full audiences during the season, under the management of Mr. Arnold.

On the 25th November, 1813, was produced at Drury Lane, a musical piece, written by Mr. Arnold, called "Illusion." The subject was taken from the popular tale of "Nourjahad," written by Mr. Sheridan's mother, the authoress of "Sidney Biddulph," &c. I composed the music; it was received with great applause.

On Wednesday, 1st December, 1813, an Ode was performed at Freemasons' Hall, for the Installation of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent and Strathern, as Grand Master of Masons in England, according to the old institution. The Ode recited by brother Pope; the music composed by brother Kelly. The military band of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, who were Masons, attended; together with several eminent professional singers; and the whole formed a grand *coup-d'œil.* Brother Bellamy sang the following song with great animation, and it was received with unanimous applause:—

SONG.

" Mountains may fall, and rocks decay,
And isle on isle be swept away,—
But Masonry's primeval truth,
Unbroke by force, unchanged by time,
Shall bloom in renovated youth,
And energy sublime."

The following duet met with the same meed of approbation :—

" For see! from Heaven the peaceful dove
With olive branch descend ;
Augustus shall with Edward join,
All rivalry to end ;
And taught by their fraternal love,
Our arms, our hearts shall intertwine,
The union to approve.

" Then Edward and Augustus hail!
For now beneath the Brunswick line,
One system shall prevail ;
O'er all the earth, with truths divine,
Shall Masonry extend its sway,
Till time itself shall pass away
In unity to shine."

FULL CHORUS.

' Then, brothers, hail the kind decree
That gave them both to—Masonry."

The 23rd January, 1813, Mr. Coleridge produced, at Drury Lane, his tragedy entitled "Remorse." There were some musical situations in the play which I had to compose. The poetry of the incantation was highly animating; it was sung by Mrs. Bland, with all the refreshing purity of her unsophisticated style, and with that chaste expression and tenderness of feeling which speak at once as it were to the heart. The chorus of boatmen chaunting on the water under the convent walls, and the distant peal of the organ, accompanying the monks while singing within the convent chapel, seemed to overcome and soothe the audience; a thrilling sensation appeared to pervade the great mass of congregated humanity, and, during its performance, it was listened to with undivided attention, as if the minds and hearts of all were rivetted and enthralled by the combination presented to their notice; and at the conclusion the applause was loud and protracted.

I was fortunate enough to hear, from the highly-talented author of the play, that my music was every thing he could have wished. I felt this as a high compliment from Mr. Coleridge; for I understood, when he was in Sicily, and other parts of Italy, he had this "*Miserere, Domine*" set to music by different Italian composers, none of whom satisfied him by giving his poetry the musical expression which he desired.

On the 16th June, 1813, I took my annual benefit at Drury Lane, and brought out the sequel to the "Beggar's Opera" (Gay's "Polly,") altered by Mr. Horace Smith, one of the authors of "The Rejected Addresses;" but the subject was a bad one. I composed new music to it, but it did not succeed, and was withdrawn.

There was, about this time, a law-suit to come on, in Dublin, in which I was subpœnaed, against a Mr. Hime, a music-seller in Dublin, who had pirated and published a number of my compositions. I was labouring under severe illness at the time, and was attended daily by my worthy friend, Dr. Hooper; however, I had promised to go, let the consequence be what it might. On the 13th July, I left Tavistock Row for Dublin, in a travelling-carriage, in company with Mrs. Horrebow, Mr. Addison, and Henry Horrebow.

I travelled slowly, and by short stages, (still being very ill,) and on the seventh day, reached Holyhead, and put up at the Stanley Arms, kept by Mr. Spenser, from whom, and his family, I received the greatest possible attention. I remained nine weeks in his house, as I was unable to cross the sea, I was told, without the risk of my life.

While I was there, a little fellow, a great ally of mine, called upon me every morning. In his person he verified the old adage, that every eye

forms its own beauty. This said droll little fellow, surnamed, by the inhabitants of Holyhead, "Billy-in-the-bowl," though a dwarf, having lost both his legs, or rather, never having had any, went crawling about, literally seated in a bowl-dish; yet, in spite of his deformities, he captivated the heart of a beautiful Welch girl, who would have him for better for worse. Her father, a wealthy farmer, offered to give her a good fortune, and a young and handsome man for her husband; but no! she would have Billy-in-the-bowl. She bore him two fine boys, and is, I am told, even now, very jealous of him.

On the 25th of August, being somewhat restored to health, though still afflicted with the gout, and unable to venture on a sea voyage, I quitted Holyhead for the Earl of Guilford's seat, Wroxton Abbey.

We crossed Bangor Ferry, and I sent Henry Horrebow on to Jackson's, to get horses; those which brought us from Gwyndee we left on the other side of the ferry. I was yet on the beach alone, in the carriage, unable to move, owing to my gout. The tide was coming in rapidly; no appearance of a human being to extricate me from what, I thought, a perilous situation; for every moment I expected the carriage would be afloat, and carried down the stream. At length,

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by the arrival of horses, I was relieved from my apprehensions, and proceeded on my way to Auber, about eight miles from Bangor, where I dined and slept at the Bull, a charming Welch inn—the accommodation excellent,—and the situation tranquil and picturesque.

The road from Auber to Conway Ferry is beautiful. The view of the sea, on one side, and a highly-cultivated country on the other, with the lofty mountain of Penman Maur, towering to the skies, form indeed a splendid prospect; and to add to the earthly beauties round me, the morning was serene, with a true Neapolitan sky.

I crossed the ferry in the carriage; and when passing Conway Castle, the place where (in the "Castle Spectre,") it was supposed, "Megin ho, Megin he," was sung, it gave me great delight to recal the melody, nor could I resist singing it all through; while the boatmen and passengers, who of course did not participate in the feelings by which I was actuated, seemed much astonished, and, by their silence, not ill pleased at the animated manner in which I was singing.

In getting near the shore, I observed a picturesque castle, about half a mile from the place at which we were to land; I inquired of one of the boatmen, to whom it belonged; and at that moment, a pleasure

boat being alongside of the ferry boat, a gentleman who was in it, dressed like a sailor, jumped up, and addressing me, said, "That castle belongs to Lord Kirkwall, who is expected there to-morrow; and I am sure his Lordship will be most happy to see Mr. Kelly, as long as he can make it convenient to remain with him. In the mean time, Mr. Kelly, if you will do me the favour to come into my boat, and join our fishing-party, I shall be happy to give you a bed at my house, and a hearty welcome, and in the morning will accompany you to Lord Kirkwall's."

I returned the gentleman my acknowledgments for his politeness, but excused myself, as I was in a great hurry to continue my journey on pressing business.

On inquiring of the boatmen who the gentleman was, they told me it was Colonel Lloyd, who had a beautiful house near the ferry.

On the 28th of August I got to Warwick, dined and slept at the Warwick Arms, and the next day reached Wroxton Abbey to dinner, where I was received by the noble host and hostess with their usual kindness and attention. On the 3rd of September, I went with Lord Guilford to Banbury, where, as Lord High Steward, he gave a dinner to the mayor and aldermen, with whom he was wonderfully popular. I remained at Wroxton till the end of September.

The day before I took my departure, my ever-kind patron said to me, "My dear Mic, do not be in such a hurry to leave us; stay here a fortnight longer; stay a month; or (at the same time shaking me by the hand), stay here for ever. When we were riding the other day near the entrance of the park, you were admiring a spot of ground there, and saying, how happy you should be to spend the remainder of your days there; and so you shall, if you keep in the same mind. You have no family; I will build you a cottage on that very spot, where you shall not have the trouble of going up and down stairs; you shall have a garden, and a paddock for a poney, and a cow attached to it; remember this is a serious promise; and, whenever you quit public life, I will fulfil it: we will be neighbours, Mic; my wife shall sing with you, my chaplain shall drink with you, and I will talk with you."

This liberal offer, and the kind-hearted manner in which it was made, deeply affected me. But death deprived me of my patron and friend. He went to Italy, where he died on the 28th of January, 1817, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, esteemed and regretted by all who had the happiness of being acquainted with the qualities of his head and heart. His amiable Countess did not long survive his lamented loss.

On the 26th of January, 1814, I had the pleasure

to witness the first appearance of Mr. Kean, as Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice," and was delighted with the performance of my original Cupid in "Cymon." There was not a good house, but the audience gave him that applause, on his *entrée*, which they are always liberal enough to bestow on a first appearance; but during the principal part of his scenes in the play, and at his exit, the applause lasted for some moments.

It is pretty generally known, that Mr. Whitbread received a letter from the Rev. Dr. Drury, recommending Mr. Kean in such strong terms to Drury Lane Theatre, that Mr. Whitbread requested Mr. Arnold to go to Dorchester (I think) to see, and engage him for Drury Lane: Mr. Arnold dined with me on the very day he set off on his mission. He saw Mr. Kean in a principal part in a play, and after it, as Harlequin, in a pantomime:—in the latter character, he is universally allowed to have no competitor. Mr. Arnold, with a discerning eye, saw his merit, and offered him terms for Drury Lane, which he could not accept; as a few days previous to Mr. Arnold's seeing him, he had engaged himself to the manager of the Olympic Theatre, in Wych Street, as principal Harlequin, and to superintend the getting up of the pantomimes, for which he was to receive two or three pounds per week. Mr. Arnold and the Drury Lane Commit-

tee made interest with the proprietor of the Olympic, to let Kean off his engagement, which he liberally consented to do.

I was present at his first appearance in "Richard the Third;" there was a crowded house, and I believe that his acting that part drew more money to the treasury than any other actor's ever did. I wrote to him, to know if he had ever been in Ireland; in his reply he informed me he had been to Waterford, but never to Dublin. I wrote to my friend Jones, recommending him strongly to make him the best offer his theatre could afford, as I was sure he would draw him full houses every night. Mr. Jones wrote to me immediately, saying, he would give him similar terms to those which Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble had. Kean accepted them, and set off for Dublin, accompanied by my friend, Pope, who was also instrumental in procuring him the engagement. He drew a crowded audience every time he acted: Pope performed with him in all his plays, and for his reward had a good house at his benefit.

In my humble opinion, Kean's acting in the third act of "Othello," is his best performance. The first night he acted it at Drury Lane, I sat in my seat in the orchestra, which was appropriated to me, as Director of the Music; and next to me was Lord Byron, who said, "Mr. Kelly, depend upon it, this is a man of genius."

Mr. Sheridan, though very curious to see him, would not go to the theatre; having made a vow, in consequence of some offence he had received from the Committee of Management, never to enter its walls. Mrs. Sheridan, who at this time was very ill, and confined for many weeks, had also a great curiosity to see Mr. Kean perform the part of "Othello;" but as she could not venture to the theatre, Mr. Sheridan requested Kean to come to his house, and read the play; which he did.

The following day I saw Sheridan, and asked his opinion of Kean; he told me he was very much pleased with him—that he had once studied the part of Othello himself, to act at Sir Watkin William Wynn's private theatre, in Wales; and that Kean's conception of Othello was the precise counterpart of his own. This, which, as it was intended, no doubt, for a compliment, would have sounded like vanity in any body else, in a man of Mr. Sheridan's acknowledged ability, must have been highly flattering to Mr. Kean. I have always considered Mr. Kean an actor of great genius; but I feel much pleasure in mentioning a trait in his private character, which came under my own cognizance. There was a Mr. Conyngham, a native of Ireland, who, in former days, I remember a favourite with the Irish audience, and for many years a member of the

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Bath company. He was acting at Brighton—his circumstances were not the most flourishing, and a good benefit would, he said, release him from all his embarrassments. A brother actor advised him to write to Mr. Kean; for if he would come and act for his benefit, he might be assured of an overflowing house.

"My good fellow," replied Conyngham, "I should be afraid to make so bold a request. It is true, at one time, when we were acting together, we were very intimate, and he was a good-natured fellow; but Ned Kean, then the strolling-player, and Mr. Kean, the prop of Drury Lane Theatre, are not one and the same person."

Conyngham, however, was persuaded to write to Kean, and received the following letter in reply, which I have read.

"Dear Tom,

"I am sorry that you are not as comfortable in life as I wish you; put me up for any of my plays next Thursday, and I shall be most happy to act for your benefit. In the mean time, accept the enclosed trifle to make the pot boil."

The enclosure was a ten-pound note.

On the Thursday he arrived at Brighton, and his performance drew poor Conyngham an overflowing audience. But nothing could induce him to accept one sixpence for his travelling or other incidental

expenses:—to descant on the kindness of such an action is useless—it speaks for itself.

On the 16th of June, Drury Lane was honoured with the presence of the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia; and, on the 17th, they conferred the same honour on Covent Garden Theatre. Their reception by the audience was enthusiastic.

This season, my worthy friends, John Bannister, Mr. Heath, the eminent engraver, and Mr. Nield, the solicitor, made a party to go to Paris.—I agreed to accompany them; and took Henry Horrebow, then quite a boy, with us. None of the party, with the exception of myself, could speak French. However, we had a delightful journey. We stopped a day and a half at Calais, where I hired an excellent roomy post-coach, with three horses; and made an agreement, that we should be set down on the fourth day at Paris, or be on the road eight days—at our option;—the latter seemed most agreeable to my party, as they wished to see every thing worth looking at on the road, and none of us were pressed for time.

Our coachman, with whom I made the agreement, was very communicative. One part of the road, between Calais and Boulogne, was rather bad. Our coachman was walking by the side of the coach, and I was singing the romance, in "Richard Cœur de Lion."—"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed coachee; *sur*

mon honneur, vous chantez très-bien—and sing as if you knew music too. *Allons, donc—ventre bleu*—let you and I sing a duet."

"With all my soul," said I.

He asked me if I knew the duet in the Opera of "Nina." I told him I did.

"*Allons donc, commencez*," said he; and to it we went, pell-mell—he had a strong bass voice, and sang perfectly in tune. After the duet, he sang the songs of "O, Richard! O, mon Roi!" and the chanson, "Je suis Lindor," with excellent expression, and much to our astonishment.

We arrived at Boulogne-sur-mer, and alighted at Mrs. Parker's Hotel, where we had an excellent dinner, and good beds; and set off early the next morning for Montreuil. We here lost our chaunting guide, which I at first regretted; his successor was quite a young man, very good-natured, and of engaging manners; so much so, that we christened him Le Fevre. While we were at breakfast, I expressed my surprise to Le Fevre, at hearing the coachman, who drove us from Calais to Boulogne sing so well. "Sir," said he, "that *gentleman* is considered, amongst us, a perfectly good musician. A few years back, he was a captain in the army, but very dissipated and wild—in short, there was no end to his extravagance. His father left him a pretty patrimony, which he soon got rid of; and

for reasons, with which I am not acquainted, he was obliged to give up his commission, and leave the army, and now gains his living by driving a coach between Calais and Boulogne; but let him only have his music, his brandy, and his pipe, he will sing, drink, and smoke day and night, and seems the happiest man in all France."

At that time, recent as is the date of the occurrence, reverses like these were not so common in England as they are now; at present, extravagance in time of war, and half-pay in time of peace, have driven men to drive coaches, who had every just expectation at one time of keeping them; but, "all the world's a stage," and it is not at all anomalous, to find some obliged to take up with the commonest fare; nor is any employment, for the support of a family, to be considered dishonourable, which is not dishonest.

At Montreuil, we went to the hotel kept by the two Brothers with enormous Cocked Hats;—the eldest, near ninety years of age, in full possession of all his faculties, was as garrulous as need be. He seemed very proud of having known Sterne, with whom, he told us, he had conversed, and whom he remembered perfectly.

I would advise those who are fond of good-living, and particularly of woodcock-pies, to dine at Mon-

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treuil,—the younger Cocked Hat is esteemed a perfect *cordon bleu* in cookery.

We slept at Abbeville, at the Hôtel de l'Europe, an excellent house. We took luncheon at Beauvais, where it was market-day; and the street, in which our inn was situated, was crowded with market-people, listening to a French ballad-singer, roaring away on the steps of the coffee-house, opposite to our inn. I was in high spirits, and determined to rival the said Stentorian ballad-singer; so I mounted the steps, and sang a strophe of a French song. The crowd gave me great applause, and loud cheering; so much indeed, that the mistress of the coffee-house declared, that if I would remain at Beauvais, and sing to the frequenters of her coffee-room, she would board and lodge me, free of expense.

After loitering on the road for six days, on the seventh (Sunday) we arrived at Paris, where lodgings had been taken for us by the elder Vestris, close to the Boulevard du Temple, which were very comfortable. We passed a delightful time while we remained at Paris.

We went one evening to the Théâtre Vaudeville, and saw the first representation of "La Route à Paris." Joly, the favourite actor, played several characters in different disguises. His personification

of an English gouty Lord, was perfect. Bannister thought him excellent. Madame Belmont, the original Fanchon, belonged to this theatre; and is an excellent actress, and a fine woman. We also witnessed the first representation of the "Two Boxers," at the Théâtre des Variétés, performed by those two excellent comic actors, Brunet and Potier. In the line of simple characters, there are no actors like them,—they are real comedians, without buffoonery or grimace.

We accompanied Mr. Heath on a visit to the late Monsieur Denon, the once favourite of Buonaparte. He resided in a fine house upon the Quai Voltaire, furnished in a style of the greatest magnificence. His oictures, prints, cameos, intaglios, statues, &c. were of the first description. Indeed, when accompanying Buonaparte in Egypt, Italy, &c. he had the picking and choosing of the best; and, to do him justice, he did not appear to have forgotten number one.

He received us with the greatest politeness, inquired most affectionately after Mr. Heath's son, with whom he was very well acquainted; and spoke with the most unqualified praise of his talents as an artist, and the amiability of his character as a private individual.

Denon's countenance was replete with intelligence and genius. I introduced Bannister to him, as one

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of our first-rate actors:—he said, of that he had no doubt, as Mr. Bannister had a fine stage face, and the eye of a good comedian. He gave us recommendations, for the purpose of viewing all the public institutes, colleges, mint, &c. in Paris, which were of great service to us, as they gave us an *entrée* to all those places. We were daily visitors at the Louvre, and were, of course, highly delighted with the works there. Mr. Glover, the English artist, had permission to copy some pictures, and was every day to be seen at work in the gallery. I met there, one morning, my countryman, of whom I have before spoken, Mr. Curran. I asked his opinion of Paris; he replied, that he thought it a mixture of dirt and magnificence—that some of their buildings were very superb, but when once seen, that was sufficient for him; for his own part, he had not the smallest wish to *encore* a building.

My friend, Madame Grassini, was living in the Rue d'Anjou. I dined with her, in company with the celebrated composer Paër, an excellent and jolly fellow. I have seen him take his bottle of champagne, and two of burgundy; after coffee, two or three glasses of brandy, by way of *chasse*, quit the table as sober as a judge, and sit down to the pianoforte, on which instrument he excelled; he also sang with infinite grace and expression.

In the evening, Madame Grassini had a musical

party, at which I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, who, extraordinary to say, had, during the whole period of the Revolution, remained at their house in the *Rue d'Anjou*, unmolested by any of the different ruling powers. Grassini, at this period, renewed her engagement for the ensuing season, at the Opera House, with Mr. Waters.

My party were very much struck with the waterworks of Marly, the magnificence of Versailles, the Petite Trianon, Malmaison, and St. Cloud; the latter was my favourite. We were shewn every thing worth seeing, and, amongst other curiosities, the chair in which Buonaparte used to sit when he held a council. The person who explained every thing to us, made us examine the number of notches made in it by Buonaparte, who, while giving audience, or transacting business, had a habit of holding a penknife in his hand, and was continually making cuts in the chair, more or less, as he felt pleased, or otherwise. It was said, that when in the council chamber, he would never sit in any other chair. Our cicerone informed us, that he was seated in it when he gave an audience to the Russian ambassador; and on giving him a paper, said "Read, sign, and be off." That was said to be the only conversation which passed between them; and from the tyrant's genuine character, it seems very pro-

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bable to have been so.—The ambassador made no reply, and retired.

The day after our return from St. Cloud, we went to the fair of Vincennes, which was crowded with booths, mountebanks, puppet-shows, &c. From this merry scene we turned to the mournful task of viewing the castle of Vincennes; and the spot where the ill-fated Duke d'Enghien was, by the sanguinary orders of Buonaparte, barbarously murdered.

Bannister and Heath were obliged to return to England,—the former to fulfil his engagements, and the latter upon business. The last day they remained in Paris, we devoted to see Montmartre; the view of Paris, from the summit of which, is very magnificent.

I was one evening in company, at Madame Grassini's, with a Parisian lady, who had just returned from London, where she had been passing the winter. I asked her how she liked that city?—"To say the truth," she replied, "I like two things in London passing well; *par exemple*,—the pavement of your streets, and the mock turtle of your kitchens; in every thing else, Paris is far preferable. I stopped some days longer in England than I at first intended, out of curiosity to see the sun; but the whole time I was there, he never was complai-

sant enough to make his appearance." And yet I was informed this lady was a person of some consideration in Paris, and reckoned mighty clever.

My friends took their departure for Rouen, in their way to Dieppe. I had some business to detain me in Paris a week longer, and then purposed following them; but on the eve of my leaving Paris, I was seized with the gout, and kept my bed for ten days. When I was able to move, I hired a cabriolet, and with Henry Horrebow, set off post for Rouen. The first day I was in such pain I could not get farther than Pontoise, a town famous for the excellence of its veal. The next day I reached Rouen, and put up at the Hôtel de France, an excellent house. The peasants of Normandy seemed to enjoy themselves; for, in every village through which I passed, they were either dancing or playing at various games. I got to a late dinner at Dieppe, and truly glad I was, as my gout was increasing. My hotel on the quay was lively enough; I saw every thing passing, and remained there five days, waiting for a fair wind for Brighton; and, what was rather strange to meet with in France, I got some of the finest old port wine I ever tasted.

There were three professors of music from London, of the name of Harris, waiting at Dieppe, as well as myself, for a fair wind, who did me the favour every evening to come and sit with me, and

were very agreeable company. On the fifth evening, the wind being fair, the Neptune packet was to sail for Brighton. Though unable to move hand or foot, I was determined to go in it; and was carried, in great torture, by four seamen, on board, and packed into my birth. If to have a seventeen hours' rough passage, a violent sea sickness, with a twinging fit of the gout at the same time, be not enough to put a poor fellow's patience to the proof, I know not what is. I sent Henry with the passengers on shore in the first boat to procure a carriage, as I could not walk; and remained on board the packet until he returned with a sedan-chair for me on the beach. I was lifted from the packet into the boat; and luckily Mr. Addison, who was walking on the beach at the time, ran to the Old Ship, and secured me accommodations there. I got better every hour; and the kind attention paid me by Mr. Shugard, the landlord, Mrs. Shugard, and all their family, I shall always be happy to acknowledge.

I found, at Brighton, my friends Philips, Mrs. Philips, Miss Johnstone (now Mrs. Wallack), Messrs. Maddocks, Charles Mathews, Mrs. Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. Poole, and some Irish friends, all forming a party at a boarding-house on the Grand Parade. They were like one family; the mistress of the house, a Mrs. White, kept an excel-

lent and plentiful table. Mathews was in excellent spirits, and kept every one alive: there was only one damper, in the shape of an old East Indian officer, just returned from Calcutta, who was most unbending, and did not in the least relish their innocent mirth, for the slightest noise brought on a fit of bile; so that for fear of being disturbed at night, he never went to his bed until every inmate, servants and all, were in theirs.

His bed-chamber adjoined the dining parlour: my friends were kind enough to wish me to join their social party, but that was not feasible, as there was no bed-room in the house unoccupied; however, they determined among themselves to have me *in*, and the Nabob *out*; for which purpose, at the solemn hour of midnight, when all the house were thought to be at rest, Mathews left his room, and on the stair-case began howling and barking in different tones, in imitation of a kennel of hounds, and squalling and mewing with all his might, like a dozen of wild cats. The Nabob was terrified, and declared the next morning at breakfast, that he would not pass such another miserable night to be made Commander-in-Chief. The second night he had another dose, if possible, more potent than the first. The scheme succeeded; for the following morning the restless Nabob requested Mrs. White to let him give up his bed-room in the house, and

remain with her as a boarder only. He took a lodging in the next street, and I became possessed of his bed-chamber. He soon found out the cause of the noises, which, he said, at first he implicitly believed came from a legion of demons. I thought myself extremely fortunate in becoming his *locum tenens*, a situation which I could not have attained but for the excellent imitations of my friend Mathews, combined with the good wishes of my other friends, who were inmates of the house.

At the theatre at Brighton, Mr. Harley (then a provincial performer in Mr. Trotter's company) was acting. I went to see him in "Bombastes Furioso," in which he introduced a song of his own writing to Braham's air, "Said a smile to a tear," from the opera of "False Alarms." His acting and singing pleased me so much, that I wrote the next day to Mr. Arnold, recommending him as a most promising subject, more particularly for his own theatre, the English Opera House; and strenuously advised him to engage Harley without delay. By return of post, I received Mr. Arnold's reply, enclosing his proposals for an engagement, which Mr. Harley accepted. The rapid strides he has made, and is still making, in the good opinion of the public, and his employers, prove that my early opinion of his merits was not without foundation; and I am happy to have been, in some degree, instrumental in intro-

ducing so useful an actor, and worthy a young man, to the London stage. He made his first appearance in London, at the English Opera House, on the 15th of July, 1815, in the part of Marcelli, in the opera of "The Devil's Bridge."

I remained at Brighton, until summoned by Mr. Arnold to Drury Lane, to get up and superintend the music in Macbeth, which was to be produced with uncommon splendour for Mr. Kean. I had all the principal vocal performers in the choruses; who all, as well as a numerous list of choral singers, both male and female, took infinite pains to execute the charming productions in a style unequalled in my remembrance; and the enthusiastic applause which the audience gave them, was commensurate with their merits. It was a rare and novel sight, to see so great a body of English chorus singers on the stage, full of appropriate and animated action. Yet in the instance I speak of, such things were; I cannot say such things are,—they find it, perhaps, too troublesome.

I went to see the first appearance of my countrywoman, Miss O'Neil, who made her *entrée* at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 6th of October, 1814; and had the satisfaction of finding her received by the audience with the admiration and applause which she ever afterwards deservedly enjoyed until her retirement from the stage, on her marriage.

Though I had not the pleasure of being personally

acquainted with Miss O'Neil, I felt a great interest for her success. The following anecdote, I believe very little known in the theatrical world, I had from Mr. Jones, the patentee of Crow-street Theatre. Miss Walstein, who was the heroine of the Dublin stage, and a great and deserved favourite, was to open the theatre, in the character of Juliet. Mr. Jones received an intimation from Miss Walstein, that without a certain increase of salary, and other privileges, she would not come to the house. Mr. Jones had arrived at the determination to shut up his theatre, sooner than submit to what he thought an unwarrantable demand; when Mac Nally, the box-keeper, who had been the bearer of Miss Walstein's message, told Mr. Jones, "that it would be a pity to close the house, and that there was a remedy, if Mr. Jones chose to avail himself of it."

"The girl, Sir," said he, "who has been so often strongly recommended to you as a promising actress, is now at an hotel in Dublin, with her father and brother, where they have just arrived, and is proceeding to Drogheda, to act at her father's theatre there. I have heard it said, by persons who have seen her, that she plays Juliet extremely well, and is very young and very pretty. I am sure she would be delighted to have the opportunity of appearing before a Dublin audience; and, if you please, I will make her the proposal."

The proposal was made, and accepted; and on the

following Saturday *the girl,* who was Miss O'Neil, made her *début* on the Dublin stage as Juliet. The audience were delighted; she acted the part several nights, and Mr. Jones offered her father and brother engagements on very liberal terms, which were thankfully accepted.

In Dublin, she was not only a great favourite in tragedy, but also in many parts of genteel comedy. I have there seen her play "Letitia Hardy;" she danced very gracefully, and introduced my song, "In the rough blast heaves the billows," originally sung by Mrs. Jordan, at Drury Lane, which she sang so well, as to produce a general call for its repetition from the audience. She was, in private life, highly esteemed for her many amiable qualities. Her engagement in Dublin wafted Miss Walstein from Dublin, (where she had been for many years the heroine of Crow Street) to Drury Lane, where she made her appearance as Calista, in "The Fair Penitent," on the 13th of November, 1814, but only remained one season.

On the 7th of February, 1815, Miss Mellon quitted the stage—she made her last appearance at Drury Lane, in the character of Aubrey, in "As you like it."

On the 29th of March, Mr. Arnold produced the opera, entitled "The Unknown Guest;" the subject was taken from a French drama, and managed

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by Mr. Arnold with great adroitness. There were some excellent dramatic situations, and some good poetry—he rendered the piece attractive for a few nights—the music I composed.

On the 4th of May, Mrs. Mountain had a benefit at the Opera House, and retired from the stage.

On the 1st of June, 1815, the drama sustained an irreparable loss in the retirement of the worthy, honest, Jack Bannister, esteemed, beloved, and respected: his career on the stage was long and successful. He made his *entrée* before the public, at the Little Theatre, in the Haymarket, in the character of Dick, in Murphy's farce of "The Apprentice," on the 27th of August, 1778. I lived in habits of intimacy with him for many years; and he has often mentioned to me Mr. Garrick's partiality for him, who thought his talents much more calculated for tragedy than comedy. He played Zaphne, in "Mahomet," "Hamlet," and many other tragic characters. But at last, his comic powers were called into action. In "Dabble, the Dentist," in my good and kind friend, Mr. Cobb's farce of "The Humourist," and Tim Tartlet, in "The First Floor," he burst on the town as a low comedian. On the demise of Edwin, the wide range of comic characters, so ably performed by that truly eccentric actor, at the

Little Theatre, in the Haymarket, devolved upon Bannister. In Bowkit, in "The Son-in-Law," "Peeping Tom," &c. he was eminently successful. In "The Prize," in "Of Age To-morrow;" and in a number of characters, in the *outré* line of acting, he had no competitor; but, his great part of all, was Walter, in "The Children in the Wood." I saw him in that character, the first night it came out, at the Haymarket, and witnessed also his last appearance in it for his benefit, at Drury Lane; and he then acted the part as finely as on the first night of its representation. With extreme emotion, but with a firm tone of voice, at the close of the afterpiece, he advanced to the audience, whom he addressed, in a speech, the latter part of which I fully recollect:—his words were—"Consideration of health warns me to retire;—your patronage has given me the means of doing so with comfort. This moment of quitting you, nearly overcomes me. At a period when gratitude and respect call upon me, to express my feelings with more eloquence than I could ever boast, those feelings deprive me of half the humble powers I may possess on ordinary occasions. Farewell, my kind,—my dear benefactors."

At the conclusion of his speech, he bowed respectfully to the audience, and was led off

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by all the performers of the Theatre, who attended to witness his farewell. No performer ever quitted the stage more deservedly respected or regretted. He had been seven and thirty years on Drury Lane stage; and, I am happy to say, that, independent of a few attacks of the gout, which all virtuous persons are more or less subject to, he enjoys the comfort of his well-earned fortune, surrounded by his amiable wife and family: that he may long continue to do so, is my most ardent prayer.

This season was also the last of Mr. Wroughton's appearance on the stage. He was a most intimate friend of Bannister—they were scarcely ever to be seen asunder. I used to nick-name them "Orestes and Pylades." Wroughton was for many years stage-manager of Drury Lane Theatre, and had also been, for a number of years, proprietor of Sadler's Wells, and was supposed to have made a great deal of money by that place of amusement. Wroughton was a sterling, sound, sensible performer—he never gave offence as an actor; and in many parts was truly good. His Sir John Restless, in "All in the Wrong,"—Ford, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," were among them. But, in my opinion, his performance of the part of Darlemont, in the play of "Deaf and Dumb," was a master-

piece of the art, and ranked with Cooke's Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, Kemble's Penruddock, or Dowton's Doctor Cantwell.

The stage, this season, nearly sustained a loss in Miss Kelly; for, while acting in O'Keefe's farce of "The Merry Mourners," a pistol-shot was fired at her from the pit, on the 17th of February, 1816, at Drury Lane Theatre, by a Mr. Barnet, who, when taken into custody, proved to be a complete maniac. I was at the theatre at the time.

Mrs. Siddons re-appeared at Covent Garden Theatre (by the express desire of Her Royal Highness the late Princess Charlotte of Wales, who expressed a wish to see her perform Lady Macbeth), on the 16th of June, 1816; but the sudden indisposition of the Princess Charlotte, prevented Her Royal Highness attending the theatre that evening.

I had now to experience the loss of a true and sincere friend, in the death of that great man, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who expired at his house in Saville Row, on the 7th July, 1816, aged sixty-five. The body was removed to the house of Mr. Peter Moore, Member for Coventry, and thence the Saturday following to Westminster Abbey, near those of Addison, Garrick, and Cumberland, followed by the Dukes of York and Sussex. The pall was borne by the Duke

of Bedford, Lord Holland, Earl of Mulgrave, Earl of Lauderdale, the Bishop of London, and Lord Robert Spencer. His son, Mr. Charles Brinsley Sheridan, was chief mourner, supported by Mr. Henry Ogle, The Honourable Edward Bouverie, Mr. William Linley, Sir Charles Asgill, Bart. Mr. Charles Ward; followed by a numerous train of the admirers of his splendid talents. Where the body lies, there is a plain flat stone, with this inscription:—

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN,

Born 1751; Died 7th July, 1816.

This Marble is the Tribute of an attached Friend,

PETER MOORE.

There were reports industriously circulated through the kingdom, that Mr. Sheridan, in his latter moments, was left in want of the common necessaries of life; and the malignant propagators of the report, went so far to gratify their own malice, as to assert that he called for a lemon, when exhausted with thirst, and that neither he, nor those about him, had the means of procuring him one. I, amongst a thousand others, heard this foolish tale asserted; but I can solemnly aver, from my own knowledge, and from

the evidence of those who were nearest and dearest to him, and who remained with him in his last moments, that all such reports were groundless, and fabricated for the most atrocious purposes of scandal.

These dealers in malignity stated, that the sum of two hundred pounds was conveyed to Mr. Sheridan in a way that wounded his feelings, and returned by his direction, with the resentment of wounded pride. It is true, the money was sent, but in a totally different manner to that described, and returned in a totally different manner to what the world was taught to believe. The real fact is, that Mr. Sheridan's physician, then attending him, and also one of his most intimate friends, undertook to deliver it back to the illustrious donor, and, with all respect, to assure him that Mr. Sheridan was in want of no pecuniary assistance.

I sent, a few days before he died, for his own man, who was in attendance on him during the whole of his illness, and whom I knew to be faithfully attached to his master. He can testify that I entreated him to inform me if his master was in want of any comforts, for with any thing my means would afford I would furnish him; but not to let him or the family know it came from me. John assured me that his master was in want of nothing, and that those who had reported to the contrary, and made up libelous and

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injurious tales upon the subject, spoke falsely, and were base calumniators.

The loss I sustained by Mr. Sheridan's death, I can but faintly depict: he was, as a companion and friend, to me beyond measure invaluable; his readiness and taste were conspicuous; his wit, though luxuriant and unbounded, never intrusive; and during the five and twenty years through which I enjoyed his friendship and society, I never heard him say a single word that could wound the feelings of a human being.

His quickness in writing may be judged of by the circumstances I have already mentioned, relative to the state in which his "Pizarro" was produced, and he made a similar exertion at the time he brought out "The Critic." Two days previous to the performance, the last scene was not written; Dr. Ford and Mr. Linley, the joint proprietors, began to get nervous and fidgetty, and the actors were absolutely *au désespoir*, especially King, who was not only stage-manager, but had to play Puff; to him was assigned the duty of hunting down and worrying Sheridan about the last scene; day after day passed, until, as I have just said, the last day but two arrived, and it made not its appearance.

At last, Mr. Linley, who being his father-in-law, was pretty well aware of his habits, hit upon a stratagem. A night rehearsal of "The Critic" was

ordered, and Sheridan, having dined with Linley, was prevailed upon to go; while they were on the stage, King whispered Sheridan that he had something particular to communicate, and begged he would step into the second green-room. Accordingly, Sheridan went, and there found a table, with pens, ink, and paper, a good fire, an armed chair at the table, and two bottles of claret, with a dish of anchovy sandwiches. The moment he got into the room, King stepped out, and locked the door; immediately after which, Linley and Ford came up and told the author that, until he had written the scene, he would be kept where he was.

Sheridan took this decided measure in good part; he ate the anchovies, finished the claret, wrote the scene, and laughed heartily at the ingenuity of the contrivance.

This anecdote I had from King himself. Another instance of his readiness and rapidity, when he chose to exert himself, occurred at the time when his pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe" was in rehearsal. He happened to call in at the theatre one day, and found them in the greatest confusion, not knowing what to introduce to give time for the setting of a scene; it was suggested to Mr. Sheridan that a song would afford sufficient opportunity to the carpenters for their preparation; accordingly, he sat down at the prompter's table, on the stage, and

wrote on the back of a playbill the beautiful ballad of "The Midnight Watch," which was set to music by his father-in-law, Mr. Linley, in a style which has established it as one of the most beautiful specimens of pure English melody.

An observation Mr. Sheridan once made to me about Congreve's plays, I venture to repeat, it has so much genuine wit about it: he complained to me that "Love for Love" had been so much altered and modified for the more delicate ears of modern audiences that it was quite spoiled. "His plays," said the wit, "are, I own, somewhat licentious, but it is barbarous to mangle them; they are like horses, when you deprive them of their vice, they lose their vigour."

It is of course known, that Mr. Burke, in the early part of his life, enlisted under the banners of Opposition, and was a constant frequenter of the house of a baker of the name of Tarcome, where the aspirants for fame, on that side of the question, used to meet, and debate certain proposed questions; the baker himself was eventually constituted perpetual president of the well-known Robin Hood society; such was the estimation in which he was held by the disciples of Whiggery.

Upon a memorable occasion, Mr. Burke, in the House of Commons, exclaimed, "I quit the camp," and suddenly crossed the House; and having seated

himself on the ministerial benches, shortly after rose, and made a most brilliant speech in opposition to his *ci-devant* friends and adherents.

Sheridan was a good deal nettled at what he considered a needless defection, and replied with something like asperity to Mr. Burke's attack, and concluded his speech with nearly these words:—"The Honourable Gentleman, to quote his own expression, has 'quitted the camp;' he will recollect that he quitted it as a deserter, and I sincerely hope he will never attempt to return as a spy: but I, for one, cannot sympathise in the astonishment with which an act of apostacy so flagrant has electrified the House; for neither I, nor the Honourable Gentleman, have forgotten whence he obtained the weapons which he now uses against us:—so far from being at all astonished at the Honourable Gentleman's tergiversation, I consider it not only characteristic but consistent, that he who in the outset of life made so extraordinary a blunder as to go to a baker's for eloquence, should finish such a career by coming to the House of Commons to get bread."

One of Mr. Sheridan's favourite amusements, in his hours of recreation, was that of making blunders for me, and relating them to my friends, vouching for the truth of them with the most perfect gravity. One I remember was, that one night, when Drury Lane Theatre was crowded to excess in every part,

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I was peeping through the hole in the stage curtain, and John Kemble, who was standing on the stage near me, asked me how the house looked, and that I replied, "By J—s, you can't stick a pin's head in any part of it—it is literally *chuck* full: but how much fuller will it be to-morrow night, when the King comes!"

Another of Mr. Sheridan's jests against me was, that one day, having walked with him to Kemble's house, in great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, when the streets were very dirty, and having gone up the steps while Mr. Sheridan was scraping the dirt off his shoes, I asked him to scrape for me while I was knocking at the door.

Of all our poets, Dryden was Mr. Sheridan's favourite; many a time and oft, when sitting over our wine, have I heard him quote at great length from him. It was truly a treat to hear him recite poetry; he had a powerful voice, and nothing, when animated, could surpass the brilliancy of his countenance, and the fire of his eye.

On the 15th July, 1797, at the Haymarket Theatre, George Colman's excellent comedy of "The Heir at Law" was produced. Mr. Sheridan, the same year, was passing the autumn in the Isle of Wight, enjoying, as he used to say, one of his greatest delights, sailing backwards and forwards from Cowes to Southampton; and when he returned to

town, he told me that he had seen "The Heir at Law" acted there. He said the play was not well performed, but he was greatly amused with it, and thought it an excellent comedy, and wished Colman could be prevailed upon to write just such another for Drury Lane. Many years after, I went with him, one evening, to Covent Garden (after having dined together at the Piazza Coffee-house), and saw Kenny's admirable farce of "Raising the Wind" performed. No schoolboy at home for the holidays could have laughed more heartily than he did; he was quite delighted with the character of Jeremy Diddler, and with the acting of Lewis and Emery.

At one time, when hard pressed to pay the Opera Orchestra, who were greatly in arrear, and had resolved not to perform unless their debt was liquidated, threatening to make an application to the Lord Chamberlain; Mr. Sheridan was roused, to make an effort to raise five hundred pounds, which was the immediate sum required. He found a person ready to make an advance for three months, with a proviso, that Stephen Storace and myself who then managed the Opera, should give our joint security for the repayment. Being both of us eager that the concern should not stop, we did so, and he promised faithfully to provide for it. The very day the bill became due, Storace was with me, in the morning; we were both in *modo penseroso*, won-

dering how we could contrive to get it renewed; when, to our great surprise, Mr. Sheridan entered, laughing, with our acceptance dangling between his fingers, the sight of which changed our *modo penseroso* to an *allegro vivace;* he put our security into my hands, at which my heart did verily rejoice, and with all sincerity I made use of the quotation,

"For this relief, much thanks."

I mention this to shew, however general the impression of Mr. Sheridan's want of punctuality in money matters may be, that there is no rule without an exception.

The last time I saw Mr. Sheridan, was in the room in Drury Lane, formerly the treasury of the old theatre, where a man of the name of Farebrother, an old servant of his, was allowed, by the Drury Lane Committee, to reside. He was sitting alone, reading, with a muffin and a cup of coffee before him. On my entering the room, he told me that he had been reading Davies' "Life of Garrick," which, said he, "if you have not read, do read, and advise every actor, from me, to do the same, for it is well worth their attention."

I remained with him till four o'clock in the morning, *tête-à-tête*. I never saw him more pleasant or communicative. He dwelt particularly on his fa-

ther's acting the part of King John, and "without partiality," he said, "his scene with Hubert was a master-piece of the art; and no actor could ever reach its excellence." I had been told by Jefferson, the proprietor of the Plymouth Theatre, who had often seen old Mr. Sheridan act King John, in Dublin, that nothing could surpass it.

Mr. Sheridan also spoke of his father's Cato, as a masterly performance, as well as his Brutus, in "Julius Cæsar." The Cato of the elder Sheridan was always very popular with the Dublin audience. Mr. Hitchcock, who wrote the history of the "Irish Stage," remembered him perfectly in the character. I have often heard him say that his declamation was fine and impressive; he pronounced "Cato" with a broad *a*, as, indeed, all the Irish do. John Kemble always pronounced it 'Cato;' and when he acted the part in Dublin, the play was announced from the stage by an old actor of the Sheridan school, who, despising the innovation of Kemble, gave it out thus:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, to-morrow evening will be performed the tragedy of 'C*a*to,' the part of Cato by Mr. Kemble." The manner in which he pronounced the same name in two different ways, produced great laughter in the audience, who quite understood the sarcasm. When I related this anecdote to Mr. Sheridan, he seemed to enjoy the pertinacity of the Irish actor.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S

One day, Mr. Sheridan laughingly said to me, "It must be allowed, Kelly, that our coutrymen always shew more or less of the *potatoe* in their brain. Yesterday, at about four o'clock in the morning, I came out of Brookes's, where I had staid the very last; and, as I was stepping into the carriage, I saw some half-dozen Irish chairmen, loitering at the door, shivering with cold, waiting for a fare. It was a bitter morning, and I said to one of the poor devils, 'Why do you remain here, my good fellow?'

"'Please your honour,' replied one of them, 'we are waiting to take somebody home.'

"'You may save yourselves the trouble then,' said I; 'for I have just come out of the house, and there is nobody left in it.'

"'Please your honour, we know there is nobody in it, but who knows how many may come out.'"

"It was too cold," said Sheridan, "to argue with them, so I got into my coach, and left them."

It would be the height of arrogance and indiscretion in me to descant on, or eulogise the public character of Mr. Sheridan; but I trust that his political life will be handed down to posterity, by some able pen, uninfluenced by favour or enmity; for, take him as a statesman, an orator, a dramatist, and a poet united, I fear we shall scarcely ever see his like again. His good qualities were many; and,

after all, the great bane of his life was procrastination; had it not been for that, what could he not have achieved! To me, his memory will be ever dear, and ought to be so to all who admire great and splendid talents. Yet he had many enemies;—some of whom, to my knowledge, his former bounty fed. But, alas! to use the language of our great bard,—

> "The *evil* that men do, lives *after them*;
> The *good*, is often interred with their bones."

Much *good* remains upon authentic record, relative to Mr. Sheridan, which even his greatest enemies could never deny. Some of the stories which exist against him, however, have a vast deal of humour in them; and one which has often been told, I think worth inserting, because, having been an eye-witness of the circumstance, I am enabled to shew the very "head and front of his offending."

We were one day in earnest conversation, close to the gate of the path which was then open to the public, leading across the church-yard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, from King Street to Henrietta Street, when Mr. Holloway, who was a creditor of Sheridan's to a considerable amount, came up to us on horseback, and accosted Sheridan in a tone of something more like anger than sorrow, and complained that he never could get admittance when he

called, vowing vengeance against the infernal Swiss Monsieur François, if he did not let him in the next time he went to Hertford Street.

Holloway was really in a passion. Sheridan knew that he was vain of his judgment in horse-flesh; and without taking any notice of the violence of his manner, burst into an exclamation upon the beauty of the horse which he rode;—he struck the right chord.

"Why," said Holloway, "I think I may say, there never was a prettier creature than this. You were speaking to me, when I last saw you, about a horse for Mrs. Sheridan; now this would be a treasure for a lady."

"Does he canter well?" said Sheridan.

"Beautifully," replied Holloway.

"If that's the case, Holloway," said Sheridan, "I really should not mind stretching a point for him. Will you have the kindness to let me see his paces?"

"To be sure," said the lawyer; and putting himself into a graceful attitude, he threw his nag into a canter along the market.

The moment his back was turned, Sheridan wished me good morning, and went off through the church-yard, where no horse could follow, into Bedford Street, laughing immoderately, as indeed did several standers-by. The only person not

entertained by this practical joke was Mr. Holloway himself.

Another story of him I shall give, because it is very little known, if known at all. Mr. Harris, the late proprietor of Covent Garden, who had a great regard for Sheridan, had at different times frequent occasions to meet him on business, and made appointment after appointment with him, not one of which Sheridan ever kept. At length Mr. Harris, wearied out, begged his friend Mr. Palmer, of Bath, to see Mr. Sheridan, and tell him that unless he kept the next appointment made for their meeting, all acquaintance between them must end for ever.

Sheridan expressed great sorrow for what had been in fact inevitable, and fixed one o'clock the next day to call upon Mr. Harris at the theatre. At about three he actually made his appearance in Hart Street, where he met Mr. Tregent, the celebrated French watchmaker, who was extremely theatrical, and had been the intimate friend of Garrick.

Sheridan told him, that he was on his way to call upon Harris.

"I have just left him," said Tregent, "in a violent passion, having waited for you ever since one o'clock."

"What have *you* been doing at the theatre?" said Sheridan.

"Why," replied Tregent, "Harris is going to

make Bate Dudley a present of a gold watch, and I have taken him half a dozen, in order that he may choose one for that purpose."

"Indeed," said Sheridan.

They wished each other good day, and parted.

Mr. Sheridan proceeded to Mr. Harris's room, and when he addressed him, it was pretty evident that his want of punctuality had produced the effect which Mr. Tregent described.

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Harris; "I have waited at least two hours for you again; I had almost given you up, and if——"

"Stop, my dear Harris," said Sheridan, interrupting him; "I assure you these things occur more from my misfortunes than my faults; I declare I thought it was but one o'clock, for it so happens that I have no watch, and to tell you the truth, am too poor to buy one; but when the day comes that I can, you will see I shall be as punctual as any other man."

"Well, then," said the unsuspecting Harris; "if that be all, you shall not long want a watch; for here—(opening his drawer)—are half a dozen of Tregent's best;—choose any one you like, and do me the favour of accepting it."

Sheridan affected the greatest surprise at the appearance of the watches; but did as he was bid, and selected certainly not the worst for the *cadeau*.

A punster, in return for Sheridan's hatred of puns, would certainly have made a joke of his affection for watches, because they go *tick* ; for myself, I have too much respect for Mr. Sheridan's memory, to give way to such a propensity.

Mr. Sheridan was extremely attached to Mr. Richardson ; and when Mrs. Sheridan was at Bognor, he used to take Richardson down with him on visits to her. One of these visits Sheridan once described to me with infinite humour ; and although I fear it is impossible to impart *literally*, the spirit which he *practically* infused into it, when relating it, I give it as I remember it.

Richardson had set his mind upon going down to Bognor with Mr. Sheridan on one particular occasion, because it happened that Lord Thurlow, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, was staying there. "So," said Richardson, "nothing can be more delightful, what with my favourite diversion of sailing—my enjoyment of walking on the sands—the pleasure of arguing with Lord Thurlow, and taking my snuff by the sea-side, I shall be in my glory."

"Well," said Mr. Sheridan; "down he went, full of anticipated joys. The first day, in stepping into the boat to go sailing, he tumbled down, and sprained his ancle, and was obliged to be carried into his lodgings, which had no view of the sea: the following morning he sent for a barber to shave him, but there being no professional shaver nearer

than Chichester, he was forced to put up with a fisherman, who volunteered to officiate, and cut him severely just under his nose, which entirely prevented his taking snuff; and the same day at breakfast, eating prawns too hastily, he swallowed the head of one, horns and all, which stuck in his throat, and produced such pain and inflammation, that his medical advisers would not allow him to speak for three days. So, thus," said Mr. Sheridan, "ended, in four and twenty hours his walking—his sailing—his snuff-taking—and his arguments."

Mr. Sheridan was the author of the following dramatic pieces:—

"The Rivals," at Covent Garden, 1775.

"Saint Patrick's Day," a farce, 1775; this was written in two days, for the benefit of the facetious Larry Clinch, a brother actor, and intimate friend of his father, and the original Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

"The Duenna," at Covent Garden, which ran seventy nights without intermission.

The "Trip to Scarborough," altered from Sir John Vanbrugh; Drury Lane, 1777.

The "School for Scandal," Drury Lane, 1777.

"The Camp," musical entertainment, in two acts, Drury Lane, 1778.

"The Critic," of which he told me, that he valued the first act more than any thing he ever wrote.

"Pizarro" is his only other production, except the pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe." He began

an opera, called the "Foresters," and had written an act or two of a comedy, which he never finished.

It was one of Doctor Johnson's sayings, that if a man do not make new acquaintances as he advances in life, he will soon find himself alone in the world. The truth of the observation I can vouch for by experience. I have found all the friends of my early life drop round me; and honourable and valued as have been many of them, the loss of no one certainly was more deplored by me, than that of Mr. Sheridan. If I have said much of him, it was because I loved and respected him; and the reader, to whom any illustrations of such a man's character must I flatter myself be acceptable, will excuse me.

In the year 1818, I composed the music to a piece called "The Bride of Abydos;" and in 1820, to another called "Abudah;" and my last production was a musical entertainment, called the "Lady and the Devil," for Drury Lane. Between the years 1797 and 1821, I produced, at different theatres, sixty-two pieces, by far the greatest number produced by any one English composer, Bishop excepted. Most of them, I have the satisfaction to say, have been received by the public with favour; and I have thought it might not be disagreeable to my friends to see a list of them, for which reason I have subjoined the titles, dates, the names of their authors, and the theatres where they were performed.

False Appearances . .	General Conway .	Drury Lane .	1789
Fashionable Friends .		Ibid . .	1789
A Friend in Need . .	Prince Hoare . .	Ibid . .	9th Feb. 1797
Last of the Family . .	Cumberland . . .	Ibid . .	8th May, 1797
Chimney Corner . . .	Walsh Porter . .	Ibid . .	7th Oct. 1797
Castle Spectre	M. G. Lewis . . .	Ibid . .	14th Dec. 1797
Blue Beard	G. Colman	Ibid . .	16th Jan. 1798
Outlaws	Franklin	Ibid . .	16th Oct. 1798
Captive of Spielberg .	Prince Hoare . .	Ibid . .	Oct. 1798
Aurelia and Miranda .	Boaden	Ibid . .	29th Dec. 1798
Feudal Times	G. Colman	Ibid . .	19th Jan. 1799
Pizarro	Sheridan	Ibid . .	24th May, 1799
Of Age To-morrow . .	Dibdin	Ibid . .	1st Feb. 1800
De Montfort	Miss Baillie . . .	Ibid . .	29th April, 1800
Indians	Fenwick	Ibid . .	6th Oct. 1800
Deaf and Dumb .	Translated from the French, by Holcroft, and adapted to the English stage by Mr. Kemble	Ibid . .	24th Feb. 1801
Adelmorn	M. G. Lewis . . .	Drury Lane .	4th May, 1801
Gipsey Prince	T. Moore	Haymarket .	24th July, 1801
Urania	Hon. W. Spencer,	Drury Lane .	22d Jan. 1802
Algonah	Cobb	Ibid . .	30th April, 1802
House to be Sold . . .	Cobb	Ibid . .	17th Nov. 1802
Hero of the North . .	Dimond	Ibid . .	19th Feb. 1803
Marriage Promise . .	Allingham	Ibid . .	26th April, 1803
Love laughs at Locksmiths	G. Colman	Haymarket .	25th July, 1803
Cinderella	Mr. James	Drury Lane .	8th Jan. 1804
Counterfeit	Franklin	Ibid . .	13th Mar. 1804
Hunter of the Alps . .	Dimond	Haymarket .	3rd July, 1804
Gay Deceivers	G. Colman	Ibid . .	22nd Aug. 1804
Blind Bargain	Reynolds	Cov. Garden,	24th Oct. 1804
The Land we live in .	Holt	Drury Lane .	29th Dec. 1804
Honey Moon	Tobin	Ibid . .	31st Jan. 1805

alas. poor Yorick.

Prior Claim	Pye and Arnold	Drury Lane.	29th Oct. 1805
Youth, Love, & Folly,	Dimond	Ibid	23rd May, 1805
We Fly by Night	G. Colman	Cov. Garden,	28th Jan. 1806
Forty Thieves	Ward	Drury Lane.	8th April, 1806
Adrian and Orilla	Dimond	Cov. Garden,	15th Nov. 1806
Young Hussar	Dimond	Drury Lane.	12th Mar. 1807
Town and Country	Morton	Cov. Garden,	10th Mar. 1807
Wood Dæmon	M. G. Lewis	Drury Lane.	1st April, 1807
House of Morville	Lake	Ibid	23rd April, 1807
Adelgitha	M. G. Lewis	Ibid	30th April, 1807
Time's a Tell Tale	H. Siddons	Ibid	27th Oct. 1807
Jew of Mogadore	Cumberland	Ibid	3rd May, 1808
Africans	G. Colman	Haymarket.	29th July, 1808
Venoni	M. G. Lewis	Drury Lane.	1st Dec. 1808
Foundling of the Forest	Dimond	Haymarket.	9th July, 1809
Jubilee	Arnold	Lyceum	25th Oct. 1809
Gustavus Vasa	Dimond	Cov. Garden,	26th Nov. 1810
Ballet	Deshayes	Opera House,	1810
Peasant Boy	Dimond	Lyceum	31st Jan. 1811
Royal Oak	Dimond	Haymarket.	10th June, 1811
One o'Clock	M. G. Lewis		1st Aug. 1811
Absent Apothecary	Horace Smith	Drury Lane.	10th Feb. 1813
Russians	T. Sheridan	Ibid	13th May, 1813
Polly; or, the Sequel to Beggar's Opera		Ibid	16th June, 1813
Illusion	Arnold	Ibid	25th Nov. 1813
Pantomime	Dibdin	Ibid	26th Dec. 1813
Remorse	Coleridge	Ibid	23rd Jan. 1814
Unknown Guest	Arnold	Ibid	29th Mar. 1815
Fall of Taranto	Dimond	Cov. Garden,	1817
Bride of Abydos	Dimond	Drury Lane.	5th Feb. 1818
Abudah	Planché	Ibid	13th April, 1819
Lady and the Devil	Dimond	Ibid	3rd May, 1820

With a numerous list of Italian, English, and French single Songs, Duets, and Trios.

I have been, with little intermission, stage-manager of the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, nearly thirty years; at which establishment also, I have performed as principal tenor singer, both in the serious and comic operas. The regular emolument for my labours, (and be it known to all, that to manage an Italian Opera is a most laborious task) has been, the use of the house, and the performers belonging to it, for my annual benefit; defraying myself, however, every other expense belonging to the performance of the night. Through all the changes of different proprietorships and lessees, this privilege has been invariably granted me, as a reward for long service.

When I withdrew from Drury Lane Theatre, as a performer, I commuted a very large claim upon the property, for a small annuity. — This agreement has been sanctioned, and punctually fulfilled, by all the noblemen and gentlemen who have subsequently formed the various committees of management; and, since the termination of their authority, has been discharged with equal honour and scrupulousness of attention, by Mr. Elliston, the present lessee; from whom I have uniformly experienced the most friendly,—nay, even brotherly kindness.

There was also a privilege granted me, that upon my benefit at the Opera House, any performers

attached to the Drury Lane establishment, and not employed there upon the same night, should be available assistants in whatever English drama I might select for representation. It is a proud gratification to me, to add, that in my brothers and sisters of the sock and buskin, I have always found the most cheerful alacrity upon this occasion. Neither must I omit to observe, that upon many emergencies, the proprietors of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, (although upon that establishment I have no claim whatever,) have, in the most liberal manner, spontaneously obliged me with any assistance within their power to furnish.

The gout has, of late years, almost deprived me of loco-motion. Both my parents were sufferers from the same disorder,—in me, therefore, it is constitutional, and not my age's penance for my youth's excess;—for in that season, I may say, with Old Adam, in "As you Like it,"—I never did apply hot and rebellious liquors to my blood.—'Tis an ancient adage, that the gout grants to its possessor a long lease of life—if it be so, I am sure the lease is held at a *rack-rent*. Upon the whole, however, although *non sum qualis eram*, I may yet say, that my general health is good, and my spirits never better—shall I then complain of my lot? Forbid

it, Heaven!—In spite of all the inflictions of my hereditary scourge, I bow my head submissively, and acknowledge, with an humble, yet cheerful thankfulness, that the hand of Providence hath touched me tenderly.

One superior solace, under my worst visitations, I have indeed possessed, which yet remains untold. With some, perhaps, an avowal of it may draw upon me an imputation of pride or vanity; but, if I know myself, gratitude is paramount with me to either of those passions; and all liberal spirits, I trust, will excuse the apparent boast. Let me therefore declare, without equivocation or disguise, that the chief and dearest comfort remaining to me in this life, is the proud consciousness, that I am honoured by the patronage of my beloved Monarch. Even from my earliest arrival in these realms, where George the Fourth now reigns in peace and glory, it was my enviable fortune to be distinguished by the Royal Favour; and the humble individual, who, in 1787, was noticed by the Prince of Wales, is still remembered in 1825 by THE KING!

I cannot here refrain from mentioning a circumstance which occurred to me on the 1st of January, 1822; and I sincerely trust there will not appear any impropriety in my doing so,

since it records a trait of gracious goodness and consideration in His Majesty, which, although but one of hundreds, is but little known, and richly deserves to be universally so.

On that evening, the King gave a splendid party at the Pavilion; and His Majesty was graciously pleased to command my attendance to hear a concert performed by his own fine band. His Majesty did me the honour to seat himself beside me, and ask me how I liked the music which I had that day heard in the chapel, amongst which, to my surprise, had been introduced the Chacoone of Jomelli, performed in the "Castle Spectre," but which since has been called the Sanctus of Jomelli, and is now used in all the cathedrals and churches in England and the Continent, under that title. His Majesty was all kindness and condescension in his manner towards me; but his kindness and condescension did not stop there.

I had taken with me to Brighton that year a god-daughter of mine, Julia Walters, whom I have adopted, and whose mother has been, for years, my housekeeper and watchful attendant during my many severe illnesses. This little girl, at five years old, performed the part of the Child, in the opera of "L'Agnese," under the name of Signora Julia. Ambrogetti was so struck with my

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SA...

little *protégée*, that he begged I would let her play the character, which she did with grace and intelligence far beyond her years. This child asked me to procure her a sight of the King, and fixed upon the evening in question to press her request, when she might behold him in the midst of his Court, surrounded by all that was brilliant in the land, and in a palace whose splendour, when illuminated, rivalled the magnificence described in the "Arabian Nights."

I told my worthy friend Cramer, the excellent master and leader of His Majesty's private band, the earnest desire of little Julia, and prevailed upon him to admit her behind the organ, with a strict injunction not to let herself be seen; but female curiosity, even in one so young, prevailed; and after the first act of the concert, when the performers retired to take some refreshment, *Signora* Julia crept from her hiding-place behind the organ, and seated herself between the kettle drums. The King was sitting on a sofa, between the Princess Esterhazy and the Countess Lieven; and though the orchestra was at a distance, His Majesty's quick eye in a moment caught a glimpse of the little intruder.

"Who is that beautiful little child?" said the King; "Who brought her here?" and immedi-

ately walked to poor Julia, and asked her who she was.

"I belong to *K*," said Julia.

"And who the deuce is *K?*" said His Majesty.

I was seated quite at the farther end of the room, conversing with Sir William Keppell; and the moment I saw what was going on, I requested Sir William to go to the King, and say that the child belonged to me, which he with great good-nature did.

His Majesty kissed poor little Julia; and taking her into his arms, threw her over his shoulder, and carried her across the room to me, and placed her in a chair by my side, saying, with the greatest condescension, "Why did you leave the child in the cold? Why not bring her into the room? If she be fond of music, bring her here whenever you like."

This act of kindness, consideration, and goodness, was duly appreciated by all who witnessed it, and by me will be ever remembered with the most respectful gratitude. On the following evening, when I again had the honour of a command to the palace, His Majesty was pleased to inquire after my pretty little girl.

My friend, Prince Hoare, who was at Brighton at the time, wrote the following lines on the incident:—

ON JULIA, PEEPING

In the music room of the Pavilion, at Brighton, on the 1st January, 1822, and discovered in the fact by HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY GEORGE THE FOURTH; *who, with his never-failing kindness of heart, and condescension, seized the little culprit in his arms, kissed and caressed her, and bore her in triumph, before the brilliant assembly, to her nearest and dearest friend,* MICHAEL KELLY, *then present.*

Behind the lofty organ's screen,
One gala eve, sly Julia lay,
Intent to peep, at whiles, unseen,
And all the glorious pomp survey.

O, little didst thou dream *that* eye
Which wakes to guard Britannia's crown,
Would there thy tiny form espy,
And give thee, Julia, to renown.

For many seasons past, upon my annual night, I have been regularly honoured with a munificent donation from my Sovereign; but, valuable to me as is that bounty in itself, the gift has scarcely been so gratifying to the feelings of his dutiful servant, as the manner of *presenting it*.

A delicacy, which anticipated wishes—
A generosity, which exceeded hopes.

Were I to indulge my feelings, I should be

diffuse upon this subject; but I check myself, lest I should offend in a quarter where displeasure would afflict me most.

I therefore shall merely venture to add, that whenever my malady casts me upon a bed of suffering, I do not forget, that the most august hand in the Empire has condescended to place round it additional comforts; and that no sooner does my relenting star restore me to society, than my benefactor's name blesses the first glass I carry to my lips; and I say and sing, with heart and voice, devoutly and gratefully,

GOD SAVE THE KING!"

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.

APPENDIX.

Having been for so many years connected with the Opera House, and having had the most authentic information upon all matters connected with it, it appears to me that the following narrative may be acceptable to such of my readers as are interested in the fate of that establishment.

THE KING'S THEATRE;

OR,

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE,

Haymarket.

At the beginning of the last century, the company of players, with the celebrated Betterton at their head, having refitted the Tennis Court in Lincoln's Inn Fields, performed there with considerable success for a few seasons; but finding the house too small, and that the Drury Lane company were more attractive than themselves, by possessing a more convenient and spacious theatre, and backed by the Kit-Cat Club, joined in a proposition made them by Sir *John Vanbrugh*, to build for their use a stately theatre in the *Haymarket;* which, as being nearer the court than the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, might be more likely to succeed than any other part of the metropolis. To commence the build-

ing of this theatre, Sir John began with raising a subscription of thirty thousand pounds from three hundred persons of quality, at one hundred pounds each; in consideration whereof every subscriber, for his own life, was to be admitted to whatever entertainments should be publicly performed there, without further payment for his entrance. The plan succeeded to Sir John's wish, the money was raised, and the building begun, under Sir John's inspection, who was himself the sole architect, as well as first projector. Of this Theatre *Colley Cibber* informs us, he saw the first stone laid in 1704; "on which was inscribed *the Little Whig*, in honour to a lady of extraordinary beauty, then the celebrated toast, and pride of that party." A satirical writer says, "The Kit-Cat Club is now grown famous and notorious all over the kingdom, and they have built a temple for their Dagon—the new play-house in the Haymarket. The foundation was laid with great solemnity by a noble babe of grace*; and over or under the foundation

* The "Babe of Grace," or "Little Whig," was the beautiful Lady Sunderland, second daughter of the Duke of Marlborough. There are some lines,

On the Lady Sunderland's laying the first Stone of Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket.

What pompous scenes and lofty columns rise,
That strike with artful strokes our wond'ring eyes,
And seize the raptured soul with sweet surprise:
O! what a stately dome w' admiring view,
Whose chief foundation 's owing still to you, &c.

stone is a plate of silver, on which is graven KIT CAT on the one side, and LITTLE WHIG on the other. This is *in futuram rei memoriam*, that after-ages may know by what worthy hands, and for what good ends, this stately fabric was erected. And there was such zeal shewed*, all purses open to carry on the work, that it was almost as soon finished as begun." In the year 1705, when this house was finished, *Betterton* and his co-partners dissolved their own agreement, and threw themselves under the direction of Sir *John Vanbrugh*, who had obtained a grant from Queen Anne, and *Mr. Congreve*, who had joined himself with Sir John in the management; the players thinking that two such eminent authors might give a prosperous turn to their condition; that the plays it would now be their interest to write for them would attract the whole town, and be an advantage that no other company could hope for; and in the interim, till such plays could be written, the grandeur of their house, as it was a spectacle, might allure the public, by its novelty and striking appearance, to support them. In this golden dream they however found themselves miserably deceived and disappointed; as, on the opening of this grand and superb structure, it was immediately discovered that almost every quality and convenience of a good theatre had been sacrificed and neglected, to shew the spectator a vast triumphal piece of architecture; and that the best play was less

* The Rehearsal of Observator, No. 41. May 5—12, 1705.

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capable of delighting the auditor here, than it would be in the plain and unadorned house they had just come from; for, what with their vast columns, their gilded cornices, and immoderately high roof, scarce one word in ten could be distinctly heard. The extraordinary and superfluous space occasioned such an undulation from the voice of every actor, that generally what they said sounded like the gabbling of so many people in the lofty aisles of a cathedral. The tone of a trumpet, or the swell of a musical voice, might be sweetened by it; but the articulate sounds of a speaking voice were drowned by the hollow reverberations of one word upon another. 'Tis true, the spectators were struck with surprise and wonder at the magnificent appearance the house displayed on every way they turned their eyes. The ceiling over the orchestra was a semi-oval arch, that sprung fifteen feet higher from above the cornice. The ceiling over the pit, too, was still more raised; being one level line from the highest back part of the upper gallery, to the front of the stage. The front boxes were a continued semicircle to the bare walls of the house on each side; and the effect altogether was truly surprising. In the course of two or three years, the ceilings over both the orchestra and pit were lowered; and instead of the semi-oval arch, that over the orchestra was made flat, which greatly improved the hearing. Not long before, the Italian Opera began first to steal into England; but in as rude a disguise, and unlike itself, as possible,—in a lame, hobbling translation

into our own language; with false quantities, or metre out of measure, to its original notes; sung by our own unskilful voices, with graces misapplied to almost every sentiment, and with action lifeless and unmeaning through every character. The first *Italian* performer that made any distinguished figure in it, was *Valentini*, a true sensible singer at that time, but of a throat too weak to sustain those melodious warblings for which the fairer sex have since idolized his successors. To strike in, therefore, with this prevailing novelty, *Sir John Vanbrugh* and *Mr. Congreve* opened their new Haymarket Theatre, on Easter Monday, April 9th, 1705, with Signor Giacomo Greber's Loves of Ergasto, set to Italian music; a prologue by Mrs. Bracegirdle, written by Garth: and plays commenced by the Lincoln's Inn Fields' company under Betterton, who had closed the latter theatre with the Virtuoso, and Acis and Galatea, on March 31st. They acted every evening till 29th June; but their short career evidently wanted attraction. On the 25th, 27th, and 29th June, Love for Love was acted wholly by women. The company returned to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and performed there during July, and closed the season on the 14th of August. The Triumph of Love was acted about five nights, by foreigners, without success; and plays were then performed, the first new piece being the Conquest of Spain. The following Oct. re-opened by Vanbrugh only, with a new comedy by him, called the Confederacy; in the company were Betterton, Leigh, Booth,

Pinkethman, Dogget, Pack, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Bracegirdle, &c. They closed Aug. 23 with the London Cuckolds. Several new plays produced.

1706. Betterton's company opened with the Spanish Friar, Oct. 15th. The temporary popularity and favouritism for this house is shewn by the circumstance, that at the Dorset Gardens Theatre the opening for the season was announced, as "By the *deserted company of Comedians* of the Theatre Royal; at the Queen's Theatre in Dorset Gardens, on Thursday next, the 24th of October, will be acted a comedy called the Recruiting Officer: in which they pray there may be singing by Mrs. Tofts, in English and Italian, and some dancing, &c." And the prologue spoken by Mrs. Babb, her first appearance there, commences,

Bless me! an audience here! I'm all surprise!
Boxes! Pit!! Galleries!!! I can't believe my eyes!
Sure I'm mistaken—how strange a thing is this,
When all my thoughts were nothing but dismiss:
How could ye give one idle night away,
And from *Haymarket's* dazzling fabric stray,
Unless new faces bring ye to our play?
First view, then bid, and if we should deny,
Then with a smile and scornful air you'll cry,
Away to t'other house, we know who'll there comply.

The company from Dorset Garden Theatre commenced at Drury Lane the 30th November, with the play of the Recruiting Officer, which was played same night at this house—Kite, by Mr. Pack; while their

rivals announced in the bills, "Note. The true Serjeant Kite is performed at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane*." Whatever appearances were, the patronage of the public was not very lucrative. As early in the following year as the 14th January, there was acted Julius Cæsar by subscription; "For the encouragement of the comedians acting at the Haymarket, and to enable them to keep the diversion of plays under a separate interest from operas." To boxes and pit, only subscribers admitted. First gallery *2s.*; the upper *1s.* This performance repeated 15th, and other subscription nights followed. The name of Mrs. Bracegirdle does not appear in the bills after Feb. 20th. Season closed August 22nd, 1707.—Opened October 11th; closed with the tragedy of Macbeth, for the benefit of Mr. Wilks, 10th January, 1708; when the company at the Queen's Theatre and Drury Lane united. Operas were attempted, part in Italian, and part in English; 400 tickets issued at *10s. 6d.* to pit and boxes, the gallery *5s.* upper gallery *2s.* They commenced 14th January, 1708, and plays acted twice a week: dancing was sometimes added. M'Swiney was the manager. Concluded 28th May.—Operas recommenced twice a week 14th December, when Nicolini made his first appearance in England. He sung in Italian, the others in English. The prices varied: boxes *15s. 10s. 6d.*

* The original cast of the characters was: Plume, Wilks; Brazen, Cibber; Kite, Estcourt; Melinda, Mrs. Rogers; and Silvia, Mrs. Oldfield.

and 8*s.*; pit 5*s.*; gallery 2*s.* 6*d.*; upper gallery 1*s.* 6*d.* Season ended 20th May.—1709. Betterton's company returned here, and opened with Othello, Sept. 15th; and as an auxiliary attraction, Mr. Higgins, the posture-man from Holland, exhibited between the acts*. The season closed 13th June, 1710, with the Careless Husband. Operas were performed twice a week, under the proprietorship of Aaron Hill, who rented the theatre at 600*l.* a year. Among the new productions was the opera of *Thomyris*, conducted by the newly-arrived Swiss Count (John James Heidegger), who by that production alone was "a gainer of five

* "Advertisement. The surprising Mr. Higgins, posture-master, that lately performed in the Queen's Theatre Royal in the Haymarket, now performs at the Rummer, over against Bow-lane-end in Cheapside, the same with several other wonderful postures, that he had not time to perform between the acts; beginning exactly at six every evening during his short stay in the city. Price eighteen-pence the first seats, and twelve-pence the back seats."—*Bagford's Papers.*

Another demi-advertisement exhibits a curious specimen of the nuisance of the footmen in the gallery during the performance. "Dropt, near the playhouse in the Haymarket, a bundle of horse-whips, designed to belabour the footmen in the upper gallery, who almost every night this winter have made such an intolerable disturbance, that the players could not be heard, and their masters were forced to hiss 'em into silence. Whoever has taken up the said whips, is desired to leave 'em with my Lord Rake's porter, several noblemen resolving to exercise 'em on their backs, the next frosty morning."—*Female Tatler*, 9th December, 1709.

hundred guineas." Almahide was the first regular opera, "consisting of songs, both in Italian and English, adapted to Italian airs; the latter (says Sir J. Hawkins) were sung by Dogget the comedian."—In July and August the summer company performed plays for a few nights. It opened for the winter season, 4th October, with the Recruiting Officer, under the management of McSwiney. Performers: Messieurs Wilks, Booth, Cibber, Estcourt, Mills, Gibbs, Bullock, Pinkethman; Mesdames Oldfield, Porter, Rogers, and Bicknell. This company, on the 18th November following, removed to Drury Lane Theatre. The operas commenced November 22nd, with Hydaspes, under the direction of A. Hill, and ended 2nd June, 1711, with Rinaldo, set by Handel, and of superior merit "over every representation of this nature (says Hawkins) that till then had been exhibited in England*." The Italian Opera, properly so called (says the same authority), was established in the year 1710, when Rinaldo was performed at the Haymarket†. Playhouses were not then open on Wednesdays or Saturdays.—The winter season commenced 10th November, with Almahide, the character of Almanzor by Mrs. Barbier. Hour of performance six o'clock. The same manager assisted by Heidegger. Boxes 8*s.* pit 5*s.* galleries 2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.* 6*d.* The season ended 25th June, 1712, with

* Hawkins' *Hist. of Music*, vol. v. p. 142.

† Hawkins' *Hist. of Music*, vol. v. p. 171.

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Calypso and Telemachus.—Recommenced 12th November, with the Triumphs of Love, and continued Wednesdays and Saturdays through the season. On the 22nd November was produced the Faithful Shepherd, with music by Handel. The principal performers were Signor Car. Valeriano Pellengrini (first appearance), Signor Valentino Urbani, Signora Pilotti Schiavonetti, Signora Margarita Dell' Epine, Mrs. Barbier, and Mr. Leveridge; who all sung in Italian. The scenes were new, representing Arcadia; but the habits were old. It was a short opera, and on second representation the boxes were raised to half a guinea. An opera called Dorinda was next produced; but neither that nor the Faithful Shepherd, had sufficient attraction to obtain full houses.—On the 3rd January, 1713, was performed a tragic opera, with heroic habits, four new scenes, and other costly decorations, called Theseus, with music by Handel. McSwiney, the manager, having ineffectually tried to obtain a subscription for six nights, gave out tickets for two nights only; laying the boxes and pit into one; and the house was very full at each performance After the second night McSwiney absented himself without paying the singers' salaries, and leaving the habits and the scenes unpaid for. This circumstance created considerable confusion among the singers, who finally resolved to go on with the opera on their own account, dividing the gain amongst them, under the superintendence of Monsieur John James Heidegger. On 17th January, Theseus repeated at the usual prices,

and house much fuller than on preceding night. A subscription for six nights, of ten guineas, entitling the subscriber to three tickets for each night, the whole number limited to 400 a night, was raised for a new opera called Ernelinda*. It is probable, in this opera first appeared La Signora Vittoria Albergotti, an admired Romana. The first performance was on 26th February, and to a crowded house during the subscription nights; the Duc d'Aumont, the French Ambassador, being present at each representation. On Wednesday, the 15th April, the opera of Theseus was obliged to be deferred from the want of sufficient support, and performed on the Saturday following, to only a very thin house. The regular season closed 15th May, with Theseus, for the benefit of Mr. Handel, as the composer. —The next season commenced, 9th Jan. 1714, with Dorinda; and on the 27th was produced a new opera called Crœsus, in which (we speak on the authority of a contemporary manuscript) there first appeared on the stage the celebrated Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, afterwards

* The opera of Ernelinda, performed during the season 1713, has a dedication prefixed from "John James Heidegger," to Richard, Viscount Lonsdale, Baron Lowther, imploring his protection "at a time when we labour under so many unhappy circumstances." It was also hoped "there are many who will concur with your Lordship's sentiments, and think themselves concerned to promote so noble a diversion,—a diversion which most foreign states think it their interest to support. By these means, [it is added] we may retrieve the reputation of our affairs, and in a short time rival the stage of Italy."

Countess of Peterborough. Boxes and pit half a guinea, and house full. During Lent, the opera performed on a Thursday, in consequence of Queen Anne usually having a withdrawing-room and playing basset every Tuesday evening. Performances concluded 23rd June with Ernelinda, at the request of the Duchess of Shrewsbury, lately arrived from Ireland.—The following season commenced with the opera of Arminius, and, as by command, the performance to begin at five o'clock. It was also advertised: "Whereas, by the frequent calling for the songs over again, the operas have been too tedious; therefore the singers are forbid to sing any song above once, and it is hoped nobody will call for 'em, or take it ill when not obeyed." Some new performers had been obtained, who met with little encouragement, and the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales not sufficient to fill the house. In December, an auxiliary attraction was adopted, in introducing dancing by Mrs. Santlow. On July 23, 1715, the opera of Hydaspes (the King present,) terminated the season, in consequence, it was said, of the Rebellion.—The state of public affairs is supposed to have had considerable influence over public amusements, and the nights of the opera were in consequence very irregular; however, we believe operas were performed early in December: and on the 1st February, 1716, by command of the King, Lucius Verus. The principal singer was Signor Nicolini Grimaldi, returned from Italy. On the 16th February, Amadis produced, in which Mrs. Robinson took a part;

and season ended with same performance, on the 12th July following.—The next season commenced December 8th, with Cleartes, and dancing by Monsieur Salle and Mademoiselle Salle, the two children first time on this stage; and ended the 29th June, 1717*, with Titus Manlius. Servants were then allowed to keep places in the boxes.—Several balls and masquerades given during the winter of 1717–18†; and a concert for the benefit

* A strong effort was made this season at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre to establish English operas. The opera of Camilla, by McSwiney, first performed at Drury Lane, 20th March, 1706, was revived in January 1717, for that purpose, and acted twice a week for seven times, to the most productive houses of that season. On the 26th January it was dismissed, by reason of Mrs. Barbier being sick; but repeated occasionally afterwards. Camilla was again revived 19th November, 1726, pit and boxes at 5*s.* each, and the receipt at first night 163*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* Other lucrative nights same season, which contradicts Sir J. Hawkins, who says, "it did not succeed." Thomyris was not, as he supposes, performed.

† The promptness of Mr. Heidegger in providing amusement for the nobility and gentry is well known. The following is a description of a subscription masquerade at the Opera House, allowed to be more magnificent than has been known in Italy, Venice, or any other countries.

"The room (says the writer) is exceedingly large, beautifully adorned, and illuminated with 500 wax lights; on the sides are divers beaufets, over which is written the several wines therein contained, as Canary, Burgundy, Champagne, Rhenish, &c. each most excellent in its kind; of which all are at liberty to drink what they please; with large services of all sorts of sweetmeats. There are also two sets of music, at due distance

of Mrs. Robinson, 15th March, 1718. This season no operas performed.—1719. Balls continued under the direction of Heidegger.—1720. During the early months of this year, French comedians, under Royal patronage, performed about nine nights; their last performance the 29th March. Prices of admission: Stage 7*s.* 6*d.* boxes

from each other, performed by very good hands. By the vast variety of dresses (many of them very rich) you would fancy it a congress of the principal persons of all nations in the world, as Turks, Italians, Indians, Polanders, Spaniards, Venetians, &c. There is an absolute freedom of speech, without the least offence given thereby; while all appear better bred than to offer at any thing profane, rude, or immodest, but wit incessantly flashes about in repartees, honour, and good humour, and all kinds of pleasantry. There was also the groom porter's office, where all play that please; while heaps of guineas pass about, with so little concern in the losers, that they are not to be distinguished from the winners. Nor does it add a little to the beauty of the entertainment, to see the generality of the masqueraders behave themselves agreeable to their several habits. The number, when I was there on Tuesday, last week, was computed at 700, with some files of musquetiers at hand, for the preventing any disturbance which might happen by quarrels, &c. so frequent in Venice, Italy, and other countries, on such entertainments. At eleven o'clock a person gives notice that supper is ready, when the company pass into another large room, where a noble cold entertainment is prepared, suitable to all the rest; the whole diversion continuing from nine o'clock till seven next morning. In short, the whole ball was sufficiently illustrious, in every article of it, for the greatest prince to give on the most extraordinary occasion."—*Mist's Weekly Journal, Feb.* 15, 1718.

5*s*. pit 3*s*. gal. 2*s*. Operas commenced on the 5th April; and the French company recommenced on the 29th. Both companies played respectively two nights a week, the French company closing the 17th, and the opera the 22nd June, 1720. On the 26th May, to the opera of Nunitor, it was announced, "To be admitted on the stage, one guinea." In this year 5,000*l*. was subscribed by the nobility, (according to Sir John Hawkins) to establish the opera, of which sum His Majesty George I. gave 1000*l*. Handel was appointed director, and the performance styled The Royal Academy of Music. Governor, the Duke of Newcastle; deputy-governor, Lord Bingley; the Dukes of Portland and Queensbery, and other noblemen and gentlemen, directors. Handel went to Italy to engage performers, and Signora Durastanti appeared in the summer months of this year. The winter season commenced 10th December with Astartus, in which first appeared Signor Francesco Benardi, better known as Senesino, who was engaged to supply the want of Nicolini. Another popular opera, this season, was Arsaces; and the public intimation was given, that if the company in the gallery did not behave better, it would be shut up.—Next season commenced, Wednesday, November 1st, 1721, with the opera of Arsaces. Advertisement adds: "Pit and Boxes to be put together, and no person to be admitted without tickets, which will be delivered this day at Mrs. White's chocolate-house, in St. James's Street, at half-a-guinea each. N.B. Four hundred tickets will be delivered;

and after they are disposed of, no person whatever will be admitted for money."—1722. The winter season commenced Oct. 31, with Mutius Scævola, and the notice renewed, that "if any further disturbance in the footmen's gallery takes place, it will be shut up*." Towards the close of the year appeared, in Ottone, the celebrated Signora Francesca Cuzzoni, who was universally admired. Durastanti, Senesino, and Mrs. Robinson, also sang in the same opera. The season ended with Flavius, 17th June, 1723. During this season two ridottos were given, which, from the opposition of the magistrates, were not further repeated. There was announced one guinea admission to the practices of the opera. And in January was advertised: "By order of several persons of quality: at the long room at the Opera House in the Haymarket, the 31st January, will be *Un passo Tempo*, with agreeable entertainments for ladies and gentlemen. Tickets to be had at the said long room, at 5*s*. each." In December the house opened with Il Vespasiano, the manager still retaining the same powerful singers, and continued to 13th June, 1724, when the season ended with Aquilius; and Durastanti took formal leave, on her return to Italy. With Tamerlano, supported by Cuzzoni and Senesino, the following season commenced 31st October, when the number of subscribers appears not to have exceeded 340. The opera of

* At commencement of this season it appears that the common number of 400 tickets, usually issued each night, was reduced to 350.

Rodalinda, music by Handel; and short opera of Elpidia, produced in May 1725, music by Signor Leonardo Vicini, were both well received, and season closed with the last on the 19th of June. Elpidia was also performed on opening the 30th November following, for the season, which ended with Alessandro on the 7th June, 1726, when Senesino returned to Italy. Tickets, hitherto sold only at White's chocolate-house, were to be had at the office of the theatre. A military guard was appointed, to prevent irregularity and disorder happening at the balls. On September 28th, house opened with an Italian company of comedians, as by His Majesty's command, with indifferent success, performing about twelve nights during September and October. Price 4*s.* and 2*s.*—On January 7th, 1727, season commenced with Lucius Verus. Senesino then returned, and Faustini and Cuzzoni still engaged. The opera of Admetus, music by Handel, first performed 21st January, and repeated above sixteen nights, the house being fuller each night than was ever known before for so long a period. House closed June 6*, with Astyanax. About the

* About this period arose the long, violent, but petty and ridiculous altercation, between the rival heroines Cuzzoni, and Faustini, and their respective fashionable supporters, for the useless right of precedence. It was said, by a writer in the Craftsman, " The adherents on both sides are very numerous; Faustini's are the most powerful, but Cuzzoni's the most judicious." The same writer remarks, " The case, it seems, stands thus: The right of possession is certainly in Cuzzoni,

middle of September following, again opened, the three singers continuing, and their Majesties often there. In November was produced King Richard I.; and in Fe-

which she hath enjoyed, without molestation, for some years, and is confirmed to her by divers treaties between her and the Academy. Faustini, on the other hand, insists that Cuzzoni hath consented and promised to yield up that right to her, by a secret stipulation under her own hand, which she is ready to produce. Cuzzoni seems to prevaricate a little in this affair; for, as she cannot well deny her own hand-writing, she would persuade the world that it is only a sort of a promise; or, as she terms it amongst her friends, an artful finesse and expedient to make Faustini easy for the present." Sir John Hawkins tells us, "The directors, greatly troubled with this dispute, and foreseeing the probable consequences of it, fell upon an odd expedient to determine it. The time for a new contract with each of these singers was at hand, and they agreed among themselves to give, as salary to Faustini, one guinea a year more than to her rival. Lady Pembroke and some others, the friends of Cuzzoni, hearing this, made her swear upon the Holy Gospels never to take less than Faustini; and the directors continuing firm in their resolution not to give her quite so much, Cuzzoni found herself ensnared by her oath, into the necessity of quitting the kingdom. This she did at the end of the following season, when her engagement probably terminated; and Faustini, as well as Senesino, also quitted England at the same period." Etiquette and precedence in the opera establishment, is allowed to an absurd extent. We write in 1822, and know if Signora A. announces to the manager she is ill (or fancies so,) and cannot (or will not) perform, and he obtains a substitute in Signora B.; after that preliminary is arranged, the express permission of Signora A. must be got, to permit Signora B.'s appearance, by the manager, before he dare venture to announce the alteration.

bruary 1728, Siroes, both new operas, composed by Handel. At the close of the season, Faustini, Cuzzoni, and Senesino, went to Italy, by which no operas were performed during the following winter and spring of 1728-9. Some balls and assemblies, as usual.—In November 1729, the house opened with a new company; the chief singer, Signora Strada del Po. Before the commencement of this season, we believe, the Academy of Music, and all its engagements, were dissolved; and Handel remained sole conductor of the opera.—1730. November 3rd, the opera of Scipio performed, and continued for four nights; their Majesties present at each performance. Senesino then returned. Ended Saturday, 29th May, 1731.—Next season commenced in November, with Porus: and in February 1732, was produced, Sosarmes, music by Handel, which brought crowded houses.—On May 2nd, the oratorio of Esther*; and, June 10th, the serenata of Acis and Galatea. These performances were in English, by the Italian performers, who appeared in a kind of gallery. The public were to expect " no action on the stage; but the scene (in the latter piece) to represent, in a picturesque manner, a rural prospect, with rocks, groves,

* Their Majesties, the Prince of Wales, and the three elder Princesses, were present on the first night of Esther. It was announced for the following Saturday, with notice, " That if there are any tickets which could not be made use of on Tuesday last, the money will either be returned for the same, on sending them to the office in the Haymarket next Saturday, or they will be exchanged for other tickets for that day."

fountains, and grottos: amongst which to be disposed a chorus of nymphs and shepherds; habits and every other decoration suited to the subject." The performance repeated six nights, to very full houses; pit and boxes put together; and no person admitted without tickets, at 10*s.* 6*d.* each. Gallery, 5*s.* A pastoral entertainment, on June 24th, for the benefit of Signor Bonancini, when the Queen and three of the Princesses were present, we believe, ended that season. The serious opera of Cato was performed Saturday, 4th November following, by command of their Majesties, wherein Signora Celeste Gismonda first appeared to a full house.

In January 1733, was produced Orlando Furioso, music by Handel. This was got up with particular magnificence; dresses and scenery being all new. Season ended in June.—On Tuesday, 30th October, being the King's birth-day, the house opened with Semiramis, in which, we believe, Durastanti appeared, on her return to England.—The new opera of Ariadne in Crete was produced in January 1734, in which Signor Carestino sung surprisingly well. On the 18th April, Pastor Fido performed, composed by Handel, who, in consequence of his refusing to compose for Senesino, had this and two following seasons to contend with the nobility and gentry who patronised and wished to support his rival*.—1735-7. During these years, operas,

* The house in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, then belonging to Messrs. J. and C. M. Rich, was opened 29th

under the direction of Handel; and balls, of Heidegger. Italian operas were also given at Covent Garden Theatre, in part of the seasons, instead of plays.—1737-8. The winter season commenced with oratorios by Handel. About twelve given; and prices 10*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* Balls, as usual.—1739-40. No opera at this house during these years. Balls, assemblies, and one benefit concert. Italian operas were performed at the Little Theatre, Haymarket; and Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre was occasionally opened by Handel, with Alexander's Feast, &c. &c.

1741. Operas again commenced in October by Lord Middlesex, who acted as sole director, supported by noblemen. Dancing formed a part of each evening's amusement. Admission 10*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* This continued during the season, without the auxiliary balls.—1742. Opened in November, with balls only during this season.—1743. Open as before. Balls, and two oratorios in Passion Week of 1744.—Opened in November following with oratorios by Handel, for twenty-four nights, by subscription; to be performed on Saturday nights till Lent, and then Wednesdays and Fridays. For want of patronage, only sixteen took place. Balls

December, 1733, with the Italian opera of Ariadne in Naxus, music by Porpora. The company principally consisted of Signor Senesino, Signor Montagna, and Signoras Cuzzoni, Celeste, Bertolli, and Sagatti. The performance was nearly regular twice a week, for fifty-five nights, ending the season, on 15th June, 1734, with Æneas, by command of His Majesty.

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occasionally.—About eight or ten operas at the Little Theatre, Haymarket, under the conduct of Geminiani.

1746. The House opened with operas in January. Balls as usual.—1747. In this season the opera was supported by subscriptions of ten nights each.—1747-48. Operas on Saturdays only, till February, with balls occasionally.—1748. Opened, in November, with a comic opera, supposed the first Italian one ever exhibited: Dr. Crosa conductor. 10*s*. 6*d*. and 5*s*.—1749. Season continued with balls as usual.—1750. Open for operas from January to Easter only.—1751. Opened in January; but, after two performances, operas were removed to the Little Theatre opposite.—1752. During the winter, only balls.—1753. In this season concerts and balls. Opened with operas, under Vanneschi, as director, in November. Price 10*s*. 6*d*. and 5*s*. Half-price 6*s*. Balls occasionally. No servants admitted in footmen's gallery but those attending their masters and mistresses.—1754. Opened in November, under the same direction, with balls as usual.—1755. Opened in November, with like entertainments.—1756-57. In this season the opera and balls were conducted by Signora Mingotti, assisted by Giardini. A strong appeal was made to the nobility, by Signora Mingotti, for subscriptions in support of the opera.—1758. Opened 7th January with Demetrio. Continued by Vanneschi. Closed, 5th June, with the same opera.—1759. Opened, 16th December, with Demetrio: Tenducci first appeared. Closed with Farnacc,

the 22nd June following.—Opened, 13th November, with Vologeso; and season ended with Erginda, on 7th June.—1760. In August, Signora Mattei, who, under the gracious auspices of the nobility and gentry, had undertaken the direction of the serious operas and burlettas, announced her ability to keep promise, having engaged "for the serious operas, Signora Mattei; Signor Philippo Elisi, *the first singer in Italy;* Signor Gaetano Quilice, tenor; Signora Angiola Calori, second woman; Signor Giovanni Sorbelloni, second man; a new singer for the lowest character. For the burlettas: Signora Saganini, *the first female comic character, and the most famous in Italy;* Signor Gaetano Quilice, first man; Signora Eleardi, second woman; Signor Paganini, second man; Signor N. N., third man. (Signora Angiola Calori, Signor Giovanni Sorbelloni, to perform the serious parts in the burlettas.) Dancers: Mademoiselle Asselin, first woman dancer; Monsieur Gherardi, first dancer (of the men), and ballet-master; famous (both in serious and comic) as well for his invention, as for execution in dancing. There will also be other comic dancers and figurers, both for the serious operas and burlettas." The house opened in November; and on the 22nd of that month was produced, Il Mondo nella Luna, by Signor Galluppi. The season closed with Arianne e Teseo, on the 7th June, 1761.—In September, the season commenced with two serenatas by Signor Cocchi, given in honour of the royal nuptials of our late venerated Sovereign and Queen.—

1762. Commenced with Alessandro, 13th October; and concluded with Arianne e Teseo, the 5th June, 1763.—Opened again November 13th, with Il Tutore e la Pupilla, by command of their Majesties, and closed in June 1764, with the opera Zanaida. In May it was announced, "As Signora Mattei leaves England at the end of this season, and Mr. Crawford intends to quit the management, all the dresses and other articles belonging to him and Signora Mattei will be sold."—Opened with Cleonice, 26th November, under management of Signor Giardini, and closed with Enea e Lavinia, on 16th June, 1765.—Opened with Ezio, 24th November, and closed with Solimano, on 22nd June, 1766, under the management of Messrs. Crawford, Vincent, and Gordon.—Opened with Eumenes, 23rd November, and closed with Pelopida, 14th June, 1767 *. During the summer, Mr. Foote having strengthened his company with the addition of Mr. Barry, Mr. Lee, and Mrs. Dancer, acted plays here for twenty-one nights, between 8th August and 19th September.—Opened, October 27, with Tigrane, same firm as last year; and closed 30th June, 1768. On October 30, a splendid masquerade, given by the King of Denmark, when the brilliancy of the dresses and profusion of diamonds worn by the nobility exceeded in magnificence all contem-

* June 20, 1767. In January of that year, the oratorio of Saul, with music by Arnold, was performed here, of which it was said, that "nothing, since Mr. Handel's time, had appeared in that species of composition equal to it."

porary entertainments. The stage is said to have been lined with crimson velvet, with six rooms appropriated for supper, where a profusion of plate appeared. On the 12th October, the serious opera of Arianne e Teseo, performed by desire of the King of Denmark, and occasional performance until the season commenced on 5th November. Vincent and Gordon the directors.—1769-72. During these seasons, the opera appears to have been conducted under the same management, but conjointly with Mr. Crawford, as Messrs. Crawford and Co.—1772. Opened in November, with operas. In May 1773, the whole, under management of Messrs. Yates and Brookes, who purchased at the sum of 7,400*l.*; expecting to obtain permission to act plays, with operas alternately. This scheme refused by the Lord Chamberlain.—1773. Opened, November 29, with an exordium by the manager, Yates, and Lucio Verio, dancer.—1774-7. Messrs. Yates and Co. conductors.—At Midsummer, 1778, Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Harris became joint purchasers of the Opera House, at the price of 22,000*l.* subject to the yearly rent of 1,270*l.* This high appreciation of the property is supposed to have been given in expectation of the possibility of acting English pieces, under the authority of the dormant patent in the possession of Mr. Harris. The house opened, as usual, with an opera, 24th November, under the direction of Mons. Le Texier.—At the end of the season 1778-9, in consequence of a very alarming balance appearing against the property, Mr. Harris

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became desirous of parting with his share, and assigned the same to Mr. Sheridan, upon his personal request, in preference to Mr. Gallini, who was also desirous to become a purchaser, and offered to pay down a sum exceeding the original price. Mr. Sheridan shortly afterwards disposed of the whole concern to Mr. Taylor. On 27th November, advertised that Mons. Le Texier was discharged, and Mr. Crawford (assisted by a gentleman who was manager thirty years) appointed.

1780. Opened 24th November. Director as befor —1781. Opened 17th November. Forty renters' shar created for fifteen years, at 200 guineas each, and als free admissions offered at 20*l*. a year each.—178 Opened 2nd November. The theatre altered by Nov sielski, who shaped the flat sides to form a horse-shoe the boxes increased to ninety-nine, the upper gallery i front only, but the crown-gallery all round; with thre rows of boxes. May 17th, 1783, the theatre close on account of the state of its affairs. Mr. Taylor (th manager's) creditors called together, and the whol property put up, under the authority of the sherif for sale. Some concerts afterwards, and the Pantheo opened for the benefit of the performers, whose salarie had not been paid.—In June, Gallini and Harris too possession, under the sheriff, for 28,000*l*. Septembe 1st, Crawford appointed manager and treasurer, unde trustees. December 2nd, Gallini advertised that h was sole proprietor and director. December 3rd, advertised that Gallini was only mortgagee for 4,170*l*

Opened again, 2nd December. In February 1784, trustees advertised that Crawford was appointed manager by the Court of King's Bench. No opera after Easter, except a few benefits.—1785. September 17th, receiver appointed by Court of Chancery. November 27th, Gallini's demand settled by Court of Chancery, and paid off by trustees. December 18th, opened for the season. August 16th, advertisement from Lord Chamberlain's office, that the opera having been improperly conducted, he refuses to put it into other hands, and intends to have it under his direction. Operas at the Haymarket Theatre; the profits to discharge the debts of the opera concerns. August 17th, all disputes settled; Gallini again manager.—September 23rd, no licence to be granted by the Chamberlain, until he was satisfied the performers, &c. would be paid.—1786. Opened 23rd January; Gallini manager. The following season opened 23rd December.—1787. Opened 8th December, under the same manager, for season of 1787-8.—Opened 9th January; Gallini manager, and Mr. Taylor proprietor. The theatre burnt 17th June, between ten and eleven in the evening. The standing rent was 1,270*l.* An advertisement from Gallini offered 300*l.* reward to discover supposed person who set fire to the Opera House. Another stated accident not from fireworks, as reported. The damages computed at 70,000*l.* Vanbrugh's relatives received 800*l.* a year. His late Majesty interfered to prevent the Opera House from being rebuilt on another spot of

ground, as intended. On June 27th, operas commenced for a few nights at Covent Garden, at opera prices.

Operas commenced at the Little Theatre, Haymarket, 9th January, 1790. Particular newspapers at this period contained most plausible statements and minute description of an intended Opera House, as to be erected by R. B. O'Reilly, who had obtained an interest, it was considered, by purchase of the claim of the family of Vanbrugh, by Leicester Fields, about the old site of the Prince of Wales's palace, afterwards the repository of Sir Ashton Lever's museum. April 9th, O'Reilly advertised he had obtained a patent for a new opera, in Leicester Square, and no other patent in existence. Operas closed at the Haymarket, 12th June; recommenced at Covent Garden, 15th June, and continued till 17th July.—July 10th, O'Reilly obtained the Lord Chamberlain's licence; and on 4th October, he advertised to open the Pantheon as an Opera House, early after Christmas. In the mean time, by the exertion of Mr. Taylor, on 3rd April, 1790, foundation-stone of the new theatre laid by the Earl of Buckinghamshire *.—March 16th, 1791, rehearsal for the sub-

* On one side the stone was inscribed :—" The King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, first built in the year A.D. 1703." On the other side :—" But unfortunately destroyed by fire, A. D. 1789." On another side :—" *Prevalebit Justitia.*" And upon the top :—" This is the first stone of the new Opera House; laid on the 3rd of April, A.D. 1790; by the Right Honourable John Ho-

scribers announced; previous to this, several pro and con statements, from Taylor and O'Reilly, published in the daily papers.—The Pantheon opened in February with operas, and was called the King's Theatre. Taylor was announced as proprietor of Opera House, and Novosielski the architect. A licence could not be obtained to open the new house; and on application to the Lord Chamberlain, whether it could not be opened on Harris's dormant patent, the Lord Chamberlain briefly remarked, it was not in his province to answer that question.—After several rehearsals, Taylor advertised, that all applications for a licence having been refused by the Lord Chamberlain, he having granted another, the opera could not open: the theatre cost 60,000*l.* and that only 8000*l.* was insured; and the house had been established eighty-seven years, on ground leased by the Crown.—March 26th, the Opera House opened with music and dancing, and continued such diversions on the regular opera nights, till July 19.—The Drury Lane company opened this theatre September 22nd, and closed 16th June, 1792. Operas

bart, Earl of Buckinghamshire. *Auctor pretiosa facit.*" A singular pamphlet, published in 1818, as *a Review of this Theatre, from the Period described by the Enterpriser*, has the following motto, allusive to the period: "When I stood upon the reeking ruins, and laid the foundation-stone, I had nothing in my pockets but both my hands, and I would have given the world for one guinea." It was advertised in July, as reduced "to a certainty its being completely fit for public representation at Christmas next."

at the Pantheon until it was burnt down, 14th January, 1792; and company removed to the Little Theatre, Haymarket.

1793. September 15th, Drury Lane company commenced a second season here until 25th January; when, on the 26th, operas commenced, under the management of Mr. Kelly and Signor Storace. Performed two nights a week, on which nights the Drury Lane company opened the Little Theatre.—1794. Commenced 4th January; Kelly and Storace managers.—Opened again 6th December. In Lent following, oratorios for one night, and then repeated in Concert Room, which was supposed the largest in England.—Commenced 6th December, 1795; Kelly manager; and in this season part of the walls of the theatre blown down. Concerts in the Great Room, twelve for five guineas.—Opened 26th November, 1796; Kelly, manager.—The boxes at the back of the pit altered; previously called the Resurrection Boxes. Opened December 8th, 1798; and in 1799, Mr. Taylor (by his counsel, Mr. Leach) stated before the Privy Council, when discussing the application for a third theatre, that he, Taylor, became (on obtaining the licence in 1792) responsible for O'Reilly's debts of 30,000*l.* incurred at the Pantheon. Had agreed with the Drury Lane and Covent Garden proprietors for 11,500*l.* they should not act Italian operas; and to purchase Killigrew's dormant patent, for 5,000*l.* N.B. This was never fulfilled, as Drury Lane company have Killigrew's patent, which they purchased

when they rebuilt the present theatre.—1800. The opera was announced to open on the 4th January, 1800, but put off, a difficulty arising about the licence, and opened on the 11th. Opened 4th January, 1801; and again, 29th December. Mr. Kelly superintended the musical department. Opened 4th December, 1802; acting manager, Kelly; whole under the direction of Jewell. May 5th, Hillisberg took leave; she died at Calais, on her way to her mother, in August.—January 27th, 1803. William Taylor, sole owner, sold to Francis Goold, Esq. a third for 13,335*l.*; Goold to be sole conductor and manager. Mrs. Billington engaged this season, and her brother Weichsell, leader of the band. Kelly returned from Italy, with choruses. Jewell director.—1804. Season commenced, 14th January. The acting manager, Mr. Kelly, under direction of Mr. Jewell. By an indenture, dated 7th September, Taylor conveyed to Goold, in consideration of 4,165*l.* seven sixteenths of the whole property; and by another indenture, dated the following day, and having a mortgage proviso for redemption, Taylor assigned to Goold nine sixteenths, for 5,700*l.* which included the above 4,165*l.* —1805. Opened 24th November; d'Egville, ballet-master. In June, a riot, in consequence of part of the ballet being omitted, from the lateness of the hour, being Saturday evening. The riot continued till half-past two on Sunday morning, and the damage alleged to amount to 5,000*l.* The military were called in. From that period, the curtain dropped, on a Saturday night, at twelve o'clock, by order of the Bishop of London.

Opened December 7th. Billington, Storace, Braham, &c. engaged. Leader of the band, Weichsell; stage-manager, Kelly; treasurer, Jewell.—1806. Opened 13th December. Jewell, treasurer; Kelly, stage-manager, who officially stated, that Madame Catalani and her husband were not objects of suspicion to Government.—1807. January 17th, Mr. Francis Goold, the principal proprietor and mortgagee, died.—The subscription this season stated to be 23,000*l.* and the receipt at the doors, 17,000*l.* On the death of Mr. Goold, management resumed by Mr. Taylor.—1808. Opened 2nd January; J. H. d'Egville, stage-manager. The theatre newly decorated.—March 8th, Mr. Waters advertised, he would not be responsible for any debts contracted by Taylor, as Mr. Goold's executor.—1809–12. These seasons were well conducted, principally under the influence or guidance of Mr. Waters.—1812. January 20th, the sheriffs sold part of Taylor's property to raise 1,400*l.*—1813. December 11th, the Lord Chancellor ordered the whole of Goold's property to be sold, and that Taylor should not interfere in the management.—1814. December 29th, Mr. Waters, as proprietor, advertised the opera would not open until a manager was appointed by the Lord Chancellor.—March 12, Mr. Waters advertised he was legally appointed sole manager; and the house would open as soon as possible. Opened April 16th. March 8th, Goold's share in the Opera House put up for sale, and Mr. Waters the highest bidder for the seven-sixteenths, at 35,000*l.* he still having a mortgage lien on it of 22,600*l.*—1815. January

10th, opened under the efficient management of Mr. Waters; and the same, following season.—1816. September 17th. In consequence of a further decree of the Lord Chancellor, the former sale was rescinded, and the whole property purchased this day by Mr. Waters, for 70,150*l.* who continued the management to the end of the season 1820–21.—1821. Mr. John Ebers, of New Bond Street, bookseller, commenced the winter-season, tenant of the Opera House; and the performances were conducted under his entire management till the year 1823, when he transferred his lease to Signor Benelli, for the season. In 1824–5, Mr. Ebers became again the lessee of the theatre, under Mr. Chambers, who has a large mortgage on the concern.

There remains only to add, that the interior of the theatre, appropriated for the accommodation of the audience, consists of four principal tiers of boxes, a very large area or pit, and gallery. In each of the tiers of boxes are forty-three boxes, making all together one hundred and seventy-two boxes. Of that number, there are in the pit-tier, eighteen; on the ground-tier, seventeen; on the one-pair, fourteen; and on the two-pair, nineteen boxes; making in the whole, sixty-eight boxes, all private and distinct property till the year 1825.

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